# THE CALIFORNIAN.

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## SESTINA.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I wandered o'er the vast green plains of youth,
And searched for pleasure. On a distant hight
Fame's silhouette stood sharp against the skies.
Beyond vast crowds that thronged a broad highway
I caught the glimmer of a golden goal,
While from a blooming bower smiled siren Love.

Straight gazing in her eyes, I laughed at Love
With all the haughty insolence of youth,
And past her bower I strode to seek my goal.
"Now will I climb to glory's dizzy hight,"
I said, "for there above the common way
Doth Pleasure dwell companioned by the skies."

But when I reached that summit near the skies,
So far from men I seemed, so far from Love;
"Not here," I cried, "doth Pleasure find her way."
Seen from the distant border land of youth,

Fame smiles upon us from her sun-kissed hight,
But frowns in shadows when we reach the goal.

Then were mine eyes fixed on that glittering goal,
Dear to all sense-sunk souls beneath the skies.
Gold tempts the artist from the lofty hight,
Gold lures the maiden from the arms of Love,
Gold buys the fresh ingenuous heart of youth,
And Gold, I said, will show me Pleasure's way.

But oh! the soil and discord of that way
Where savage throngs rushed headlong tow'rd the goal.
Dead to the best impulses of their youth,
Blind to the azure beauties of the skies,
Dulled to the voice of Conscience and of Love,
They wandered far from Truth's Eternal hight.

Then Truth spoke to me from that distant hight,
Saying, "Thou didst pass Pleasure on the way:
She with the yearning eyes so full of Love,
Whom thou disdained, to seek for glory's goal.
Two blending paths beneath God's watching skies
Lead straight to Pleasure, oh, blind heart of youth.

*Envoi.*

Not up Fame's hight, not tow'rd the base god's goal,
Doth Pleasure make her way, but 'neath calm skies
Where Duty walks with Love in endless youth."

# THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

BY S. E. CARRINGTON.

SIAM is always associated in one's mind with the White Elephant. This marvel of fiction is represented upon the national flag and upon the seals of the Government, and is so completely identified with the history of the country that it is not surprising that the impression has gone abroad that a purely white elephant is to be found in the courts of the country.

The white elephant is mentioned in the mythology of the land as associated with Buddha, but it exists only in the imagination—the animal being simply an elephant with reddish blotches, and rather lighter than the ordinary elephant.

"The white elephant," says Frank Vincent, the eminent traveler, "has been happily termed the Apis of the Buddhists. It is held to be sacred by all the Indo-Chinese nations except the Annamese. It is revered as a God, while living, and its death is regarded as a national calamity. * * * Even at the present day the white elephant is worshipped by the lower classes, but by the King and nobles it is revered and valued not so much for its divine character, being the abode of a transmigrating Buddha, as because it is believed to bring prosperity to the court in peace, and good fortune in war. The more there are of them, the more grand and powerful the state is supposed to be."

In the Ramazana, one of the sacred books of the Brahmins, there is reference to the white elephant as follows: "The sixty thousand descended to Patala, and there renewed their digging. There, O, chief of men, they saw the elephant of that quarter of the globe, in size resembling a mountain, with distorted eyes, supporting with his head this earth, with its mountains and forests, covered with various countries and adorned with numerous cities. When, for the sake of rest, O, Kakootstha! the great elephant, through distress, refreshes himself by moving his head, an earthquake is produced. Having respectfully circumambulated this mighty elephant, guardian of the quarter,

they, O, Rama, fearing him, penetrated into Patala.

"After they had thus penetrated the east quarter they opened their way to the south. Here they saw that great elephant, Muhapudma, equal to a huge mountain, sustaining the earth with his head. Beholding him, they were filled with surprise; and after the usual circumambulation, the sixty thousand sons of the great Sugura perforated the west quarter. In this, these mighty ones, saw the elephant Soumanuca, of equal size. Having respectfully saluted him, and inquired respecting his health, these valiant men, digging, arrived at the north. In this quarter, O chief of Ruzhoo! they saw the snow-white elephant Bhudra, supporting this earth with his beautiful body."

The order of the White Elephant is highly esteemed in Siam and few Europeans, among whom is Sir Edwin Arnold, have entered it. The following is a copy of the order:

Somlech Phra Paramindr Maha Chulaloukoru, Chula Chom Klao, King of Siam, fifth sovereign of the present dynasty, which founded and established its rules, Katana Mahindr Ayuddhya, Bankok, the capital city of Siam, both northern and southern, and its dependencies, Suzerain, of the Laos, and Malays and Koreans, etc., etc. To all and singular to whom these presents come:

Know Ye, we deem it right and fitting, that Edwin Arnold, Esq., author of "The Light of Asia," should be appointed an officer of the most exalted Order of the White Elephant, to his honor henceforth. May the Power which is highest in the universe keep and guard him, and grant him happiness and prosperity!

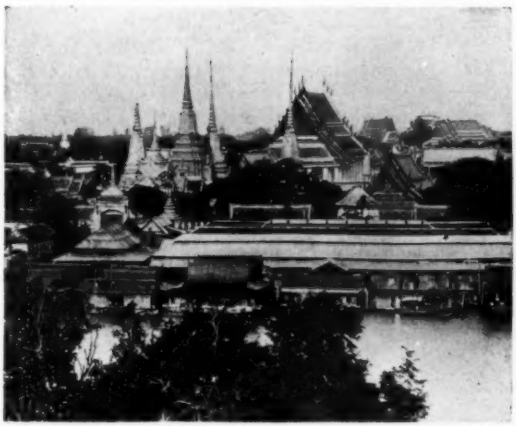
Given at our palace, Parania Raja Sthit Maholarm, on Tuesday, the 11th waning of the lunar month Migusira, the first month from the cold season of the year Toh Ekasole, 1241 of the Siamese era, corresponding to the European date 9th of December, 1879 of the Christian era, being the 4046th day, or 12th year of our reign.

(Manu Regia.)
CHULALOUKORU, R. S.

CROWN PRINCE IN PARTY ROBES.

The white or pink-splashed elephants are very rare, and in 1,352 years, between A. D. 515 and 1867, only twenty-four were captured, making about one in every fifty-six years. The last one was captured in 1885, and was conducted to the court of the King of Siam by His Royal Highness, Somdetch Chowf Mahamalah Bamrahp Parapako, mid much parade. His Majesty accepted and made the fortunate finder, with his mother and son, all poor natives, a present of a sum of money. The Siamese officials who brought the elephant to Bankok, were honored with an audience by His Majesty, and also given valuable presents.

In former days the ceremonies attending the capture of a white elephant were very impressive. The discoverer, were he the humblest man in the kingdom, was immediately made a mandarin; he was exempted from taxation for the remainder of his life, and presented with large sums of money, the King himself giving him one thousand dollars. As soon as the capture was made, a special courier



TEMPLE PHO, FROM THE RIVER.

was dispatched to the King, and a posse of nobles with gifts and robes started immediately for the scene of action. The ropes which the captors used in binding the royal victim were replaced by cords of scarlet silk. Mandarins attended to the slightest wants of the animal. Rich feather fans with gilt handles were used to keep the flies from it during the day, while a silk-embroidered mosquito net was provided at night. To remove it to the capital, a boat was built expressly for the purpose, and a magnificent canopy erected over it, ornamented and bedecked as were the King's palaces. Silk draperies, heavy with silver and gold, enclosed the royal prisoner; and in this state he floated down the river, receiving the acclamations of the people. When near the city, the animal was landed, the King and his court going out to meet him and escort him to the city, where a place had been built for him within the royal palace grounds. A large tract of land was set apart for his country place, chosen from the best the kingdom afforded. A cabinet of ministers was appointed, and a large retinue of nobles to attend to his wants.

The priest of the King was appointed to see to the elephant's spiritual needs, and eminent physicians ministered to his physical requirements. Gold and silver dishes were supplied to feed him from, and every want was attended to as became one of the Royal family. The city devoted three days to festivities, and the rich Mandarins made it presents.

When a white elephant died the ceremonies were the same as those of a King or Queen. The body lay in state for several days, and then it was placed upon a funeral pyre and cremated. This pyre often cost thousands of dollars, being made of the choicest sandal, sassafras, and other valuable woods. After the body had been thoroughly cremated, it was allowed to remain three days more; then the ashes were collected, placed

RUINS AT AYUTHIA, THE OLD CAPITAL OF SIAM.

in costly urns, and buried in the royal cemetery, a magnificent mausoleum being erected over the spot.

Though this country is commonly known as Siam, it is seldom so called by the natives themselves, nor is the country so named in the annals of the history of the land. The word Siam or Seam, is of Malay origin, meaning brow brown. Besides being known as "The Land of the White Elephant," it is also called "The Country of the Kings," "The Land of the Lotus," and the "Venice of the East," on account of the large number of intersecting canals. By its own people it is called "Muang Thai," meaning "free country."

Siam is an Asiatic kingdom inhabited by a quiet, peace-loving people of unique manners and customs which are peculiarly interesting and often picturesque, owing to their romantic surroundings and the influence of ages long since past. The natives, who are Buddhists, guard their religious beliefs jealously, and the priests render the most rigorous devotion to their temples, altars and idols, which are simply the material representations of the characteristics they worship in their God. They relate curious tales and legends, handed down from time immemorial, and believe in and cherish the superstitions that have prevailed in their country for hundreds of years. Many believe the Siamese to be of Malay origin. Europeans regard them as Mongolian, but it is much more probable that they belong to that powerful Indo-European race, whose chief branches are the Hindoos. Their language is tonal, having forty-four letters and fourteen vowels, and it is appropriately called "The Italian of the East," on account of its resemblance in sound to that language. The people generally are somewhat below the average height, slight, of lighter complexion than the Chinese, with the notable absence of the almond eyes and flat noses.

The Siamese trace their genealogy up to the first disciples of Buddha, and commence their records at least five centuries before the Christian Era. But it is only since the establishment of Ayuthia as the capital of Siam in

SIAMESE ACTORS.

1350, that history has assumed its rightful functions, and the course of events been registered with tolerable accuracy.

The climate of Siam has an undesirable reputation which has been attached to it through unfortunate circumstances, but of which it is not deserving. Many loafers and adventurers, who have tried their fortunes in every part of the globe, and have miserably failed, make this locality their last refuge. These people go there broken down in every sense of the word; they frequent drinking shops of the city and resign themselves to all the indulgences to which these dens are conducive. Sooner or later the residents are startled by the news that a European has died of cholera. The fearless sailor exhibits as little judgment in the neglect of his physical being. He will, contrary to all advice and remonstrance, drink the vilest of *samshu*, eat unripe fruit and drink river water to quench his thirst; and the river water will in all probability finish him. In a few hours he is dead of cholera, and the European community begins to be alarmed. There is no reason why they should, for these people would die of cholera in the healthiest place in the world if "they flew in the face of Providence" in the same outrageous manner.

Every precaution should be taken upon arriving in Bankok, the capital, to make sure that the drinking water is all right, and see that the cook plays no tricks with the water used in cooking. Rain-water should be collected on a clean roof, and stored for some length of time in the ordinary red jars of the country before using. The first showers should not be gathered, as they only serve to clean the roof. Pure water is a great requisite for good health; if that is all right, half the battle of living in a tropical country is won.

The great river, Ma Nam Cho Phya, is the Nile of Siam, usually overflowing in June and covering the whole vast valley like a sea. Before the season of inundation, sometimes the year is marked by the absence of early rains, causing much sickness and anxiety. Rice is then scarce and expensive and rendered unfit for market. At other times the overflow continues too long, and too much water in this country is nearly as great a calamity as too little. State barges are then sent down the river, containing priests who chant and wave wands, commanding the water to recede. Often the water continues to rise, and the priests are compelled to abandon their prayers in disgust.

A river festival takes place in the month of June, called the Loy Katong. The festivities are held during the night, the river at this time presenting a fairy-like appearance, and one could almost imagine the mermaids and fairies were vying with each other in gay contributions to this floating panorama. There are lamps placed in baskets made of plantain leaves, decorated with flowers and chaplets. Small models of boats are built on rafts formed by young plantains fastened together, also towers, gates and pagodas, bright with many colored lights. Men, women and children throng the river banks, not only to witness this brilliant scene, but each one to watch his own little bark with a single light, float down the rapid stream and out of sight. Should the light float away unextinguished, the omen is a good one, and the owner of the little chaplet retires contented. The King participates in the enjoyment of the sight with as much zest as any of his subjects. The object of the festival seems to be a test of merit, though there is no suggestion of seriousness in the dazzling spectacle.

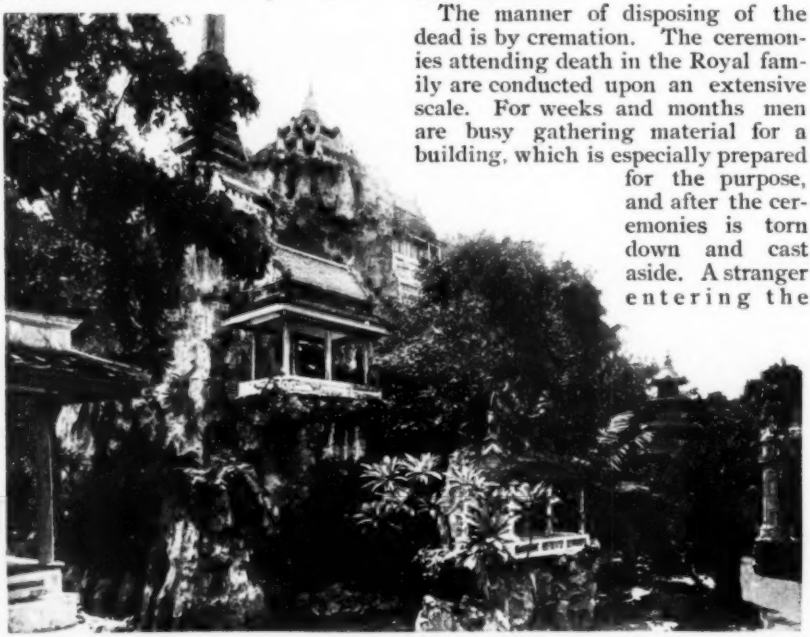
There are many national holidays; in fact the Siamese have a holiday about once a week. There is Teepching cha, or swinging holiday, Kroot cheen, or Chinese New Year, the season for visiting Phrabat, Buddha's foot-print, Kroot Tai-Holidays, or Siamese New Year, Tu nam, or drink-

ing allegiance, and Song Kraut holidays, when the women draw water to wash the idols, indulging in the sportive amusement of throwing it upon each other. This holiday is the only one in which men and women throwing off all restraint become as boys and girls, and hiding behind corners wait for the unsuspecting to give him a ducking. The lad who loves the lassie delights to give his lady-love a chance to see how skillful he or she can be, with the use of the bucket or dipper.

The festival in commemoration of the birth and death of Buddha is kept up three days, during which there is alms-giving, praying and preaching, accompanied by a display of fireworks. On Raakna holiday (beginning of seed time) a Prince is chosen, who, as a representative of the King, scatters rice—he being the first one to plant the seed at the opening of the season. The various kinds of grain are exposed that the oxen may eat, and whatever kind they eat the most of will be most abundant. Then there are the Kouwasa holidays—ordination of priests, who wish to be ordained for three months only—and the Auk Wasa holidays, when priests leave the temple presumably to get married. It is the universal custom that at some time a man must have been in the priesthood; it would be difficult to obtain a wife unless he had been a priest.

The temples, or Wats, of the Siamese priests are many and of great beauty, containing large idols of all sizes and being frequented at almost all times by many worshippers. One temple, known as Wat Pra Kaw, in which the emerald idol stands, attracts much attention, and would here be given more extensive description did time and space permit. Birthdays of the King and Crown Prince are celebrated with great pomp and display. Feasting, presents, and fireworks are in great profusion upon these occasions.

The manner of disposing of the dead is by cremation. The ceremonies attending death in the Royal family are conducted upon an extensive scale. For weeks and months men are busy gathering material for a building, which is especially prepared for the purpose, and after the ceremonies is torn down and cast aside. A stranger entering the



ROYAL TEMPLE GROUNDS, BANKOK.

EXTERIOR OF PALACE, BANKOK.

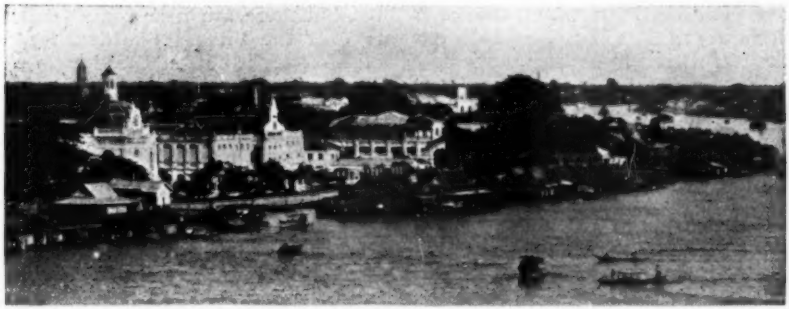
grounds or enclosure during funeral services would be led to think a fair or exhibition was in progress. There are booths, artistically decorated by each male member of the Royal family, consisting of very fine specimens of rare, curious and choice crockery, fine needle work brought from other countries, as well as some of the handy work of some of the ladies in the harem. Neither expense nor labor is stinted. The show connected with the ceremonies is usually unrivalled, continuing from three days to an entire week. The removing of the urn in which the body rests or rather sits, from the residence to the cremation building, occurs the first day. A grand procession follows. The building is made of bamboo and decorated with artistic taste, large bouquets with the unrivalled Siamese flower-baskets, and other natural decorations abounding in great profusion. The electric lights shed their radiance and add brilliancy to the scene, while the noise and din of the theatricals spoil the effect to such an extent that one forgets he is at a funeral. Chanting priests, Chinese gongs and puppet shows attract crowds, and the noisy laughter about the grounds suggests a gala day, rather than the solemnity of death.

These shows generally begin at nine in the morning and last until midnight, at which hour the yellow-robed priests take their places around the golden urn and retain them until daybreak, after which they breakfast and receive presents of food or priestly robes. The third day the remains

are removed from the urn and placed in one made of sandalwood, in readiness to receive the fire. The urn is placed upon logs of wood that have gilded ends, and are laid one upon another in the form of a pyramid. The King usually arrives about five in the evening, everything being in readiness to receive the fire from the King's hands. The fire is not supposed to be the ordinary fire of vulgar mortals, but is known as "Celestial Fire," caught from the lightning of the heavens. A lamp supposed to contain the "Chained Thunderbolt" is said to be seen burning in the royal temple, called Pra Keo.

The ceremonies of cremation in this country, which are usually supposed to be under the superintendence of the King, are emanations of the Buddhist faith. The urn signifies a personage of high rank, and no official can use the urn without special permission. There is said to be but one pure gold urn, and this is the exclu-

INTERIOR OF RAJA BO PIT, ROYAL TEMPLE.



RIVER VIEW OF BANKOK—ROYAL COLLEGE AT THE LEFT.

sive property of royalty. They have a curious custom sometimes of covering the face of the dead with gold, which is rather an expensive proceeding. The sums these people spend upon cremation are enormous.

There is a marked difference between the cremation of a King or a wealthy person, and that of one who is poor. There is a temple ground called Wat Sa Kate, where people too poor to buy fuel find vultures who devour the bodies of their dead, and when the bones are picked clean, three or four bodies, perhaps more, are put on one burning pile. The scene is revolting and offensive in the extreme.

There are two schools of Buddhism, ancient and modern. Modern Buddhists are inclined towards Atheism. They neither assert or deny a future life, saying they will not speak definately of that which they cannot clearly see nor understand. The words of an educated Siamese Prince may enable us to understand something of their convictions: "When you go and travel in the desert, you must always take a bottle of water with you. If you find water in the desert all very well; if you find none, you

Crown Prince. Czarowitz. King of Siam. Prince George. The King's Brother.

RECEPTION OF THE CZAROWITZ OF RUSSIA BY THE NOBILITY OF SIAM.

have your bottle of water. So it is with our creed. We should do our best. If there is no future, we have in this case, in the life, the conviction of having done no harm, and if there is a future, the good we have done will follow us in the next life. There is no creed which we attack or condemn. I can believe in Christ—I even confess that I am a great admirer of Christ. I am a great admirer of the moral principles which He inculcated." This man has visited the principal cities of Europe, speaks English fluently, and mingles with the European residents.

"Love your enemies. Sacrifice your life for truth. Be gentle and tender. Avoid everything that may lead to vice. Reverence old age. Provide food and shelter for the poor and aged. Despise no man's religion. Persecute no man." These are some of the precepts of modern Buddhism. They are all good, but, as in many others, their votaries often fall short in practice. The King professes to have adopted this religion.

The Buddhists believe in the law of retribution, and many stages of development through which the soul may finally attain Nirvana, or loss of identity in the infinite spirit of perfection. Buddhism has here, as elsewhere, its priests who seclude themselves from the world and spend their days in devotion and poverty.

There are about 5,000 temples in Siam, where boys are taught to read and write. For many years this has been the only way a boy could attain an education. The women are not taught to read, although five out of every ten have learned to do so now. This shows that women are sharing the general progress of Siam; they are becoming more competent to influence and direct the education of their children, and they seem to attach more importance to it than do the sterner sex.

There is nothing that can be called good literature in Siam. A few plays make up most of the reading matter, but there are also some translations of the Bible. The distribution of the latter is now under the care of Mr. Carrington, a former pastor of a church in San Francisco, who is engaged in missionary work.

Siam has been found a fertile country when properly cultivated, and is able to export large quantities of her products. There are many steamers constantly plying from one point to another with large cargoes of rice, fish, teak work, ivory, betel-nut, hides, sugar and fruit. Many of the modern improvements of western countries are found in the cities, and they seem almost a mark of vandalism upon the picturesqueness of the ancient manners, customs and habits of life. There are telephones, telegraph systems, electric cars and tram cars in Bankok; also gheries, carriages with liveried *syces* driving at breakneck speed through the crowded, narrow streets. The cars come and go with dangerous rapidity accompanied by the noise of a warning trumpeter, who blows sometimes simply to make a noise. The thoroughfares are crowded, and it is surprising that many are not killed and maimed, for the people walk along as indifferently as if they were on country roads.

The King of Siam resides in Bankok. He is popular with his subjects, for he always seems anxious for the best welfare of the people. He is a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln, and long before he came to the throne he vowed his country should be Muang Thai—a free country. All children born in the year in which His Majesty was crowned, shall be free at the age of twenty-one—so says this gracious King. He wears a crown of solid gold, weighing many pounds, and carries the title of Para Bard Somdetch Phra Paramender Maha Mongkut Phra Cham Klau Chau Yu Hua, with a few additions which we have forgotten.

The Royal family is a large one. The custom of polygamy has always been practiced, and in consequence of

THE KING'S SON IN COURT COSTUME.

this custom, the royal concubines of the King of Siam have ever been numerous, numbering upwards of hundreds—even thousands. It is a custom when a Prince ascends the throne, and becomes established in his reign, that each of his nobles and lords present his most beautiful daughter or niece to the King, to serve as a Nang ham—literally, a lady forbidden; that is, forbidden to go out of the palace. In former reigns, this class of persons have been rigorously confined in the royal palace, but in this reign they are allowed much more freedom. Their royal husband is their lord indeed, and they may not go away from home without a royal permit. This favor must not be sought very often, and then only on extraordinary occasions.

These ladies are not allowed to be idle, as each have *ra cha kan*, or royal business assigned them, some of them being appointed to superintend others, some performing the services of servants under mistresses, and all having some daily duties. Preparing betel-nut in soft round balls, the size of a marble, for His Majesty to eat, is one

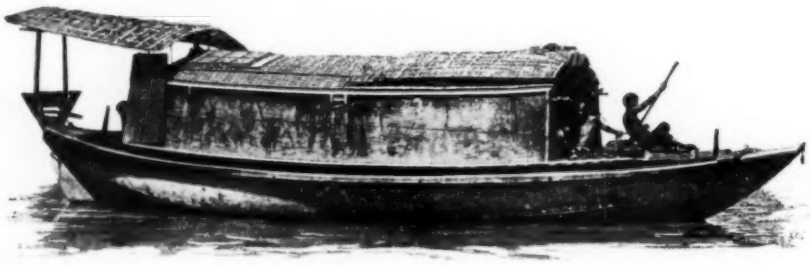
of the occupations; rolling the spicy clove-leaf, which is plastered over with lime, to be eaten with this nut, is another. They also prepare wax and put it into little gold boxes for lip-salve, to say nothing of the making of tea and dainty sweet-meats for the royal palate.

There are two Queens—the right hand and the left hand. These ladies do not appear on state occasions, and seldom participate in festivities. Now and then one of the Queens will visit a temple with her children, in a closely covered carriage and with a body guard. The first Queen is closely related by blood to the King. As there is no more honorable family, he must seek a wife from a family of equally honorable parentage. The King does not woo his own wives. If he sees a pretty girl of noble stock whom he desires, she is conducted to the royal palace and schooled and trained as a Nang ham. It is also quite common for the relations of a girl to make an offering of their handsomest daughter, grandchild or niece, thinking it would be a great good to have the King for a family prop.

The crowning act of choosing a Queen, is the bathing of her whom the King delights to honor. The priests put into the water the leaves of a certain tree, which are thought to have a purifying and healthful influence. A platform is erected, ascending by three gradations to the height of six feet. At the top of this is placed a throne on which the woman is to sit while bathing, and directly over the throne is a white canopy through which the water is to be showered. The consecrated water is so arranged above that by turning the stop, it shall neatly and delicately sprinkle the chosen Queen. There is nothing imposing in this ceremony, nor attractive in the lady's costume.

Bankok is a strange city, totally unlike other places one may have visited. The city wall is a turreted battlement fifteen feet high and twelve feet broad. Its many beautiful gates are guarded day and night by policemen. Most of the streets are narrow, but are kept in good order, being frequently watered and swept by Chinamen. The shops and houses are peculiarly interesting, and there are many palaces of great beauty and highly artistic architecture.

It is becoming generally understood now that Bankok is not a tiger-hunted jungle, but a healthy, thriving city, and as time advances it is to be hoped there will be fewer Munchausen stories concerning it, penned by those whose only excuse is their ignorance. Bankok has now at least 300,000 inhabitants, while the whole Siamese population aggregates 1,200,000.



SIAMESE RICE AND CARGO BOAT.

Siam, with its large forests, yielding mines, productive soil, largely intersected and irrigated canals, should be recognized among the most promi-

nent of Oriental countries. The country owes much to the American missionaries, who have materially aided in establishing a feeling of friendship and confidence among the people with foreign powers, and Americans have been instrumental in introducing many inventions and improvements. The first steam rice-mill, telegraph, electric cars, hospitals, dispensaries, type-writer in the Siamese language, and medical class were established by Americans, and they are hoping to do still more for this industrious and appreciative people. In the King's own words—"The Americans have brought peace and good will."

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## THE MAN WITH A HOE*

BY CORA E. CHASE.

O peasant delving in the stubborn soil,
What solace has this mother Earth for thee?
Gaining thy bread through years of bitter toil,
Contented, like the cattle, just "to be!"
The patience of the yokèd ox is thine—
What child-like pathos in thy wandering eyes!
Oh, do they ever note the daisy's shine,
Or turn they ever to the vaulted skies?

If thou couldst stand upon some lofty height—
A great, fair city lying just below—
And view our progress with its steam-god's might,
Thou couldst not joy, because thou wouldst not know;
But, sore bewildered by the pageant's glare,
Wouldst turn with yearning to thy stubble field
And the familiar toil which waits thee there—
While Earth still keeps the secrets she would yield.

* * * * *

O knotted hand, canst thou not feel these tears?
That thou art pitiable, thou dost not know.
Kind Mother Nature, guide the closing years
Of this unlettered child, and help him grow.

*The Painting by Jean François Millet.

# FOREST FIRES ON MT. HAMILTON.

BY EDWARD S. HOLDEN, LL. D.

THE Observatory founded by Mr. James Lick differs from every other institution in the world, and that in many ways. Considered merely as an astronomical establishment it is of the highest class, and it has a battery of instruments and a corps of astronomers to use them, which would make it noteworthy, no matter where it was situated.

It was part of Mr. Lick's plan to provide not only the most powerful of existing telescopes, but to place it in the most favorable site; and the experience of several years has shown us that his choice of Mt. Hamilton in Santa Clara County was a wise one. His Observatory is perched on the summit of a mountain, 4,200 feet high, and surrounded by a wilderness of cañons (some 1,500 feet deep) and by other peaks of about its own elevation. The stage drive of twenty-six miles from San José takes the visitor into the very heart of the hills and to their very summits. The road is different from most mountain drives in that it does not choose the easiest and lowest grade, but, on the contrary, seeks to gain its elevation as quickly and as directly as possible.

When the summit is reached, the traveler finds a vast astronomical establishment, provided with every modern device, situated in the midst of a small village in which our colony of thirty to forty people lives. Every want which can be known in a city is felt here, beside many very special wants which arise from our very special occupation.

Many of these wants cannot be supplied nearer than the East or Europe, and we are frequently forced to provide for them by temporary expedients which develop a feeling of independence of all the world. Give us a little brass and iron and we can usually make the apparatus we require, long before it can be ordered and obtained from instrument makers. While our wants are like those of everyone else in California, our experiences are decidedly different.

During our second winter at Mount Hamilton (1889-90) more than twelve feet of snow fell, and we were cut off from all communication with the outside for days at a time; and during the summer of 1892, we had exciting experiences with forest fires which seemed to complete the cycle. Inundations we do not fear, and there seems to be nothing left to expect, unless perhaps, an earthquake like the Lone Pine shock of 1872.

The Observatory is situated at the very summit of Mount Hamilton. It is surrounded on all sides with deep cañons, and beyond these by high peaks which are a mile or two miles away. Towards the west are the slopes of the mountain, up which our stage road painfully climbs, and there are very few trees. To the north is a deep cañon—Cañon Negro—and beyond it a fine peak—Galileo. Beyond this again are wooded slopes reaching down to Isabel Creek, which stream runs in a semi-circle around the northern side of our reservation.

The summit of Galileo is connected with that of Copernicus (4,380 feet high) by a saddle, and north of this, saddle wooded slopes extend towards the Isabel Creek. At northeast and east of Copernicus is a wilderness of cañons and hills, all thickly covered with chapparal or scrub oak; and still further to the east and southeast lies the Isabel valley, which is used for a cattle ranch. Mount Santa Isabel

(some 4,200 feet high) lies southeast of us, two miles away, and separated from Mount Hamilton by the deep cañon of Sulphur Creek. A fire in such a region is a very different matter from the prairie fires of the plains.

The illustration shows the Sulphur Creek cañon in the foreground with the fire burning fiercely on the lower slopes of Mount Isabel, about a half mile from the Observatory. The long slope in the right foreground runs directly down from the Observatory, and the trees on the crest are thirty to forty feet high.

In the middle plane of the picture, to the right, is a wilderness of hills and valleys and beyond them, in the background, is the Gilroy valley, the southern end of the Santa Cruz mountains and the mountains beyond Monterey. The Observatory itself and the telescopes were at no time in great danger, but the outlying buildings, etc., were seriously menaced. I shall say nothing of the wonderful beauty of the spectacle (which was like nothing I have seen except, perhaps, the volcanoes in the Sandwich Islands), because the capital photograph expresses it better than any words.

The characteristic of the whole region is the chapparal, forming a tangled thicket from ten to fifteen feet high, which becomes as dry as tinder in our long and hot summer. Here and there grows a bay tree—the California laurel—which burns with a peculiar fierceness; and now and again we find a digger pine whose large cones once ignited can scarcely be extinguished. The larger trees in the foreground are Douglas oaks.

On Monday evening (July 20th, 1892), two Portuguese stopped at the Smith Creek Hotel at the foot of the mountain and then proceeded after nightfall towards the San Isabel valley.

These men passed Wandell's ranch, about a mile northeast of us, sometime about midnight of Monday; and it is believed that they made a camp fire that night, from the embers of which our forest fires were started. However this may be, it is certain that a brisk fire was burning about seven o'clock of Tuesday morning, near Mr. Wandell's place.

Finding that it was becoming serious he sent to the Observatory for help, and as it grew worse and worse the astronomers and men all turned out to assist.

From Tuesday noon until Thursday evening, it was impossible to obtain help from the outside and our little force of astronomers and workmen fought the fire round nearly half a circle, beating it back in one place to have it reappear in another, but gradually pushing it further and further away and always keeping it beyond the crests of the hills nearest to us. Our exertions were directed to a single end, namely, to see that the fire never passed these crests, or indeed never quite reached them. If it had effected a lodgment there, some of the pine cones at the summit would have been ignited and would have rolled down the hither slope, lighting grass and dry leaves on their way. Thus the cañon nearest us to the north would inevitably have been set on fire, and inevitably the fire would have swept from the bottom to the top of the cañon, burning everything in its way. Now the cottages of the astronomers and workmen, the barns, our supplies of fuel and forage were precisely in its path. And it was essential to save these as well as our waterworks, pumping engine, etc. The fate of them all really depended on keeping a single burning pine cone from rolling down the hither slopes, and this meant that the fire must be met and conquered on the farther ones. This was successfully accomplished, but at the cost of great exertions, and only after miles and miles of country had been burned over. One of our astronomers, for example, had no sleep for three days and two nights, having been almost constantly in the field for all this time.

Long trails were cut and ploughed (when possible) and the fire was met

A FOREST FIRE ON MOUNT HAMILTON.

and conquered along these lines of vantage. Whenever it was practicable, fires were purposely set beyond these trails so that the main conflagration might meet a burned space. But it was often necessary to face and subdue the flames along a narrow path only a few feet wide. No water was available. The Observatory supply is barely sufficient for daily use, and it had to be carefully husbanded in case of danger to the Observatory itself. Instead of water, dirt was used, and this was shoveled on the lines of fire at close quarters. At one time the astronomers were obliged to defend a crest something like half a mile long to prevent the flames from crossing it, while the fire was burning fiercely along the whole line. The flames rose thirty, forty or even fifty feet in the air, making a terrific heat, and the noise could be heard for two or three miles around.

Two things impressed upon me the intensity of this conflagration in two different ways, and I do not know that I can do better than to mention them. A steep hillside lay opposite to us, some distance beyond where we were working, and a few pine cones rolled down the slope and ignited the brush at the bottom of the hill. In a few seconds a line of fire extended all along the lower portions, and it was evident that the whole hillside must burn. There were at least six acres in the area. Some one took out a watch and said "Let us see how long it will take to burn it all." In twelve minutes there was not a green leaf left! A man on a fast horse could hardly have kept out of danger.

Statistics of this kind give a sort of arithmetical account of the force of the flames, but I can better express, I think, their terrifying aspect. My young son had an intelligent and affectionate shepherd dog who accompanied him to the scene of the fire (for even the children on the reservation were constantly employed in carrying water and provisions to the men who could not leave their posts.)

The animal looked at the fearful mass of flames and began to show signs of terror. My boy called him and made him go through some of his tricks so as to divert his attention. He was perfectly docile and obedient until the full force of the fire showed itself. Then he simply yielded to terror or to the fascination of the spectacle and running wildly up the hill towards the flames, disappeared. Nothing has been seen of him since, and I have no doubt that he rushed into the flames as a moth into a candle. When one reflects what it must take to affect an intelligent and obedient animal accustomed to depending upon his master, one obtains, I think, something of a gauge of the awfulness of the spectacle.

The illustration which accompanies this account may serve to show the same thing if the reader can fix in his mind the scale of the picture. The middle of the picture is more than a mile away from the Observatory. The slopes are covered with quite large trees, and their height may serve as a rough measure of the scale. The flames themselves often extended more than a hundred feet into the air.

In a report on this subject which I have made to the Regents of the University I have called attention to the fact that experiences of this sort do not fall to the share of the other members of the University faculties. It is possible to live a long life at Berkeley without being called upon to undergo an imprisonment of months under twelve feet of snow, or to fight a forest fire for a week at a time. I do not think any of the astronomers here would have been willing to forego either of the experiences, but I am very sure that no one of us wishes to submit to them again. They were met in a way to be proud of, and our corps of skilled astronomers mastered the theory of forest fires in the mountains precisely as if it had been a question of abstract science, and put it into practice with the vigor (and the success) of a city fire-brigade.

# Types of Kentucky Beauty.

BY SARA H. HENTON.

IT is conceded by many that American women are the most beautiful in the world. This appears to be a reasonable hypothesis, owing, perhaps, to the fact that women in this country are free to a great extent from those restrictions to which women of other countries are subject, and enjoy greater opportunities to cope with the serious questions of life; a deeper character and a broader intelligence is thereby developed, which finds expression in their outward appearance. A wide diversity of type is thus created, and there is nothing more pleasing to an admirer of beauty than the absence of that insipidity and repetition of cast of countenance and form, that heretofore almost invariably characterized, and even now, in many classes, characterizes feminine beauty. A celebrated tourist says concerning our country women, "I have wandered in many lands and have seen the women of every country and nation, but nowhere have I found types to compare with our women of America. They comprise in themselves all that is noblest, brightest, sweetest and best in the feminine character."

The beauty of the Southern women has been particularly commented upon, and three generations ago they reigned in the world's society as rivals of the crowned and coroneted beauties of foreign courts, and were noted for their cleverness and grace. Many foreign gentlemen of rank, wealth and title have sought wives amongst our women ever since our country was founded. Betsy Patterson of Baltimore captivated the brother of Napoleon and became his wife, and the three McFanish sisters married English noblemen and became well known throughout Europe for their many charms.

It is said of the Kentucky girls, who are acknowledged by many to be the fairest daughters of the republic, that they cannot be bought by money nor titles. It is probable that they realize their own worth as women and decline to have material prices set upon them.

One of the most brilliant and beautiful young women that graces Kentucky society is Elise Castleman, the eldest daughter of General John B. and Alice Barbee Castleman. Two years ago she was chosen from amongst the fairest women of all the Southern and Western States to be queen of the Rocky Mountain carnival. The festival is given by the carnival courts on the Pacific Slope, and this regency is considered one of the highest honors that can be bestowed upon any American woman. She was a debutante at the time, and on account of the notoriety accruing from such a position, General and Mrs. Castleman thought best not to allow her to accept. Last year she was chosen from

among Kentucky's most beautiful women to be Queen of the Satellites. This was one of the most brilliant social events in the history of the Carnival Court, and the young girl played her rôle with all the requisite womanly grace and dignity.

Miss Castleman is rather tall, well built and graceful. She is neither blonde nor brunette, but possesses that soft beauty that escapes the usual insipidity of the blonde, and the heavy intensity of the pronounced brunette. Her eyes are brown, limpid and expressive. She is an excellent musician and a superb horsewoman, and she inherits her traits of distinction and fascinating personality from both of her parents. General Castleman is remarkable for his dignified appearance and soldierly bearing. He is one of Kentucky's most influential citizens, and has been at the head of the State Militia for several years. He is now chairman of the Democratic Central Committee and is spoken of as the "next Governor of Kentucky." Mrs. Castleman is a tall, queenly and magnetic woman who seems born to be a social leader. She is identified with many philanthropic movements, and works with unselfish devotion to promote the welfare of her fellow beings.

ELISE CASTLEMAN.

Virginia Singleton Brown, daughter of Gov. John Young Brown of Kentucky, is the eldest of three sisters. All of them are beautiful girls. Virginia is particularly admired in the social world. She is a decided blonde, tall and graceful, and has a refined and eloquent face. Sarah Bernhardt, who has seen the handsome women of almost every country under the sun, while occupying a box at a theater opposite the private box of the Governor's family wherein sat his three daughters, inquired who

VIRGINIA SINGLETON BROWN.

they were, remarking at the same time that Evelyn, the second daughter, was the most beautiful girl she had ever seen. John Young Brown, now Governor of Kentucky, was elected to Congress before he was eligible to occupy the seat, and was re-elected several times. His eloquence and fine oratory have made him very popular. His wife is a daughter of Hon. Archibald Dixon, who was Lieutenant Governor of Kentucky, and was afterwards elected Senator to fill the unexpired term of Henry Clay, and he performed his duties so well in this capacity, that he was elected to the Senate the following term.

Margaret Thornton, of Lexington, Kentucky, comes from a long line of handsome women and noted men, and she is a fair reproduction of her distinguished ancestors. Her face is full of expression, which varies with every passing thought and feeling. Her brown eyes are veiled by long lashes that produce a peculiarly beautiful effect. Miss Thornton's grandfather, Gen. William Preston, married Miss Wickliffe of Kentucky, and they reared a family of sons and daughters of which Mrs. Robert Thornton is one. Gen. Preston was Minister to Spain, a noted lawyer and a brave soldier. His widow still resides in their old ancestral home, from which Miss Thornton's mother was married. Her husband, Robert A. Thornton, belonged to an old Virginia family, but ever since his marriage he has lived in Lexington, where he has provided his family an elegant home.

One of the season's debutants is Mary Bruce of Louisville, a tall, sweet girl with golden brown hair, a fair clear complexion and hazel eyes. She is exceedingly bright and witty,

MARGARET THORNTON.

and is greatly admired by her friends and acquaintances. She is the youngest daughter of Judge and Mrs. Lizzie Helm Bruce, whose other two daughters are pursuing their studies in Paris and Berlin. Miss Bruce comes from a distinguished family. Her grandfather and great grandfather were both Governors of Kentucky. Gov. Ben. Harding, her great grandfather, was a brilliant lawyer, and many of his witty and pungent speeches have been handed down amongst politicians and statesmen. His daughter married Gov. Helm. Their eldest son was killed while fighting the lost cause of the South. Miss Bruce has a brother and also an uncle practicing law in the city. Judge Bruce's home is in the suburbs, or used to be, but the city is growing so rapidly in its direction that it will soon be included within the city limits. It is built in the old-fashioned massive style, and is surrounded by a large garden containing grand old forest trees. His library is very extensive, containing books of every variety and description. He is considered one of Kentucky's brightest men and finest lawyers.

MARY BRUCE.

Elenora Graves, a tall slender girl of the dark Spanish type of beauty, made her debut in society over a year ago. She is tall, willowy and graceful, with the promise of magnificent womanhood. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graves. Her father is a wealthy banker in Lexington, Kentucky; Mrs. Graves is also a Kentuckian, and was raised and reared near her present home. She is an artist, and her home is a rare cabinet of beautiful and artistic objects, for she has decorated it profusely with the work of her own hands. She is intellectual, active and progressive, and finds time, with all her home duties and social engagements, to take an active part in charitable organizations.

Nettie Belle Smith, the daughter of the railroad president, Milton H. Smith, is also a type of Kentucky beauty. She is a very handsome girl and is exceedingly bright and witty. While traveling abroad with her teacher, she stored her mind with all sorts of useful knowledge, and is conversant upon a variety of interesting topics.

May Field is also a Kentucky girl, and is considered by many the most beautiful woman in Louisville.

Another Louisville belle is Lily Lindenberger, whose rare beauty and charming personality are sources of delight to those who are so fortunate as to be numbered among her friends.

Among those of Kentucky's fair daughters who are studying abroad is Mary Currie Duke, daughter of Gen. Basil Duke of Louisville. Her performance on the violin at twelve years of age led many to consider her a prodigy, and her parents finally sent her abroad, where she has been studying music for four years. In a letter describing the enthusiasm with which her teacher greeted her performance, Miss Barbour Bruce says, "To return to Burch; his first violin concert was considered a perfect gem, and was made particularly interesting to us the other evening, from the fact that Miss Currie Duke played, accompanied by the composer himself. When she had finished, old Burch wild with enthusiasm, jumped up from the piano, embraced her and said she was 'an artist, a real artist, a great artist!'

ELENORA GRAVES.

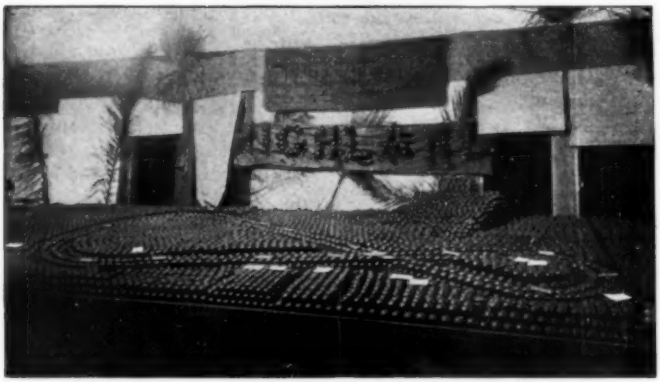
LILY LINDENBERGER.

She is one of Joachim's idols, and he promises her a great future. All Americans are proud of her. She wins both musical and social distinctions wherever she goes. She is wrapped up in her music and has turned her back on the world almost completely, for fear of spending that precious strength dedicated to her violin."

Truly admirable is that woman who, able to win great social distinction, gives up all the pleasure and honor accruing therefrom, for the sake of devoting her life to some cherished profession or art. Such a course not only fails to detract from her womanly qualities, but invests her personality with a new interest, and is an additional charm and crown to her life.

# A MODERN HESPERIDES.*

BY D. B. WEIR.



KITE-SHAPED RACE-TRACK, LOS ANGELES CITRUS FAIR.

ORANGE groves call to mind bright, warm summers and spring-like winters, as the genial seasons of those climes in which the tree finds its happiest home.

The orange was first planted in Southern California by the San Franciscan fathers, soon after they established their first mission in the State at San Diego, in 1769. Under their care it thrived. As they established their chain of missions up the coast to the north they carried the orange tree with them beyond Point Conception, where the warm coast climate south of that point suddenly ends owing to geographical configuration, to the cool, summer climate found on the sea-board northward, until they reached what is now Santa Clara County. Here they planted it sparingly with fair success. To-day, on its foothills or thermal belt, Santa Clara Valley has regular crops of as fine oranges as are grown anywhere.

Into the unknown interior of California at that early date no missionary father had penetrated, carrying thither the symbol of salvation and introducing pastoral and agricultural industry among the savage, native tribes; consequently, no orange groves were planted there until more recent days. As time advanced the sphere of mission influence and enterprise expanded, and when the United States took possession of the province, Southern California had become a vast grazing ground, over which roamed thousands of horses and myriads of cattle and sheep. The pasturage, however, was so sparse that acres were required to feed a sheep, while a cow, if she procured a bountiful supply of provision during the day, might be regarded as having fairly earned it by the exercise required to obtain it.

This state of affairs continued down to within twenty years ago. Around Los Angeles the golden fruit was clustered, and a few outside orange

*See also article on "The Orange in California," in this magazine for April, 1892.

groves proclaimed that the soil and climate in that section, as to the requirements of citrus and semi-tropical fruit trees, could not be surpassed. The climate and its delicious product, however, in time asserted themselves, and it is to them that not only the beautiful city of Los Angeles, but the whole region of Southern California owes its great prosperity. When the secret of the soil's fertility—a secret which nature had so long kept guarded under the unattractive covering of parched sage and grease bush—was discovered and understood, the scene was rapidly changed, and the rich soil, riotous in the exuberance of delight at escape from the bondage of aridity, burst out into productiveness on a scale that drove men wild with excitement. They had found out that with irrigation those dry, barren lands could be converted into gardens of Hesperides.

The first experiments in the serious cultivation of citrus trees in Los Angeles County were attended with unexpected success. The young groves, as soon as they came into bearing, gave such magnificent fruits, and were so enormously productive that they captured the markets wherever distributed, and brought golden returns of from $200 to $1,200—and even as much as $1,600 to the acre. It is no wonder that men lost their heads. One of the wildest "booms" the world has ever seen was inaugur-

PROPPING UP NAVEL ORANGE TREES.

ated, and was naturally followed by a collapse of corresponding intensity, accompanied with dire results. But the orange groves still bore their fruit; they still furnished money, and the country quickly recovered from the shock.

It was the orange, therefore, that made the sunny south what it is to-day. What was desert, is desert no longer. A thousand crystal streams flowing from lofty snow-capped mountains, or from the bowels of the earth, are diverted and utilized, decking the land with greenery, and infusing life and scattering wealth around in a hundred beautiful valleys. Great dams have been built, impounding vast quantities of the life-giving fluid. For miles and miles water is conveyed in pipes and ditches over foot-hills and plains. This water supply for the foothills and uplands is the newest and grandest feature of all.

CLUSTER OF ORANGES.
(Photographed from nature.)

Formerly, it was thought that only the richest alluvial soil of the valleys would produce oranges. Modern experiment, good "common sense," and better horticultural knowledge has led to the irrigation and planting of the foothills, and the result is proving a grand success. In these localities the best oranges of the future will be produced; the crops will be full and regular, and the trees, with proper care and attention on the owner's part, healthy and long-lived.

In explanation of this, it is well to say that all around the valleys of this State, on the coast as well as in the interior, there is a warm belt, usually frostless in winter, ranging from 100 to 1,200 feet above the floors of the valleys, and appropriately termed the "thermal belt." These belts, ridges and hills, in broad valleys of whatever altitude, are California's best garden-lands for fruit, both as to soil and climate, and naturally most highly prized.

Our common citrus fruit trees and bushes are all broad-leaved evergreens, which are injured by the cold temperature if only a dozen degrees below the freezing point. Therefore, the growth of these fruits in the open ground is limited to regions where the cold of winter never registers lower than twenty degrees above zero. Injury from frost, however, is greatly dependent on the conditions of the atmosphere at the time. If the tree is wet, the weather cloudy, and the frost leaves the tree—that is, thaws while those conditions remain—neither tree nor fruit will be injured. Indeed, it is not an uncommon sight to see orange and lemon trees breaking down with the weight of damp snow, fruit and foliage, and yet the trees come out uninjured by cold. Such a sight could have been seen in Col. Hooper's orange and lemon grove on the east slope of Sonoma Mountain in the winter of 89–90. Both the fruit and tree, however, are often injured by a light frost only a few degrees below the freezing point, if suddenly

thawed out by a bright morning sun.

Moist, rich valley lands are not fit places in which to grow any fruit as a business, for the very good reason that they are much colder in winter than the high lands surrounding them, while in spring-time they are subject to late frosts, which often destroy all hopes of a fruit crop by killing the flowers. In such land, also, fruit trees are more liable to injury from insects and fungus diseases. Many other good reasons exist which convince the fruit-grower that such low lands are not desirable for orchards.

With the orange the Mission Fathers introduced the lemon, which thrived with equal luxuriance. On the low, rich soils, however, on which they planted it, and with abundant irrigation, the trees made succulent, coarse, but tender growth, and their fruit was overgrown with very thick and bitter skins. There was no demand for that kind of lemon.

Years of experience, and the planting of groves on higher, warmer, lighter soils, have in a great measure remedied these defects. Growers, moreover, have gradually learned how to cure the fruit for market. The result is that the lemon, at the present time, is the most popular of the citrus fruits. It gives much greater promise for future profit than the orange, inasmuch as it has many great commercial uses, which will always ensure a demand for all surplus; while the orange will necessarily remain simply an article of luxury in the fruit form.

The only other citrus fruits of much commercial value are the lime and citron. The lime has hitherto been but little planted in California, for two reasons. It is more sensitive to cold than either the orange or lemon, and being produced abundantly down the coast in Mexico, our markets are supplied with it in such plenty and so cheaply that there is little desire to compete with Mexican growers. Now that citrus fruits are being planted on the warm uplands, the lime may possibly find an opening, especially as hardier varieties are being found. The extensive commercial uses for which it is in demand may offer a further inducement to engage in its cultivation.

On the warmer shores and islands of the Mediterranean Sea, the citron is extensively grown. It is a handsome, smooth, glossy, lemon-shaped, yellow fruit, of from two to five pounds weight, and is the production of a small tree or bush highly ornamental and quite hardy. It withstands a lower degree of cold than either the orange or lemon, and has, therefore, a wider range throughout California. In addition to its ornamental value as a garden shrub, the citron has a commercial value; its rind, which is very thick, white, coarse and pithy, being candied or preserved and largely used throughout the civilized world. This fruit may have a place on this coast in the distant future. It is already receiving considerable attention; but as in the case of limes, figs, and dates, the cost of labor throughout the world must become more nearly equalized before we can advantageously cultivate such fruits as these.

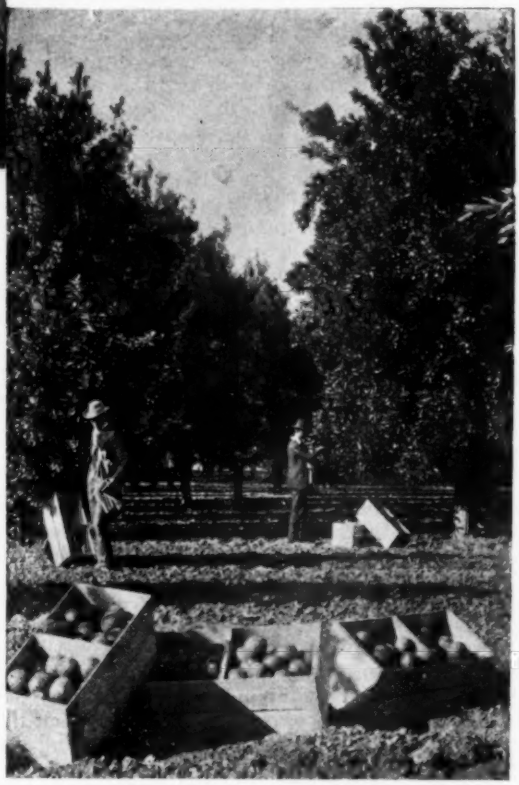
I have said that oranges are only used as a choice, refreshing fruit. This statement is not strictly true, and is only applicable to this country. In Europe and especially in England, the orange is largely used, either alone or mixed with the pulp of other fruits, in the manufacture of jams, marmalades and jellies, and for iced dishes. Such uses will be developed here in time to an enormous extent. Many tons of refuse oranges, which might be converted into such delicacies now go to waste.

Two other important facts bearing on the culture of citrus fruits should be mentioned. The first of these is that like most other fruits of temperate and semi-tropical nature, the nearer they are grown to their northern limit, the richer are their flavor and

IRRIGATION ON LEVEL GROUND.

aroma, and the more sterling are their shipping and keeping qualities. The second important consideration is that like the winter apple, it is not possible to grow citrus fruits to perfection, or to keep the trees in health and vigor on this coast, without an abundance of good water with which to irrigate. For this reason citrus trees, like those of the winter apple, have to grow and mature their fruits in late summer and autumn, at which season this climate does not furnish sufficient moisture to enable them to do this without too great a strain on their vitality. Hence the growth and maturity of the fruit is retarded; it is small, insipid and poor from being forced by lack of moisture to mature in mid-winter or later. For this reason the citrus fruits of Florida, where the rains are abundant in late summer and autumn, are much earlier, more juicy and of finer flavor, though less handsome than most of our California fruit.

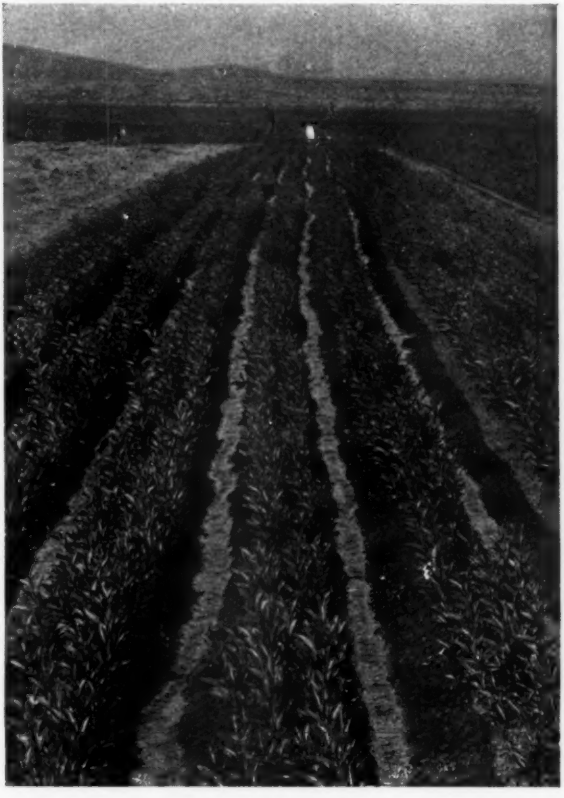
This indicates that our trees should have a full supply of water for both their roots and foliage during the dry period extending from June to the advent of the winter rains, their foliage being often sprayed with water in the evenings. Nor should the trees be grown on too rich a soil, but rather on a light, loose, well-drained loam, which must not be too highly stimulated with manure. The almost pure sand of Florida, with plenty of water, produces fine oranges, and would produce much finer ones if given a constant and right supply of water. Now if we have the water, we can give that constant regular



GROVE OF THE SEEDLING ORANGE.

supply, and our climate is such that we escape the damaging skin diseases so prevalent in Florida and which mars so much the beauty of her fruit.

Let us visit the northern part of California and see what is going on there in the way of citrus fruit culture.



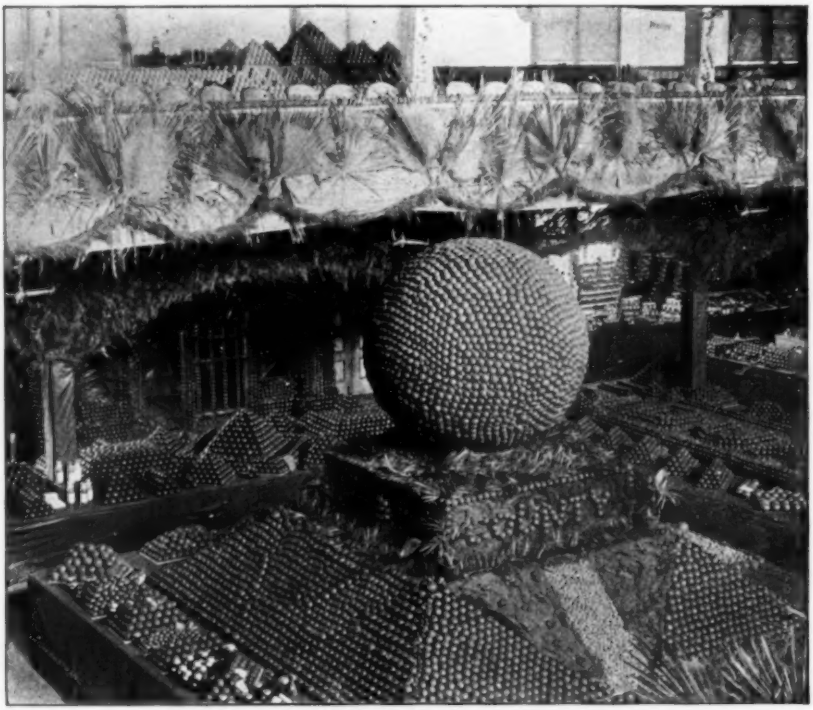
AN ORANGE NURSERY.

We will suppose the time to be early December and that we are in San Diego, where the oranges are just beginning to show a tinge of gold on the green. Taking the northern-bound train, after a journey of 600 miles, we arrive at Redding, in Shasta County. Here we find that we are still in a citrus belt, the most northern one. In nearly every garden we see orange trees laden with golden fruit, already ripe, or nearly so. There are no great orange groves, but we hear men seriously discussing the planting of such, and probably this would have been done long ago but for lack of water on suitable uplands for irrigation.

Again, we will suppose that instead of going to Redding, we proceed to San Francisco and travel up the coast one hundred miles to Cloverdale, a little city on Russian River, thirty miles distant from the Sonoma County coast line. In the gardens there we find many large orange trees which have been maturing the finest class of fruit for years; and if we extend our

observations we shall find most beautiful and thrifty young groves by the acre. And so on northward as far as Ukiah or even farther, there are thousands of acres of first-class orange land, blessed with a genial climate and only lacking the application to the orange planted for both ornament and fruit.

If those who are not familiar with the geography of the State of California will consult the map, they will observe that at about one-fourth of the way it is cut in twain by a great



ORANGE EXHIBIT, LOS ANGELES CITRUS FAIR.

irrigating purposes of the water which is everywhere abundant.

On our return to San Diego from Redding and Ukiah we shall not fail to notice that every mile of latitude between these three points contains in a superlative degree, as regards soil and climate, the requisites for successful orange culture. Even on the floors of the great interior valleys—at Fresno, Merced, Sacramento, Marysville and Chico, and in coast valleys at Santa Rosa and San Jose, we find range of mountains lying north of its southern boundary. In fact one might start from the eastern line of the State and travel westward nearly to the Pacific Ocean, and at no place on the journey be less than 3,000 feet above sea level. This great dividing range of mountains is traversed through Tehachipi Pass by the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Reaching the divide at this pass, as we go northward we mark how the railroad winds its sinuous way through

tunnels, along zig-zags, and often overlooking itself, down into the head of the great San Joaquin Valley, which only a few years ago was an arid desert, giving scanty forage to immense herds of cattle for a few months of the year. Now many thousands of acres of it are gorgeous with green and gold where irrigation has waved its magic wand of productivity. Still pursuing our way northward, we find that the foothills on either hand, but more especially those on the eastern side, possess both soil and climate most suitable for the cultivation of citrus fruit trees. And so on up the great Sacramento Valley to Redding. Resting on the lower foothills on the eastern side of that great inland basin which extends from Redding to the foot of Tehachapi Pass, we find Visalia, surrounded by lands than which none are richer. Though young in fruit planting, Visalia and its vicinity could get up a very respectable Citrus Fair with exhibits of her own growing. Many miles still farther south, we find Porterville, also in her juvenile days of horticulture, but fully able to hold her own at any citrus show with fruits of unsurpassable beauty, size and quality.

At Merced, far out on the plain, we find thriving orange trees, and thence deduce our estimate of the great capabilities of her warm foothill slopes to the east. North of Sacramento lies the oldest developed portion of the interior, and here we are constantly reminded of the golden days of '49, and the few following years, when thousands from every portion of the globe were busy washing from the river sands and gravel the yellow gold. A few of those engaged in that mad struggle for wealth bought oranges at fabulous prices, and having cooled their fevered palates with the juicy fruit, planted the seeds, and settling down, carefully watched over them until they grew into trees and bore bounteous crops. The trees themselves were beautiful and their fruit was a rare luxury. The example set by those pioneers was followed, with the result that to-day there is scarcely a homestead from Sacramento to Redding, or on the mountain slopes to the east, that has not the orange tree among its arboreal treasures. At Marysville, Smartsville, Oroville, Chico and Red Bluff, we find them freely planted in door-yards for shade and ornament, glowing throughout the first half of winter with their golden globes and making the air redolent in early spring with sweetest perfumes from their bridal blossoms.

In Marysville, hundreds of orange trees can be seen growing and fruiting in dooryards, under all degrees of neglect, and without either cultivation or irrigation; and Marysville is not only on the lower floor but in the very trough of the valley. For all that, the trees sustain but little injury from frost either there or at Chico, which is also very low. Even in the remarkably cold winter of 1887–88; the injury inflicted was slight, and at Oroville, higher up on the foothills it was very much less.

These old pioneer orange trees, and especially the success of those at Oroville, were the influencing causes which induced many persons to plant orange groves in that vicinity with a view to producing marketable crops. A water supply for irrigation was obtained, and the beautiful young groves of Thermalito, Palermo, Smartsville, etc., proclaim the success of the enterprise.

Such is a slight sketch of the citrus fruit culture of the past. It gives the reader some idea of the immense area in the State whereon the trees can be successfully cultivated, and of the soil, elevation and climate most suitable for their healthy growth. It is generally known that the planting has been enormous, and that Southern California has for the last few years been marketing thousands of carloads of the fruit, and this with only about one-fourth of her trees as yet in full bearing.

Without entering into a description

of the method of propagating the young trees in the nursery, we may make the general statement that the plants now usually offered for sale by the nurserymen are from one to two years old, produced from grafts or buds set in orange seedlings, two or three years old. The young trees are nearly all grown with from two to four feet of smooth straight stem, with a little broom-shaped top of branchlets. The tallest of such trees are those which the average man calls for, and for which he will pay the highest price, in defiance of the advice of all the best and most successful horticultural experts of the world. The nurserymen must grow such trees as he can sell, although from those high-headed ones which he produces, it is impossible to grow a vigorous, healthy, fruitful and long-lived orchard unless the planter cuts them back as soon as planted to within one foot of the ground. The right way to grow young citrus trees of all species is to cause them to form branches from the ground. The reasons will be given farther on.

The planting of an orange or lemon grove may be conducted exactly in the same way as that of other orchard fruits. The first thing, of course, is to select the right soil and climate; which being done the land is plowed as deeply as possible—not less than ten inches deep, while sixteen or even twenty inches would be better. On deep, loose, sandy loams, without hard-pan or bed rock, deep plowing is not necessary, but on such soils as are fine-grained, close and retentive of water, it is most necessary. The ground is then laid off in rows, forming squares, the sides of which are twenty feet apart; holes, not quite so deep as the ground was plowed, being dug at the corners, and wide enough to take in the roots when spread out. Having packed the soil very firmly among and over the roots, the surface should be covered with mellow unpacked soil. The roots of the young trees should never be allowed to become dry in the least degree, or be exposed to sun, heat or frost while out of the ground.*

When our little trees are planted, or while planting them, if they are tall, with straight, branchless, leafless stems, we cut them back — behead them in fact—to a height of only one foot from the ground, and make them start anew. It will be much better, however, if we can find trees rightly grown; that is, with branches from the ground up. In this case the lower branches are shortened to from two to four inches in length; those above are left somewhat longer, while the leader or center shoot should have a length of about a foot. During the first season the young trees are left to grow at random; thorough cultivation, however, and as much water as needed, being given them.

In the following spring, just before growth starts, we prune again. We find that our little trees have grown a shoot, or several shoots, at the extremity of each branch where it was cut back. Beginning with the lowest one, if it has made more than two shoots we prune all but one, cutting the lower one of these back to three inches, the next to six, and so on up; cutting the shoots of each successive branch a little longer than those immediately below, so that when we reach the shoots on the upper lateral branches we may cut the lower shoot back to ten inches, and the upper one to twenty inches—the main upright central shoot being also cut back to twenty inches, and so on each succeeding year.

This is all the pruning the trees will need. Any other pruning, except the shortening back to from two to four inches any shoots that have made a vigorous growth on the inside of the

*I am not writing for criticism, but simply giving the facts of modern expert horticulture—the experiences of the best, practical and most observing men. Therefore, wherever my statements differ from old modes, they approach nearer to the right method. This account is modern orcharding intensified. With this explanation, proofs, and facts may be left out. The man who plants an orchard and follows exactly the plan given here, will have the best orchard possible in every particular.

head of the tree is harmful. On no account should either twig or branch be ever cut clean out. Any other pruning than this has a tendency to spoil both trees and plan. This system builds up a tree that comes quickly into bearing, supplies it with vigor and enables it to hold up a great load of fruit without the branches bending or breaking. Nor will the latter curve down so as to be in the way of the plowman, who can cultivate without obstruction up to the boles. A tree submitted to this process will bear fine fruit and foliage all through its head. Its fruit is near the ground and easily gathered, while the operation of spraying is readily performed if needed. When the tree thus pruned has nearly reached the height and spread we wish it to attain, we cut back and thin out the outer and upper growth. It was said that twenty feet apart each way would give ample room, and so it does, for trees trained in this way. When they have reached the size of fourteen feet diameter through the head and the same in height, they are about as large as they should ever be allowed to be, and should be held to that size by cutting back and thinning out the surface of their heads from the outside inwards and from above downwards. They should be thinned enough on the outside to admit plenty of light and air into the center of their heads. If such thinning is sufficiently done, fine fruit and foliage will constantly be found throughout the whole head even to the very center.

The great exhibition of Citrus Fruits in Northern California at the Pavilion of the Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, in January and February last, was a surprise to many, and proved conclusively that not only can these fruits be grown in commercial quantities over a great area of the northern three-fourths of California, but also that they possess as fine quality and beauty as are to be found in such fruits grown in any part of the world.

The writer has attended five of these great Citrus Fruit Shows in the northern part of the State, three in the southern portion, two at New Orleans, one at Mobile, and one in Florida exhibiting the Atlantic Coast fruits; and can say, without fear of contradiction by experts, that the Northern California fruits in the lines of size and beauty are the peer of any grown—fully equalling those of Southern California in these points. They are not quite so choice in flavor and thinness of skin as the best Florida fruits; but in cleanness of color are superior to them.

In order that an approximate idea may be formed of the importance of this industry and the progress that it is making in Southern California, it will be necessary to introduce a few statistics.

For the season of 1890–91 the shipments amounted to 2,849 carloads, divided as follows:

| | Carloads. |
|---|---|
| San Bernardino County | 1,705 |
| Los Angeles " | 781 |
| Orange " | 307 |
| Ventura " | 33 |
| San Diego " | 23 |
| Total | 2,849 |

The crop for the season 1891–92 fell short of the expectations, there being every promise of an output of from 5,500 to 6,000 carloads. Owing to untimely frosts and unusually heavy winds at the end of December, this estimation was greatly in excess of the season's product, only 4,593 carloads being sent East. This total was distributed as follows:

| | Carloads. |
|---|---|
| Los Angeles County | 2,212 |
| San Bernardino " | 1,708 |
| Orange " | 516 |
| Ventura " | 68 |
| San Diego " | 66 |
| Santa Barbara " | 23 |
| Total | 4,593 |

Comparing this list with the preceding one, it will be observed that the great increase was mainly due to the output in Los Angeles County,

where a great area had been planted to the orange, and was beginning to be productive. It will be noticed also that Santa Barbara put in an appearance with twenty-three carloads.

As the shipping season extends from the middle of January to the middle of June, it is impossible at the time of writing to state what the total shipments will be for the present season; but careful estimates put the crop at 7,000 carloads as a minimum, and 7,500 carloads as a maximum. This estimate, however, is not confined to Southern California, since Butte County will ship twenty-five carloads, a pertinent fact pointing to the satisfactory progress which the Northern counties are making in the horticultural industry.

The profits of an orange orchard naturally depend upon its age. The budded trees begin to bear the third year, but can hardly be said to pay expenses. At four years of age, however, the navel variety will generally yield a box of oranges to the tree, and at five years of age, prices and transportation charges being favorable, will net $300 to the acre. From this time forward the profits increase. A seedling orchard at Highlands, San Bernardino County, has netted $1,730 per acre.

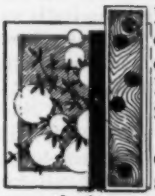
## EDWIN BOOTH.

BY INA COOLBRITH.

In vision, I beheld by Avon's side
  The mighty Shakespeare, and a wondrous train—
  The vast creations of that matchless brain—
Walked with him through the dusk of eventide.
Slowly the dim procession, solemn-eyed,
  There with the tawny Moor, and Cawdor's thane,
And, soul most beautiful, the princely Dane,
Passed, and re-passed into the shadows wide.
Then, with a sense of overmastering awe,
  And listening heart, that scarcely seemed to stir,
  I woke,—to lapsing centuries of time,
To throngèd walls, and blaze of lights, and saw—
Not Shakespeare—but his grand Interpreter,
  Than thought's great master only less sublime.

# A SMOTHERED FIRE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.



I DO not undertake to defend Mrs. Ffrench. I only tell you her story. It is not my fault that it is a true story.

A brief, sweet dream of how few years, and she was a widow in her twentieth summer, and longing for nothing so much as to be lying in the grave with Paul Ffrench, out there where mist and moonlight and green boughs invited to another land; where sunshine and blossoms and glancing wings suggested the heavenly rest that must not be hers. For there was the baby. She must live for little Paula. Live? How must she live? How could she live? And what was there to live on? All the property, by reason of that miserable entail, went to Paul's brother, the Colonel, who made no secret of the fact that he had meant to marry her had not Paul been before him, and who had now been long absent. Her education, sufficient for her station, was not of the quality that in these days of advanced ideas on the subject, would enable her to teach; she had no handicraft powers, and anything of that sort was so outside the sphere and habit of her life that it would have seemed to her like an impropriety. She had not a relative in the world; she could not think of Paul—she must shut out the thought of him; to think of him only led towards madness; there had been such joy, there was such nothingness, such blackness, such despair—such despair but for the baby. And here with a little life in her hands, penniless and the world to face, it had been no wonder had she grown something hard and bitter even in her tender youth.

Colonel Ffrench came home just as she had put the baby out to board in a neighboring farm-house, having decided to take a position as a nursery-governess, as the only thing she could do. She had always understood that the property went by entail in the main line.

"What is this?" the Colonel said, his black brows making a straight line across his forehead. "Surely you forget that your name is Ffrench. You will remain here. My house still needs a mistress."

His house—and so recently it had been hers!

"And—and Paula?" she breathed.

"The child? I have not been accustomed to children," said the Colonel, cutting off the end of a cigar with deliberation. "You will pardon me—but I am afraid it would be what I particularly dislike."

"She is—oh, she is very good." stammered the mother.

"They always are. Very well; then she will be quite content where she is. Your allowance will be quite sufficient, and you can see her when it is necessary." There was no alternative, for he left the room without allowing the word that was trembling on her lips to fall.

Her baby! Her little baby! How infamous! How indecent—how unnatural—how cruel! She would not stay in his house an hour! but yet—a nursery-governess—Paula's mother—of what use to Paula by and by would a nursery-governess be? but if she stayed here—in the uncle's home—her own home it was once—if, perhaps, possibly, by and by, her little child should interest him—his brother's child—the pretty darling—ah, how could that fail to be! Then it might give back to Paula something of all that which in the death of her

father had been lost to her. Oh, yes, she must stay! She could run down to Paula every day; she was but half a mile away; she could see her by morning and by night, and there would be long, precious hours of her darling anyway. And sometimes, when he was gone on his journeys, his hunting excursions, his outside pleasures, she could bring Paula home, and there would be the dear, sweet nights together then with that soft, deep breath upon her cheek, with that dear warm weight upon her arm, with that sense of invaluable possession—oh yes, she would stay!

But she had looked so beautiful as he strode through the door, with the tears just brimming her great blue eyes, her soft appealing tender face with the hair dropping about it—the Correggio face—he had half a mind to turn back, to grant her her wish; only then that beautiful grief might turn to weak rapture, and—yes, that Swibert needed oiling badly; it was receding out of sight; he must see some restorer; Paul certainly let things go; there was that old armor of the first Colonel Ffrench falling to pieces for the want of a rivet or two. A child working havoc among this old china, this old hammered silver, these tapestries — and Paul's child at that, the faithless scoundrel! Pshaw!

But that was a beautiful face. In the old times he had lain awake limning its beauty on the dark—let the old times go. They had nearly been the ruin of him. It was the manner of a young queen, the mother of this lovely creature. Whether he would or not, the thought of her haunted him. How well she became the head of the table at dinner—the face over that throat rising from the parting crapes, was like a lily on a stem. Paul always has good fortune set his way—and suddenly it flashed over him with a new meaning that he had fallen heir to Paul.

Heir to Paul! Houses—lands, pictures—why not this chiefest picture of all? Colonel Ffrench did not need any spur to his resolve that he would marry that white sweet woman. But to resolve is one thing; to carry out the resolve is quite another. How was he going to marry a woman whose heart was in the grave? Marry a thing like to people walking in the halls of Eblis, with their hands over the place where their hearts should be, and where was only a smothered fire! She hardly seemed to be alive. She had but one link to earth—Paula. It was difficult for Colonel Ffrench to be gentle to anyone; it was difficult for anyone to be ungentle to this woman. Perhaps the resolution of forces gave him an unusual quality which at least lifted her eyes. Beautiful great dove's eyes they were. There was something in his that made her drop them swiftly; she knew not why.

But Colonel Ffrench did not attempt to please her. He understood that that would be impossible. He simply demanded her attention. He had work for her to do at his dictation in the library, cataloguing, letter-writing, copying of old papers—work filling every hour of the day, leaving her no chance before dark to hurry off to Paula, and sometimes not even then. At other times he had guests in the house and required her to be on the spot, although perhaps not calling her into their presence; or he was having a garden made, and wished for her advice regarding beds and shrubs and hedges and lines and angles, all day long. He contrived by innumerable contrivances to claim her companionship from dawn to dark; and then, when on the watch among the thicker trees he saw the slender shape flitting, swift with a thousand fears, down the avenue and across the fields, he could only set his teeth and expend himself in oaths.

"I must go to Paula," she said once as the day waned.

"Is not Paula in safe hands?" he replied.

"Oh, I hope so!" she exclaimed.

"Because if she is not she can be

placed elsewhere. I know of an excellent person in Brasmere."

"In Brasmere!"

"You object to Brasmere?"

"It is ten miles away."

"What of that?"

"Oh, I should never see her!"

"Is that very important?"

"Important? My baby—the breath of my life!"

"If she were my child—"

"She is your brother Paul's child!" she cried, with the very cry of a bird above her fledglings.

"By heaven! I know she is," he muttered between his teeth. But how beautiful was this anger—as beautiful as the grief! It thrilled him as if it were some great tragic queen he saw. He would have renewed it more than once, but that had been a flash and outbreak of pent-up powers. After it was past she had herself in power again for another series of repressions. She must endure, she must obey, if she would keep the place here and the allowance, and lay by for Paula's education, and plan for Paula's future. Indignation with the man who, enriched by the death of Paula's father, could not give the child a place at his fireside, the child to whom in justice all belonged—that indignation was not to be shown, was not to be felt. Ah, it was hard—it was not to be shown. But if the face had been so beautiful in grief, in anger, what might it not be in joy? Colonel Ffrench thought it worth his while to see.

"You are unhappy?" he asked, stopping in his walk up and down, as he dictated to her pen.

"I?" she murmured wistfully. "I?" as if it could not have entered any one's mind that she could ever be aught else than unhappy.

"Yes. Your thoughts are with the child; Paula—do you call her? You long to be with her."

"Oh, with all my soul," she said.

"You would be glad to have her with you for a week, a month? She shall come to-morrow."

And Colonel Ffrench had his wish. Did she hear him? Was it true? The slow wonder spreading into smiles, into illumination, the color mounting flush over flush, the eyes shining with light, the face blossoming with joy like some sweet sun-bathed rose. Oh, was this the man she thought hard, brutal, cruel! What a wretch had she been so to misunderstand his nature! Of course, unused to children, and occupied as he was, the thought of a child in the way had been irritating, disturbing. And yet he was willing to undergo the vexation—oh how good, how noble! She had sprung to her feet, pushing back her chair; and now as he drew near and hung a moment on his foot, his finger-tips upon the table, she bent suddenly, pressing her lips upon his hand; and then rosy to the nape of her neck, and the quick tears sparkling till her eyes were only great suffused jewels, she ran from the room.

"She loves his child so," the thought swept through the man's mind. "She shall love mine better!" exclaimed Colonel Ffrench.

A servant had gone for the child; and it was nightfall when Colonel Ffrench lifted the curtain of his sister-in-law's sitting-room. There was no other light in the room than that given by the flames of the wood-fire. But on what a scene that light was shed! The young mother sat on the rug with the light flickering over her in rosy flashes, her long hair pulled down about her by the frolicking child, her eyes dancing, her cheeks dimpling and glowing, her lips changing in perpetual curves of delight, her voice breaking from singing to laughing and outcry of caressing—a thing of lovely radiance past belief, and the child herself, like a cherub fallen from the clouds. Was there ever sight so sweet? He stood silent for several moments, as if he were the spectator at a play, unobserved, then dropped the curtain and went away.

A week passed, and every day of it seemed to strip some pallor from the

cheek of this woman as she went and came. One night he parted the curtain and went in, pausing beside the mantel-shelf and leaning an arm upon it. She started to her feet and began twisting the long mass of hair that kept escaping her, the blush going and coming.

'You are very happy," he said, looking down at her.

For answer she snatched the child and held her up to him. "It is your dear uncle," she cried to the little girl. "He is so kind! He is so generous! Kiss him, love him!" But Paula turned before that lowering gaze with a truer instinct, and hid her sweet face in her mother's neck.

"You would be happy if you had her always with you?" he asked.

"Oh!" she cried, "Oh, so happy!"

"There is one way in which she could always be here," he said slowly, in order that she might gather his meaning. "If it were her mother's home. If you were my wife."

She turned quickly to look at him—uncertain, bewildered, amazed, half stunned, dropping the child at her feet.

He repeated his words. "Her mother's house would be Paula's home. If she were my wife that would go without saying. You do not seem to understand me," he continued, his heart beating in his temples through the riot in his veins, but with no wooing tone in his words. "I ask you to become my wife."

"Paul!" she cried. "Paul!" turning to the portrait on the wall as if begging for protection, with such an agonized cry that she heard its agony herself.

"There is no Paul," said Colonel Ffrench.

"Oh, Paul!" she cried again to that immovable semblance, where as the eyes met hers the smile should have flashed into angry lightning.

"There is no Paul," said Colonel Ffrench again. Truly there could be no Paul. Had he been in the farthest universe of the universes he must have heard this cry of his wife's, she thought. She stooped to take up the child—all there was—and then the world to her became suddenly vacant.

She was in Colonel's Ffrench's arms when she awoke; he was holding her, adjuring her passionately. He hardly breathed till she could command her movement; then she slipped away, caught up the silent and frightened child, and hurried from the room.

"I am going away for a week," said Colonel Ffrench when he next saw her, his dark eyes lingering on her with a strange spark in their depths. "If, on my return I find Paula here—the western wing can be set off for her use, and that of her nurse, of her governess, her masters, too. If, on my return I find Paula here, I shall understand that it is because it is to be her home, her mother's house." And then he put his hand on her head and bent it back and left upon her forehead what seemed the indelible stain of his kiss, and was gone.

A week, and what a week of misery it was! No Paul in all the dark and wide unknown; no help, robbed of all hope. It had seemed to her, before, that behind a barrier ever so filmy, even if impregnable, Paul awaited her; but the consoling sense of that was gone. Paul would have heard her, would have come to her. And the man had seemed to magnetize her by the strength of his will and his assertion. If it had not been for that she might have found it possible to slip out of this life and find her love. She dare not think; she dared not look forward or remember; it was all blank suffering—except for the moments when Paula's arms were about her neck, when Paula's little cheek at night lay close on hers, and the blossom-breath fanned her lips. And how could she give that up?

Day followed day, and she had not the strength to send the child away again; the child out of whom Paul's own

great, melancholy eyes looked at her reproachfully in their love. And yet how could she stay? And all at once the week was gone. She watched the child with hungry eyes at her play, through her sleep; she could not lose an instant of the day; to-day she had her, but to-morrow—and then it was twilight. And all like one in a dream she put on Paula's cloak and hood and snatched her up and ran out with her to take her to the farmer's wife where she had been before, hurrying along under the lines of lofty oaks that stirred and tossed and groaned in the wind, the child now singing softly as she went, and now babbling her sweet baby-talk.

"It was her father's house! It was her home!" the mother kept saying to herself. "I am taking her away from her home." And what a home it would have been for her had Paul lived; and she thought of the care and caresses he would have given her, how together they would have watched her growth with wonder, of the maids she would have had to wait on her, the clothes like those of a King's baby, the pony-carriage like the Dalton children's, the music-teachers, the painting-masters, the joys, the indulgences, and when it was time they would have gone to France together. She began to remember as she ran that she could have all this if she stayed here — that man, Colonel Ffrench, had said as much. And she was taking her to a life of ignorance, by and by of labor, with none of the culture and appliances that should develop Paul's daughter as she had a right to develop. She, her mother, was depriving her of her birthright! She had brought this child into the world; there were certain things she owed her; these were of them; she seemed to hear a voice, like a great bell tolling out these words through the spiritual blackness about her; no matter at what cost to herself she must give these things to Paula! And she turned about running, running breathlessly, the child in her arms, through the darker and darker twilight and the sighing and rustling of the branches, feeling as if she were pursued by shadows, mounting the steps, and gaining the western wing, as if fate depended upon her swiftness.

It was after a sleepless night, a night of cold terror of herself, that she came to meet Colonel Ffrench, pausing on the way to fortify herself by five minutes of Paula's embraces. Then she went down. She had made up her mind; and she went like a queen to the scaffold. When the Colonel came in and saw her at the head of the table, in her white gown, with the knot of rose-ribbons at her throat, he knew that the game was won. A few hours later they were married.

Colonel Ffrench perhaps deceived himself in supposing that he had carried his point. It was his wife for whom he ordered dresses down from town, who, clad like a princess, sat with him behind his high-stepping horses, pale, but gentle as she was stately. But it did not take him long to find out that it was a woman who, having assumed a duty was performing it; who was paying a price; and the thing paid for was Paula's well-being. When he first became aware of this fact, far from loving the little creature that had brought him his desire, he felt himself hating her with a new hatred. She had been detestable to him before, yet in a negative way; but now it was as if, like the men of Verona, he let

> the silent luxury trickle slow
> About the hollow where a heart should be,

and for the rest, if it was love, his emotion toward his wife, it had a singular way of showing itself. He ordered down the portrait of his brother Paul and had it sent to the attic. It did not hurt her as he had thought it would. It was a relief to her that those eyes, those dark and splendid melancholy eyes were no longer there to reproach her. "You

have no heart in your body!" he cried. "No," she thought, "it is in the grave;" but she did not say so. Her very silence irritated him. But yet, such is nature, such is feminine nature, she leaned towards him, she wished to fulfill the task she had undertaken, she wished to please him, to be a good wife to him; she had a faint warmth at her heart when she heard his step; she had a certain pride in him; he was her husband; she would even have been glad to love him had it been possible.

But after the first she had seemed only to displease him. She had learned early that it was not best to have Paula too much in evidence; but the time she spent alone with Paula was always the time when he particularly wished for her society. As surely as she sat with the child, he wanted her to go and drive with him; the one hour of joy in the twenty-four when Paula was put to bed, was exactly the one when she should be reading him the evening news; in the forenoon he wanted her to go over papers and accounts with him, to walk in the gardens, to mount the black mare and be off with him for a gallop; and in the afternoon he insisted that she should lie down; it was the way to preserve her bloom, and her bloom belonged to him; and later there were calls to pay or receive, and it ended in making all her interviews with the child, stolen ones. For it seemed as if he were determined to keep them apart to a point of alienation, were that possible. But mothers can circumvent even the evil Principle; and Mrs. Ffrench saw a great deal of Paula in spite of him; and every time she realized the unkindness to the innocent, orphaned child, it became an outrage upon her, and she gave her a double quantity of mother's love to atone, if might be. But the fact of the child's existence was poisonous to Colonel Ffrench; it met and darkened every relation of life.

He had sent once for some diamonds for his wife—a band for the hair and for the throat; he brought them to her when she was making ready for guests, and himself had them clasped about her throat and in her shining hair, with a thrill and bound of pride in her beauty that they made doubly radiant. But of course he would not have been himself had he told her of it; and she felt as she saw his eyes glowering over her, that he was only decking out his own possession. She went into the western wing before going down stairs, and the little girl cried out with joy at the splendid vision. Colonel Ffrench heard her, for he had followed and paused at the first door. And then like a red lightening flash in the midnight, he saw that Paula would inherit those diamonds if there were no children of his own, and he took them that night and locked them away, and she never saw them again.

And there were no children of his own. And when one year and another had gone, and the thing he had wished for was not his, his brow darkened if the little Paula came into his presence. "Take her away!" he said, at last, to the maid who had her in charge. "I loathe the sight of her."

"She is your own flesh and blood!" said the angry woman.

Of course the maid went that day. But that was by no means the end of it. For day in and day out Mrs. Ffrench was given to understand that he had been insulted in his own house by the servant whom he paid to wait on her child.

"Is she not your own flesh and blood?" she asked, all the sleeping lion of the outraged mother rising at length from its lair.

"She is the child of the man who stood between me and everything I wanted in life, who had the best of my mother's love, the best of my father's money, who married the woman—"

"The woman you make wretched!" she cried.

"On account of that child!" he thundered. "Then send her away!"

"No, no, no!" cried the mother.

"Why should I have under my roof, in my daily sight, the child of a man the thought of whom brings to my mind everything that is detestable—"

"Be silent!" she flashed out again. "Be silent!" You shall not speak so of my husband!"

He did not reply immediately. "I thought I was your husband," he said slowly then, and with a total change of mien and manner.

"Oh, you are! You are!" she cried, her feeling touched, her tears gushing. "But how am I to bear—what shall I do—oh, how can you distress me so!"

"That child's least look is more to you than my peace, my pleasure, my love, my hate!"

"Oh, I am her mother—"

"And I am not her father. You will not comprehend that there is something shameful to me in that fact. But I understand it all at last, Mrs. Ffrench. To keep her in luxury, to bring her up to wealth, you have deceived and ensnared me. You have so brought things about that that accursed brother of mine would rule me even from his grave. But by heaven! he shall not! The child is my flesh and blood, as that woman said. And she shall be taken care of and fitted to earn her own livelihood. To earn her own livelihood. She will need to earn it, for not a dollar of my money shall she ever have!"

"It was her father's before it was yours!" cried Mrs. Ffrench, off her guard one more. And that finished Paula's business.

What a life was this to which the mother saw her child condemned in this rich man's house, from this time. There was nothing systematic about it; a hint, a glance, was enough; the servants saw their master's mood; they learned that the mistress was a nonentity, that there was no one to punish their neglect, their insolence; the pale little child was brow-beaten when she came into her stepfather's presence, the teachers employed for her were given to understand that the utmost must be demanded of her; her mother was kept aloof from her all that was possible; she had no playmates; she was left apart when there were guests. Driven to desperation, the mother remonstrated; she was first laughed at, and then abused. All the world began to know there was deep trouble at Mrs. Ffrench's heart; but all the world loved Colonel Ffrench's dinners, all the world respected his money; there were even those who looked ever so little askance at the woman who failed to keep what she had won; and then there were others who called her an unnatural mother.

"Has not the child all I agreed that she should have?" he asked, exasperated by the mother's tears. "You forget that she—that she was a pauper when I married her mother. If you are not satisfied, she can return to her first estate!" and the mother was terrified into silence. For what would become of Paula, turned out of this house? What even if her mother went with her?

It was armed neutrality now, when it was not war. Sometimes he took notice of the child growing into a young girl, called her to him, fixing her with his unkind eye till the color bathed her face, asking her questions that she could not answer, making her the object of a sneer, dismissing her as if she were a hound in disgrace. He would look over at his wife then as if he studied the pain he gave her, the incomprehensible pain—the silent suffering woman whose fast-fading beauty had brought his passion to an end.

But now, as the little girl gathered years, she was not so much alone in that loneliness which had only just failed to break her mother's heart for the pity of it. There were many hours that Mrs. Ffrench was able to devote to her in the absence of the master on his various pleasures, his politics, his journeys, his delays in town, his hunting, his business affairs, the long days when he was off with his man and his fishing-rods. And

then Paula and her mother took great ease together; and darkness shut down again on the mother when, her husband returning, she felt the wrongfulness that required all to be as before.

The child, however, was perhaps not so unhappy as the mother had reason to think her. The circumstances of her birth had given her a grave and serious temperament. At first she was happy with a flower, it was a live thing, another baby; a doll was a companion; she put out her little hand to it in the night with gentle hushing touches; she went to sleep, singing the doll to sleep; she awoke to make to it her little confidences; when she cried for her mother she ran to her doll and clasped it and assured the doll that she was there, as if she would not have the doll suffer what she was suffering. And later, a book took her into the world of its own; she had no particular aptitude with her pencil, but her paint-box and brushes gave her something more than pleasure; she could never do much with music, but she sang like the birds in the morning, and sang as they did, because she could not help it, and at twilight she dreamed over her piano. But she had a talent for loving; she loved the beautiful old place which she knew was her birthplace and the home of her ancestors, the only home she could remember; the long green meadow sparkling with sunlight and veiled in violet vapors as the east wind met the sun upon it, the black shadows of the woodland sharply cut in moonlight, the brook that ran a thread of sapphire through the deep gardens, the great branch of pale pink roses that climbed across the balcony between her and the dazzle of blue sky—all these things filled her with poetic dreams and were precious to her. And she adored her mother; and as she slowly began to comprehend that she was entreated unlike other childen, with her adorations was mingled a strange and aching wonder if it could be possible that her mother was indifferent to her; if that was why she was not sent for in the drawing-room, was rarely taken to other houses, had no young girls brought to her, was hastened out of the way when Colonel Ffrench's voice or step was heard, had no pleasures made for her, was suppressed, and hushed, and perhaps but just tolerated. And as her mother divined her thoughts, a new misery was added to all the rest that mother had endured.

"I suppose," said Paula to her one day,—Paula slender, tall, dark, pale, growing into the beauty that had been her father's, "I suppose you would be happier, mamma, if I were not here to give you trouble."

"Oh, Paula! Paula!" cried her mother, laying down her silken skeins, and letting her heart out at once. "You are all the joy I have! To see you, to hear you, to know you are alive, to think of you when I am away from you, I have no other thought. To wake up in the night and think how innocent you are, how pretty you are,—it seems to me that you are very pretty, Paula—oh, I never can tell you for how much that repays me! There are reasons—I have been compelled—we will not talk of that—it is not best to speak—but if I seem like a clay-cold image to you it is because the fire burning in my heart has turned me to a stone."

"Mamma, he would not treat you badly if it were not for me"—

"How do you know—what makes you say"—the mother faltered breathlessly.

"I have heard the servants—they do not care if I hear them or not."

Every day a new degradation, thought Mrs. Ffrench bitterly, blow after blow rising across her memory. But she gave no sign. "Oh, Paula, you must not say so! Treat me badly! Oh, no—he was—he is—you comprehend, Paula, dearest, he is my husband"—

"But you do not love him, mamma!"

"A woman loves only once in her life, you know," she said, the delicate color swimming over her wistful face.

"But perhaps, dearest, you will understand better by and by. There is a bond"—

"Mamma, you say you think I am pretty. I hear others say I am going to be pretty, more than pretty. They do not mean me to hear that, I suppose; and that I shall marry—very well, maybe. And if that should be, then—then you can leave him, you can come and live with me, and we can be happy together all the time!"

"Leave him," cried Mrs. Ffrench. "I would never do that. Oh, how can you dream of such a thing! It makes me shudder to think of it when I remember the speech of people."

"You are so timid, mamma. I do not care for the speech of people."

"And then I do not know what he would do without me."

"He would do very well without you," said Paula.

"Besides—there is another life, Paula. One can bear so much with that in mind. Your father must be somewhere—it is impossible that he should have ceased—and we were one soul. And there I shall be with him. And he will forgive me, because he knows it was for you, and these things will not matter then."

"Yes they will, mamma dear, they will have made you perfect through suffering." And then they glanced up and said Colonel Ffrench coming down the avenue with Mr. Parcell, the old lawyer; and all the rose and sparkle fell out of the mother's face, and she was a white and half-lifeless image moving automatically, and getting into her own rooms before her husband should demand her.

"I have brought you," said her husband, when a few minutes afterward he sent for her to come to the library. "a paper that you are to sign, relinquishing your right of dower in consideration of the provision that I shall make for you in my will."

"My right"—she said, with a little gasp.

"I thought I should have trouble with you," he responded. "Your right. Such right as you have. You were a beggar when I married you. And so I suppose you will insist upon your full price"—

"I will sign any paper you give me to sign," she said.

"There must be witnesses," he replied, after a moment's survey of her. "Mr. Parcell is in the dining-room." And the lawyer and John, the inside man, witnessed her signature, Paula being summoned for a third. And Colonel Ffrench went about the place with something like boyish jubilation the rest of the day, and ordered up for dinner the Chateau Yquem that he bought himself in France.

"I have made my will," Colonel Ffrench said to his wife a few days later. "I have made for you a suitable provision, in a way that would have been affluence for you before I married you. But I have so arranged it that Paula can never share it. I have always said she was to provide for herself. And she has been educated to do so."

It was the last of many burdens. The burden-carrier rebelled. "Are you not afraid of what people may say of so cruel a disposition towards your brother's child?" she exclaimed.

"I never care for what people say," he answered. "They will say it after I am gone, too, and I shall not hear them. But I should rise in my grave if this accursed child who has stood between me and the joy of my life were one penny the better for my death!"

"Then," said Mrs. Ffrench, with a strange new decision born of desperation, "Paula will come into the drawing-room with me, and will sit at the table when there are guests and when there are not, and will be properly dressed, and shall have her chance to make a fit marriage"—

"Paula!"

"Or I will go away with her and she shall earn my livelihood too!"

"Do you know what you are saying, my—wife?"

"I think you are insane concerning your brother's child and always have been, and that I have been in error in giving way to you. And moreover, I have my doubts if the entail did not end with her father, and if the whole property is not hers anyway. I have thought this for a long time; but I thought also that you would do justice to her in the end. Now I have said it. And you can but kill me. You do worse than that every day."

"By heaven!" cried he; "I ought to kill you!"

And after this volcanic outburst, Mrs. Ffrench spent the rest of the day fainting in bed, and Colonel Ffrench drank himself stupid for several evenings in succession.

As week after week crept by now, he spoke to her only to insult her in the presence of the servants or to outrage her to her innermost soul. It was during this period that she found he had made the headstone of Paul's grave in the family burial-place a target for his pistol-shots, till he had shattered every letter of the name upon it. He spent little of his time at home; gossip reached his wife concerning other allurements that made her shudder, but gave her no closer pain than the sense of disgrace; and there were card and wine-parties following days of hard riding after the hunt. Nothing she cared for any of it; it affected her no further than to deepen that silent abhorrence which lay within her like lead. And she had long sweet days with Paula in consequence, that could they but continue, she felt, would compensate her for it all. Affairs equalized themselves, however, when he took a notion to stay at home, to demand her constant presence, to have her read to him in the morning, and be growled at for her want of comprehension, to have her play picquet or zonzen in the evening, and be sneered at for her stupidity, to have her orders to the servants reversed before her face, to have her little charities called back, her dress criticised, her manners reprobated, to keep quiet and wear a cheerful face through it all, to long, every day of her life of repression to die, and to have the longing stifled by the thought of Paula. Colonel Ffrench had always loved horses and riding, sparring, and all the physical sports. Nothing had ever given him such pleasure as breaking a spirited horse. He had begun with some such sensation in the treatment of his wife.

One day, training a splendid black stallion that looked like Satan embodied, he lost his temper and the horse knocked him down. He was brought in trodden to death.

He was buried as became his name. And such was the inconsistency of this feeble little woman that she grieved and grieved again. She forgave his misdeeds with a divine forgiveness; she forgot all she could forget; she blamed herself for the rest; and she spent her soul in pity. She was, in truth, like a tree that long sheltered by another, withers if that tower of strength is removed. She needed some shock to make her see the truth again, to call her powers to use.

The shock came some days after the funeral when Mr. Parcell, who had been ill at the time, made his appearance. Mrs. Ffrench in her black gown and widow's cap, sat beside the fire in the library; for although it was a summer's day and the sun was beating down outside till leaf and tree shone back in green splendor, there was always a low fire in the great damp shadows of the gloomy library. Now and then a tongue of flame leaped out and lighted up the face of one of the old Ffrench's on the wall with a sort of demoniac glow, that more than once before made this little dove, all unfit to mate with hawks, shiver as she looked. But perhaps a dove could not dwell among hawks, if it could dwell among them at all, without attaining some hawk-like quality; and Mrs. Ffrench called on herself for all she was worth when Mr. Parcell was announced.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Parcell as he sat down on the other side of the fire, "to be the bearer of the document which will oblige you to leave this pleasant place."

"To leave it? My home?" said Mrs. Ffrench.

"I refer," he said slowly "to your husband's will."

"Oh!" she murmured. And in a moment or two she added, "Did he then make a will?"

"He did. On the twenty-fourth of last September. I have it here. If you will send for your daughter I will read it."

"It is not necessary to call her," said Mrs. Ffrench. "You can tell me what it says quite as well in her absence."

"I—eh—it—ah—ahem! The heart of the matter—I—it is just this—Mrs. Ffrench. In brief the will makes me executor, and directs that the sum of five hundred dollars a year, from certain rents, shall be paid to you during your natural life, provided that you satisfy me yearly that no portion of that has gone to the care, support, or maintenance of your daughter."

"What!" cried Mrs. Ffrench.

Mr. Parcell repeated what he had said. "Of course I need not tell you," he added, "that I expostulated with Colonel Ffrench at the time, nor that I shall be very easily satisfied in this regard"—

"And the rest of the property?" she demanded.

"All the rest and residue, the place, the bonds, the city houses, the sum total, he has covered into a fund for the foundation of a charity of large proportions"—

"Do you mean to tell me that my husband left any such paper as that!" cried Mrs. Ffrench.

"Certainly I do," said the worthy gentleman, producing a variety of bulky envelopes from an inside pocket, "and much to my regret."

"It is incredible!"

"I am sorry to say that it is a fact," and he proceeded to unfold a crackling paper and to adjust his glasses. "Here it is—'I, Savage Delany Ffrench, being of sound and disposing mind, do hereby make this my last will and testament— May I ask you to ring for a glass of water before I proceed?"

"I cannot believe it!" she said breathlessly, not heeding his request. "Do you absolutely assure me that this paper disinherits me?"

"Absolutely."

"And Paula?"

"Absolutely."

"If there had been no will it would have been all Paula's, that was not mine. His brother's child"—

"Was his natural heir"—

"And it was her father's, and should have been hers. What would these people think to have their own flesh and blood beggared for the sake of all the charities in the world," with a sweep of her little hand to those old portraits as if she invoked the help of Paula's race.

"Undoubtedly they would think as you do, as I do. But law is stronger than anything else in the world, and the misfortune is that here is the will"—

"I cannot, I do not, how shall I believe it," she cried. "My husband—let me see it with my own eyes?" And she held out her hand imperiously, took the paper before he bethought himself and dropped it on the blaze, where it caught in an instant and curled and flamed, and left only a black scroll along which the wicked letters of his name lingered in a line of fire and vanished.

"What of it now?" said she, with a wild glad triumph in her tone.

For a moment Mr. Parcell stared aghast. Had his eyes deceived him? He closed them, and opened them again. Here in this room—among all these dead and gone Ffrench's—had anything happened to him—could he credit the evidence of his senses?

"Do you know what you have done?" gasped the lawyer, pallid and pinched with consternation.

"Perfectly. You see what I have done."

"You have committed a felony!"

"I—who says I have committed a felony?" asked Paula's mother, straightening herself superior to law and lawyers.

"I do."

"Have a care what you say. For you—you are an interested party, you know."

"Mrs. Ffrench, you appall me!"

"What are you going to do about it?" she said.

"To denounce you."

"You mean you will say I have destroyed that paper. Well, then, I shall say, if you drive me to it, that I did nothing of the kind. Do you suppose your word is any better than mine? I am willing to bring it to the proof. Who that has known me all my life will believe such a thing of me? I should advise you to let the matter rest."

"There are witnesses," gasped Mr. Parcell.

"Servants; who knew nothing of the contents of the paper they signed; who will make no question; and who will take it for granted that the law has had its way—people who can be made quite uncertain as to whether the paper they witnessed was a will or the one about my dower-rights."

"That, too. There is the agreement concerning the right of dower."

"Bring it forward, if you wish. It can be of no use if there is no will."

"Mrs. Ffrench, what sort of a woman are you?"

"I am a mother defending her child," cries Mrs. Ffrench, "as a bird defends her young against eagle or against snake. I am a wife resenting an outrage. I am an individual claiming what is my right! Now," she continued, rising, after a few minutes of stillness in which the old lawyer heard his heart beat, "is it to be peace or war?"

"I suppose it must be peace," he said presently, and with a slow effort. "I do not see my way clear to anything else, under the circumstances."

"I shall need counsel, Paula will need it, in the management of the estate. Give us your best service; and make your conscience easy by remembering that if law has been violated, justice has been vindicated," said Mrs. Ffrench, and she looked at the eager watching Ffrench faces on the wall, as if they must thank her for saving to one of their own that for which they had wrought and fought; and she sailed out of the room like justice herself in the robes of a lady-abbess, expecting to sink on gaining her own room, and finding her heart, instead, bubbling with new life and strength and the consciousness of victory.

I saw her a few years later. Mrs. Paul Ffrench was the name on her visiting-cards. She had plainly no idea she had done anything to regret; nor should I have known of the facts of her life but for Mr. Parcell's diary which came into my possession. I saw a tranquil and rather stately woman whose unsmiling face wore the scars of trouble, yet looked as if lighted from within by an interior joy. With her was a tall girl whose serene dark beauty, exquisite in modelling, perfect in contour and curve, was heightened by the severe simplicity of her dress of white satin that seemed to surround her with lustre. An Italian prince and an English baron were in her train, but I understood that she was going home to marry a young minister, and to realize with him certain ideas concerning a charity of large proportions, ideas belonging to her mother. And I saw that Mrs. Ffrench was still carrying out the habits of a lifetime of compromise.

BLANKET OF THE FINEST QUALITY.

# A NAVAJO BLANKET.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

THE Navajos, main stock of the Athapascan branch of Indians which spread southward to Northern Mexico, have retained anthropological qualities distinct, in a marked degree, from their warlike and unsettled offshoots, the Apaches and kindred tribes. The latter, from the earliest historical records, have ever been the cruel scourge of the regions they invaded until their reduction by force of arms within the last decade. In scattered bands and with no permanent homes, they gained their means of living by plunder obtained by predatory expeditions covering a large area of the northern possessions of the Spaniards in the country. These savage branches of the Navajos can hardly be placed in the catalogue of Indian tribes which pursued industrial occupations, under the modern acceptation of the term.

With the Navajos proper — the parent stock which peopled the region now including the northwestern corner of Arizona—the contrary may be said. They made the mountains and the fertile valleys watered by the affluents of the Rio San Juan, whither their primitive ancestors had been led by divine interposition, their permanent home. It is true that they constantly sent out small war parties to harass the Pueblo Indians, destroying crops and impeding the agriculture of those sedentary and industrious people, yet their persistency and home love are proved by the fact that when the Spaniards reached their remote territory, they were found to be great land-tillers, "living in dwellings underground and having sheds for their crops and stores."

After their contact with the European they acquired flocks and herds, probably through the Pueblo Indians; the first effort to introduce domesticated animals into the Northern Spanish domains being made by the Church about the third decade of the seventeenth century. As soon as the Navajos recognized the utility of sheep, cattle and horses as a fertile source of supply in meat and clothing, they became too impatient to wait for the slow process (as they regarded it) of natural increase, and began to pry upon their old victims, the Pueblo Indians. Thereupon the Spaniards took up the defense of the latter, became objects of sincere and lasting hatred, and were driven out of the

country by the Navajos. During the close of the seventeenth century, Spanish settlements were re-established by another so-called conquest, but the subjection of the Navajos was never accomplished. They not only retained possession of their mountain home, but became assailants, and carried on aggressive warfare down to, and even after the annexation of New Mexico and Arizona to the United States.

In 1865, the tribe was removed from its long successfully defended mountain region—a region cool and bracing, covered with snow until late in spring—into the hot, level district of Bosque Redondo. There the Navajos languished. Their agricultural industry was handicapped, and their tendency to self-improvement checked. Three years later the government very wisely reinstated them in their old domain. Since that time they have lived peaceably, and, though molested by the ubiquitous squatter on other people's property, long displayed a forbearance of retaliation, and a manliness in appeal for protection of their rights that might classify them as a people on the same platform of humanity with that which, in the words of Tennyson, cried out: "Let us alone!"

But they are no lotus eaters. They have been rapidly progressive, and to-day their irrigation ditches, their fertile fields and their well-managed flocks, proclaim their systematic industry—though the majority of them *do* live in the log-cabin, half dugout, known by the name of *ho-gan*.

It might be supposed that this primitive race, whose offshoots have left their records printed in human blood, stamped in broad type, in assertion of their claim against the encroachments of civilization, would have no taste for art or tendency in the direction of intellectual expansion. No greater mistake could be made. The Navajos are conspicuous for their inventive faculty, their ingenuity, and their ready power of adaptation to self-improvement of extraneous suggestions. Nothing points more directly to the proof of this assertion than their reputation as manufacturers of textile fabrics.

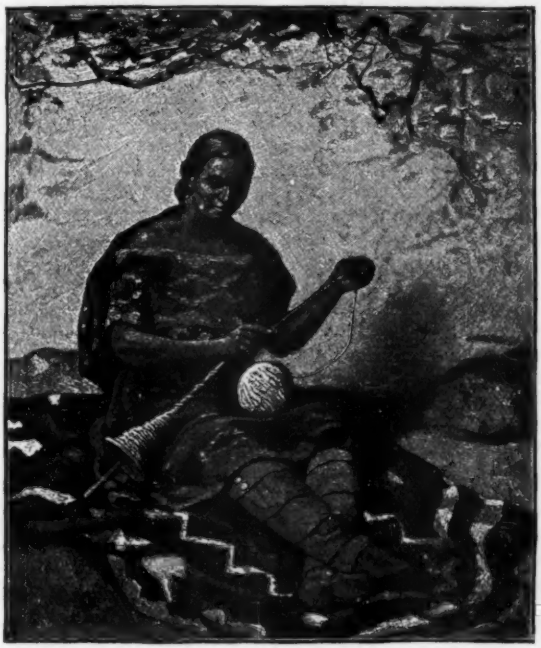
There is evidence that among the Navajos the art of weaving antedates the time when any skill was imparted to them therein through the Pueblo Indians by the Spaniards. To-day they are pre-eminent in the art among the native tribes north of Mexico, and their advancement in the industry is due more to their own intelligence and artistic inclination, than to the influence of European instruction. The wonderful variety of designs displayed in their fabrics, and the innumerable combinations of colors, are witnesses to the fertility of imagination which the Navajo weaver's mind is gifted with; while the fact that in a thousand Navajo blankets no two patterns can be found exactly alike proclaims that each designer scorns imitation or repetition. Our artists might take a lesson from them.

Nevertheless, their savage instincts have not been thoroughly eliminated by their internal peaceable occupations for many years. They still retain their ancient customs; the Mountain Chant—the *quacàl*—their sacred song or chant is still heard; and the *fire-dance* is still practiced. The Shamàn and the arrow-swallower still pretend to cure the sick.

The following narrative will illustrate one latent trait of character, common alike to Indian and white man. It is a long time since the events occurred, but none the same do they hold up the finger of instruction.

Seated on a blanket spread upon the ground beneath a tree whose foliage affords protection from the rays of the sun, an Indian woman is engaged in spinning woolen yarn. She is a type of the comely women of the Navajo race. In breadth of shoulders and in the size and muscular development of her arms and hands she is almost masculine; the most casual observer would willingly admit that

in a personal struggle she would prove a formidable antagonist to most city-bred men of our times, while the dude would be a plaything and shuttle-cock to her in a test of strength. Her hair parted in the middle, is gathered back and tied behind her head in a complicated knot, which is held together by the insertion of a rude hair-pin passed through a loop of the twist, thus preventing the strands from disentangling themselves. Pendant from her ears are silver bangles, and on occasions she may be seen to wear a necklace of colored beads or turquoise gems. She is clad in the costume of her primitive race. This consists of a robe formed by sewing two of the smaller sized blankets together at the sides, armholes being left at about one-third of the distance from the upper border of the garment to the lower edge of the skirt. A girdle round the waist secures the dress to the body; as no sleeves are attached the arms are left bare, while the upper part of the robe is folded down from the shoulders over the breast, one shoulder being generally left exposed. These dresses of the Navajo women are very picturesque, displaying an endless variety of designs in colors of black and dark blue with stripes of red. Her lower limbs are swathed in rather broad bands of cloth wound spirally from the ankles to just below the knees, where they are secured by buttons so adjusted as to meet the corresponding button-holes at the end of each band. On her feet she wears moccasins, though not unfrequently both these and the above described leggings are discarded. The blanket on which she sits is one of the coarser kind, the pattern consisting of angular stripes running length-



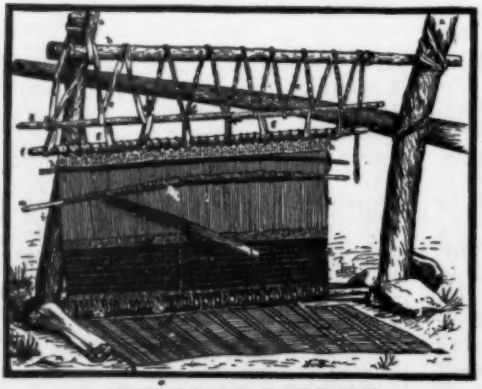
NAVAJO WOMAN SPINNING.

wise of the fabric within broader straight bands worked-in, parallel with its ends and sides. As before remarked, the fertility in design of the Navajo weavers is so great, that it would be difficult to find two blankets of exactly similar pattern.

At no great distance from her may be seen another woman seated under the shade trees. Before her is a primitive loom at which she is industriously at work, weaving one of those blankets which have a world-wide reputation for their durable and frequently water-proof qualities. Her dress is similar to that of the spinner, and so like to her is she in features and physical proportions that she might readily be taken for her twin sister. Her posture in front of the loom, however, is different from that of her companion, for she is squatted on the ground with her legs folded under her, thus being enabled to work at the loom with her long muscular arms until she has woven her web to a height beyond which she can no longer reach to pass her woof through the warp. When this occurs she rises and readjusts her machine in a manner that will be afterward described.

The spinner's mode of procedure is extremely simple. She uses no spinning-wheel, a thin stick passed through a flat, circular piece of wood being her only implement. Holding the end of this rude spindle in her right hand and the tread in her left, she sits hour after hour spinning the woolen yarn, ever and anon winding it, as it grows in length, on the ball which she holds in her lap. Her only material is native wool supplied from the vast flocks of domesticated sheep which the Navajos have possessed for ages. Recently imported American yarn has come into favor with the Navajo weavers and many blankets are now made of it, thus reducing the labor of spinning.

Independently of the various colored worsteds which these Indians now obtain by trade, they have always possessed a sufficiency of dyes to afford them a wide scope for the display of their designs in an artistic point of view. They had, and still use, native dyes of yellow, black and red. Indigo, introduced probably by the Mexicans, supplied them with a blue, and by mixture of it with their native yellow, different shades of green; from the same source they obtained the brilliant scarlet cloth, called *bayeta*, which they unraveled, using the threads in the manufacture of their blankets. By this enumeration of colors, it may be seen that the Navajo blanket of former days would not be deficient in gorgeousness. The one which our heroine is employed in weaving is being wrought in divers colors and with exceptionally artistic design. When she has completed it, the blanket is destined to play an important part at the most critical moment in her life's career. But before narrating the interesting episode with which it was connected, let us describe her loom and her mode of weaving.

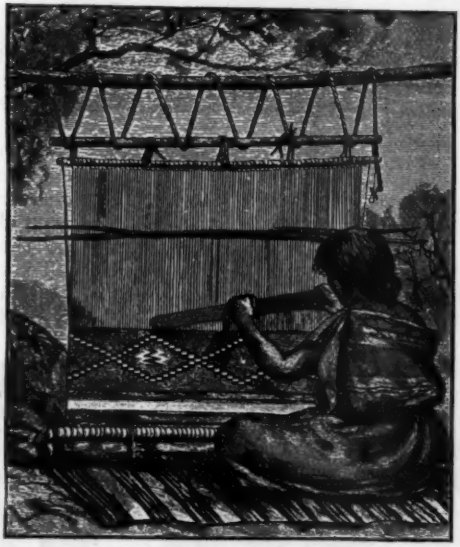


ORDINARY NAVAJO BLANKET LOOM.

From start to finish her skillful production will cost her the work of many weeks; but as she ties the last knot, at the last corner, she can probably gaze upon the finest fabric, and

the handsomest in design and combination of colors, woven in her day. It will be the admiration of a multitude and the cause of jealous hatred on the part of many a sister weaver in her tribe, and will place her in imminent peril of her life.

In the forks of two tree branches, growing conveniently for her purpose, she has placed and securely bound a



BRINGING DOWN THE BATTEN.*

horizontal bar, to which she has suspended a straight pole by lashing it to the supporting beam with a rope applied in spiral volutions, leaving a sufficiency of unused rope to admit of it being lowered when necessary. To this pole she has attached by means of loops the upper beam of her loom, the distance between the two being about three inches. This upper beam is at an elevation from the ground corresponding to the length of the blanket she is going to weave, and which will be nearly seven feet long with a width of five feet six inches.

She has already constructed her warp by means of a framework composed of four poles raised a few inches from the ground, in the form of a rectangular paralellogram, of dimensions adapted to the size of the blanket which she intends to weave. The poles at the ends being straight, smoothly rounded and of equal diameter from end to end, are not unfrequently used as the upper and lower beams of the loom. The weaver now proceeds to tie her yarn to one of the end poles winding it over and under in a continuous string, the thread after passing over the upper portion of the circumference of one pole being passed under the opposite pole. Two sheds are thus formed—the upper and lower—the sectional view of the warp presenting a figure similar to that of an elongated eight. A thin rod is placed in each shed, near the angle, through the entire width of the warp, to keep it open and the threads in place. The next thing done is to quilt the terminal loops of the warp together so as to form a firm, stiff border. Tying three strings together and sitting with one of the end poles in front of her, she fastens them to the lateral pole, on her left, and passing one of the cords under the first turn of the warp takes a second string and twilling it once or twice with the other two, takes in with it the second turn of the warp. Then with the third cord, twilled with the other two as before, she gathers in the third bend of the warp. Thus she continues, each string being taken in turn, until she has secured the loops of the entire warp. She now stretches this three-stranded cord—which it has become—to its full extent, thereby separating the threads of the warp sufficiently to allow the passage of the woof. The same method is applied to the opposite end of the warp. It must be understood that the weaver has been working along the outside surfaces of the poles.

* The batten should be held horizontally instead of obliquely, as shown in the cut.

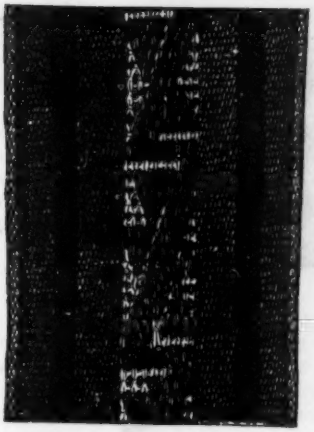
The warp can now be detached from the framework, care being taken to keep the rods in the apexes of the sheds in place. Attachment of the warp to the loom is accomplished by lashing the ends to the beams, it having been already remarked that the smooth, uniform end poles on which it has been constructed are sometimes used as the upper and lower beams.

When the warp has been fixed in its vertical position, the upper shed-rod is allowed to remain in place, but to the anterior threads of the lower shed, heddles, or healds, are applied, and the shed-rod is then withdrawn. The heddles are applied in this way: Seated in front of the loom, the weaver having placed on her right side a ball of yarn passes the end of the string through the shed, and having tied a loop, passes through it the end of her heald-rod—a slender stick which she holds in her left hand horizontally, and in such a position that its right end touches the left edge of the warp. The heald-rod having been passed through the loop from left to right until its point is even with the second anterior thread from the left, the weaver deftly inserts her fingers in between the first and second threads of the anterior line of warp, and draws through them a heald-string; this she twists so as to form a loop into which she pushes the point of the heald-rod held in her left hand. Between every space that separates the following threads she forms a loop and passes the heald-rod through it until she has worked from left to right of the warp, each alternate thread of the lower shed being captured in a loop of the heald. When the last loop is made she ties the end of her heald-string to the rod, cuts it off, and withdraws the shed-rod.

In weaving the blanket the operator sits on the ground with the warp hanging perpendicularly in front of her. As she maintains this position during the whole process, it is evident that the web will attain a height beyond which it will be impossible for her to continue her work unless the web can be lowered. This is accomplished by loosening the spiral rope which holds the yard-beam to the supporting beam. The yard-beam is then lowered to the desired distance, and the loosened web folded and sewed tightly down to the cloth-beam.

In weaving, the Navajo woman uses no shuttle strictly speaking, the nearest approach to it being a slender twig on which the yarn is wound when the pattern is such that the woof has to be passed through six inches or more of the shed. When the pattern is intricate and the woof

NAVAJO WOMAN WEAVING A BELT.



SECTION OF NAVAJO BELT.

is passed through only a few inches of the shed, the yarn is wound into small balls and pushed through with the finger of the operator. The shed is opened by means of the batten, a flat piece of wood about three feet long and three inches wide, and used to strike home or close the threads of the woof. It is by the vigorous use of this implement that Navajo blankets are rendered waterproof. (See page 381.)

Beginning to weave in the lower shed, the operator draws a portion of the healds toward her, bringing forward the front threads of the shed which is thereby opened about one inch. She now inserts the batten edgewise, then, turning it so that its broad surfaces lie horizontally, by this means opens the shed about three inches and passes the weft through. When the weft is in, it is pushed down into its proper place by means of a wooden fork and the batten is then applied edgewise with firm blows on it. The lower shed having received its thread of the woof, the upper is opened. This is done by releasing the healds and shoving the shed rod down until it comes in contact with the healds, which process opens the upper shed down to the web. The weft is there inserted as before and the wooden fork and the batten are applied. Thus the weaver proceeds alternately with each shed until the web is finished.

In fine and handsome blankets a main object of the weaver is to have both ends uniform, and to accomplish this, most operators weave a small portion of the upper end before they finish the middle. This process is accomplished either by weaving from above downwards, or turning the loom upside down and working from below upwards in the ordinary manner.

It has been already mentioned that the ends of the warp are quilted firmly together with a strong three-ply string; the lateral edges of the best blankets are similarly bordered and strengthened by cords applied to the weft. The way in which these are interwoven is this: Two stout cords of yarn, tied together are secured to each end of the cloth-beam, just outside the warp, and then carried upward and loosely tied to the yard beam. Every time the weft-thread is turned at the edge of the warp, these two strings are twisted, the web being passed through the twist. As this border thread is always twisted in the same direction, it is plain that a counter-twist keeps forming above the web, which in time would stay the process of passing the weft through the twisted cords; when, therefore, the upper portions of the cords become inconveniently twisted they are untied from the upper beam, to which they have been only loosely fastened, and are straightened out.

The weaving of the last two or three inches of the web is the most difficult part of the process and the most tedious. Some time before this distance from the finish has been reached, the weaver has been compelled to discard the batten, being no longer able to insert it in the warp. At this stage slender rods are placed in the sheds, and the web is passed with ever increasing difficulty on the end of a fine splinter, while the wooden fork can only be used to press down the woof. Finally both the rod and the shed itself have to be removed,

NAVAJO BLANKETS FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

the alternate threads being separated by a slender stick worked in laboriously between them, and two threads of woof being passed through, one above and the other below the stick.

In weaving diagonals, the mechanism of the loom is more complicated, the warp being divided into four sheds, the uppermost of which is kept open with a shed-rod, the lower three being provided with healds. When the weaver wishes the diagonal ridges to run upward from right to left she opens the sheds in regular order from below upward; when she wishes the ridges to trend from left to right she opens the sheds in the reverse order. In the quality and finish of Navajo blankets there is a wide range, and though the patterns consist only of straight lines and angles, the variety in designs is almost endless.

And now let us return to the two Navajo women already introduced and watch them at work, as the one twists her colored wool, and the other plies her fingers nimbly and dexterously among the meshes of the warp, carrying through them one or other of the numerous woof-skeins that hang from the upper edge of her web. For the blanket she is occupied in weaving will be one of the most skillful productions in design and quality ever wrought by Navajo women; no matter how elaborate the pattern, she has a separate woof-skein for each component of the figure, and hanging from the face of her web there are nearly thirty such shuttles in all, proving how variegated is her design.

The two weavers are in the full bloom and development of Indian womanhood, and of that beauty which fades so soon under the exactions of savage life. Occasionally a few words are exchanged; but each one is so intently occupied in making the result of her handicraft the best of its kind that the silence which prevailed might feel oppressive to an invisible intruder. Once and again, as the web grows slowly upward the weaver calls the attention of her sister—for such she is—to her work. Thereupon the spinner rises and examines the web. The consultation is not long, but after it is ended the worker at the loom may be seen to ply her batten with increased vigor, and pass the threads of her woof-skeins with increased care.

For some time there had existed a feeling of rivalry among the weavers of the Navajo tribe, and so much jealousy was aroused among the women of two principal villages—for very few men practiced the textile art—that it was determined to adopt some means to settle the dispute as to superiority. For many years the weaver's art had been deteriorating among the Pueblo Indians, who found it more convenient and profitable to purchase blankets from the Navajos than to manufacture them. Dwelling nearer to the white settlements, they could dispose of their agricultural produce at better prices and less trouble than could the Navajos. Moreover, they have mines of turquoise—a gem much prized by the latter—and could readily obtain supplies of whisky which was, and is, held by most of the Navajos in higher estimation than ornamental stones. Thus while the circumstances of their mode of living and their topographical position caused a decadence of the textile art among the Pueblo Indians, the increasing demand for *serapes* excited competition among the Navajos, producing not only excellence of fabric, but also the jealousy alluded to above.

For the better peace of the female portion of the two communities, it was decided that a trial of skill in their art should be given by the weavers; that they should engage in a competitive contest. Any weaver might compete, and ample time was allowed for the manufacture of new serapes, though blankets already woven were admissible. Proper precaution was also taken that the judges, who were chosen from the Pueblo Indians, should not know who was the manufacturer of each blanket. Indeed, great secrecy was employed by the artists them-

selves while weaving, and it was understood that each competitor was to weave into her fabric a private mark so as to ensure the identification of her own work. It is in the production of her own exhibit at the important exposition that Tcikè is engaged as we watch her with retrospective sight.

Tcikè was the daughter of a principal chief, and was as skillful at the loom, in design and excellence of fabric, in her own tribe, as Penelope was among the Greeks. But unlike Penelope, though she had many suitors, she did not have recourse to the Greek woman's artifice in order to defer her choice, which had been made before the trial of skill was projected; and she knew that before many moons were passed the production of her fingers would enfold her husband's form. Aided by her sister, who spun the finest and most compact yarns colored with the richest dyes, she worked day after day at the loom until her web was completed, the last threads of the woof being inserted with infinite care, and the ends of the strong bordering cords being tied at the four corners, forming thereto ornamental tassels.

In regard to elaborateness of design, richness of coloring, fineness and strength of texture, and the uniformity of its ends, it was truly a beautiful work of art. Of the largest size, woven in serrated stripes which extended from end to end, with diamond-shaped figures in its central longitudinal line, Tcikè's serape would be very difficult to surpass in excellence, and she might proudly hope that no competitor's exhibit would prove superior to her own handiwork.

On the day appointed for the exhibition, the Navajos, men and women, assembled at the place of rendezvous conveniently chosen for the purpose. The judges also punctually attended, and the blankets, of which there were many, were placed on the ground side by side in parallel rows, forming the borders of pathways along which the arbiters were to pass. After the usual ceremonies the awarders of merit proceed to examine the fabrics and pronounce upon their respective qualities. It is a primitive art exhibition. The judges do not know who is the manufacturer of each blanket, though possibly a slight distinction in design and style of work may suggest to the Pueblo connoisseurs the village from which some of the serapes came. There are many beautiful exhibits, gorgeous in colors and fine in texture, and the judges carefully examine the most conspicuous of them, turning each one over to see whether the pattern is the same on both sides—as it should be—and comparing the ends as to uniformity. They patiently and taciturnly perform their duties, and when they finally pass judgment, not only is Tcikè's serape pronounced to be the best, but in point of number, those woven by the women of her village were in excess of those presented by the weavers of the rival village. The victory was complete.

Now it happened that Tsilkè, the lover of Tcikè, was a young chief of the defeated village. Moreover, the competitor second to Tcikè in order of merit belonged to the same clan, and was her rival in love as well as in textile skill. The double defeat aroused the evil passion of revenge in the Navajo maiden, and she watched for an opportunity to gratify it. She had not to wait long. Tsilkè a few days later went to pay his betrothed a visit, arriving in the neighborhood of the lodge, or rather hut, in which she lived, soon after nightfall. The well-known signal being given, he was presently joined by Tcikè, who carried on her arm the blanket she had so industriously wrought. With an expression of proud delight she threw it over his shoulder and the two wandered off among the trees and rocks. Little conscious were they, as they whispered together side by side, that they were being stealthily dogged by an infuriated woman. But the disappointed rival was following them,

and could any one have seen in the gloom the expression of her face, her murderous intent would have stood revealed. Her footfall emitted no sound, and nearer and nearer she crept up to her intended victim. She was within a few steps of the two lovers when they stopped, and the next instant the would-be slayer drew a keen knife from the folds of her dress, and with a silent bound stood immediately behind Tcikè with uplifted right-hand.

By what fortuitous impulse Tsilkè was urged at that moment to raise his arm and throw the ample folds of the blanket over his shoulder, it remains for the explainers of predestination and the preservation of an individual's life by accident to explain. But so it happened. As the pointed knife swept downward, the hand that wielded it became entangled. The intended death-stroke was averted, and the weapon struck Tcikè's shoulder-blade, inflicting no fatal wound. Well knowing that she had missed her mark, the thrice disappointed woman, with the speed of a deer, fled under the trees to a neighboring cliff, and in her rage hurled herself headlong over its edge.

Tsilkè and Tcikè have passed away, but the blanket, preserved by their offspring, still shows the marks of the vindictive woman's knife.

# THE DIVISION OF A STATE.

## THE REASONS IN FAVOR.

BY HON. ABBOT KINNEY.

| | Area square miles. |
|---|---|
| Maine | 29,805 |
| New Hampshire | 9,006 |
| Vermont | 9,136 |
| Massachusetts | 7,010 |
| Connecticut | 4,845 |
| Rhode Island | 1,080 |
| New York | 47,625 |
| Pennsylvania | 44,980 |
| Eight States, total | 153,487 |
| California | 155,980 |

CALIFORNIA *is* divided. The Southern part is spoken of as an entity by itself. South of Tehachipi everyone resides in *Southern* California, everyone hails from *Southern* California, every such resident is spoken of in other parts of the State, in the East and in England as of *Southern* California. Strangers coming here for pleasure, health or business are coming to *Southern* California; these so speak of themselves and are so spoken of. Books and articles are written about Southern California resorts, Southern California climate, Southern California booms, Southern California scenery, Southern California commerce and Southern California World's Fair exhibits.

There are Southern California National Guard encampments, Southern California G. A. R. encampments, Southern California Fairs, Southern California Fruit Growers' Associations, Southern California Teachers' Institutes and so on *ad infinitum*. There is a Southern California University, and the strong churches have Southern California organizations. The Episcopalians are an exception, but they have long demanded a division. Recently Bishop Nichols recognized the necessity of such action to the extent of saying officially that the church work demanded an assistant Bishop for Southern California, and the question will be brought up at the next general meeting. The Catholics have had for a long time a separate diocese and Bishop for Southern California.

Business enterprise recognizes the division in its nomenclature. We have a Southern California National Bank, a Southern California Railroad admitting the Santa Fé to this section; Southern California packing houses, fruit companies, smelters, manufactories and what not, all with this distinctive name. Secret and social societies have followed in the same line. These divisions in organization and these names are but a reflection of an accepted fact. California is divided. The only question is as to the recognition of this division in our political organization. A separation to-day would leave the two sections on the most friendly terms, and the two new Senators would be a clear addition to the strength of California in her Federal interests. To allow the irritations and inconveniences growing out of our present political condition to drift into open defiance and revolt, would be injurious to the State in all its sections and leave ugly wounds to cure when the inevitable came. It would then seem a timely matter to look in a friendly way at some of the phases of this question. Let us examine some of these.

We in the South have no navigable streams. California has important ones that she has been most remiss in neglecting. We have no slickens dispute between farmers and miners; we have no interest in brush dams or other remedial measures, and do not want to pay for them. Yet to San Francisco, the mining counties and the Northern farmers, this is an exceedingly important matter. The farmer is justified in fighting for his farm, but it must be everywhere conceded that it is desirable, if injury can be avoided, to take out the vast deposits of placer gold known to exist, and utilize the magnificent hydraulic plants established for this purpose.

I was impressed with the largeness of this industry in a trip made with Mr. Sandham, an artist of the "Century," before these hydraulic mines were shut down. We saw immense reservoirs, and long and expensive flumes and ditches. On one of these we traveled for sixty miles. We saw great numbers of well-equipped mining plants, and tabulated the millions of returns. Yet all this, of so much value to the North, is no more to us than it is to Oregon. We have no great lumber interests, while the North has the finest lumber section on this earth. The Redwood belt, without any exaggeration, is the best stand of timber now known or ever known. The interests of the North are clearly for an exploitation of this timber, and of the larger areas in the Sierra. We do not want any timber cut in our section at all. What little saw timber we have amounts to next to nothing, but our interests in irrigation involve our existence. We want our mountains as reservoirs for our springs and streams; we want the chapparal and trees to absorb the heat, mitigate the winds and so hold the rainfall as to prevent torrential devastation. This suggests a special Southern interest growing in its demands, viz: the defining and diking of the channels of our streams and flood beds. When we had little population the vagrant disposition of a flood stream mattered little, but now that large property interests have been created and thick population is affected this peripatetic characteristic must be dealt with. If we have paid for brush dams the North should expect to pay for torrent dykes—and a good solid bill it will be too. We have no reclaimed swamp lands nor lands affected by the swamp lands act. We have practically no fresh-water fish interest, such as salmon.

In the North, on the contrary, this was once an important industry which has been destroyed through the grossest negligence, and never re-established. Both these facts are a shame and reproach to the State which ought to be remedied. But we in the South have far less interest in legislation or expenditures for this purpose than has Oregon. The mining interests of the

North are all different in character from ours. The first are tributary to San Francisco and the second to Los Angeles. We have a rapidly dwindling sheep industry, while that of the North is a factor in the world's wool output. Some feel almost like Randolph of Virginia, and would go a mile to kick a sheep. We do not want sheep ranches nor sheep to destroy our mountain verdure. The wish with us has been father to the act. The sheep ranches are nearly all broken up and our only county affected by mountain sheep pasturing has passed stringent tax measures that are expected to be prohibitory.

Our game season is different from that of the North, and rules suitable for the reasonable preservation of game in the North are unsuitable in the South. So also in kinds of game—some are desirable in the one section and destructive in the other. The coyote for instance, though not exactly game, has probably been a benefit in Southern California by keeping down rabbits and other pests. We have no interest in paying a bounty on coyote scalps, while the central section, and especially sheep districts, clearly have. From Fresno south, irrigation is the life of the country.

The great railroad problem is quite different in the two sections. In the North the commerce of the State and all transportation has been in the hands of or under the control of one corporation. It is only recently that anything has been done to alter this situation, and that only in sea competition. The interior is still in the fetters. The railroad question with us is very different. We have two transcontinental lines. We also have several independent roads running to good wharves and there connecting with ocean traffic, and we are not dominated by anybody. Besides this two other lines are building toward Utah, one from Goffs and the other from Mojave. The Mojave one is only under contract at this writing and may go nowhere.

We are far from satisfied with a Northern and a Southern citrus fair. We have no interest whatever in spending State money on a Northern citrus fair. We have our hands more than full to market our fast increasing Southern crop. It may be said that seven or eight thousand carloads of oranges have little to fear from a hundred cars, but the answer to this is that a tax fund raised for the orange industry and divided in equal parts, half going to a small Northern producing area that ships but a minute proportion of the citrus crop, and the other half going to the great producing area of the South is not a fair division. It is, in fact, the official robbery of the South to create artificially a Northern competitor. If the South had control of this matter, it would probably say—"Gentlemen, pay for this commendable project out of your own pockets."

We do not want any State Citrus Fair at all on such terms. I do not wish to touch on the merits of the quarrel between the Horticultural Commissioners and the Southern counties. I have a high respect and friendship for Mr. Cooper, of Santa Barbara, but it is illustrative of the general conflict of interest between the sections that this State Board is at open war with the Horticultural officers of the South. We maintain many State institutions that we derive no benefit from. One such is the expensive mining bureau. Whatever value this department may have for the North it is of no earthly account to us. The Fish Commission is another similarly useless expense for us. On the other hand, a commission competent to serve our interests greatly, and that has done so in introducing suitable trees for difficult places, etc., is knocked on the head at the first excuse.

This division of interest always has existed. In 1810, the Franciscan friars suggested a division of the Missions at the line of Santa Ynez to be Northern and Southern. Under the

Mexican Government there was an almost constant conflict between the two sections. For the North there were Alvarado, Vallejo, the Castros, Haro and Munras, for the South the Picos, Carrillos, Echandía, Bandini, and Stearns.

In 1832, there were for about a year two political governments in California, one under Echandía at Los Angeles and one under Zamarano at Monterey. In 1836, when the Californians revolted against Mexican centralization the State was divided into two cantons, one with the capital at Monterey, the other with the capital at Los Angeles. After the return to Mexican allegiance, it was again divided by Alvarado into two districts, the line being at El Buchon in San Luis Obispo County. Again at the occupation of the Americans, California was divided into two military departments on the same old lines.

The capital alternated, as the one side or the other triumphed, between Monterey and San Diego. For many years before the American occupation it was fixed at Los Angeles. The Government order to make Los Angeles the capital was issued from Mexico in 1835. The great gold invasion changed the balance of power, and the first constitutional convention under our flag met at Monterey in 1849. The Southern delegation to that body was solid for a separate government.

From the debate over the question of the State boundary we can cull with instruction the following:

Hon. L. W. Hastings, as Chairman of the Committee on State Boundary, reported:

" * * * Your committee is of the opinion that the present boundary of California comprehends a tract of country entirely too extensive for one State. * * * The country within the boundary of this territory as now established must ultimately be divided into several different States."

Hon. W. M. Gwin said: " If we include territory enough for several States, it is competent for the people and the State of California to divide it hereafter. * * * And the past history of our country, sir, develops the fact that we will have State upon State here—probably as many as the Atlantic side—and as we accumulate States we accumulate strength; our institutions become more powerful to do good and not to do evil. I have no doubt that the time will come when we will have twenty States this side of the Rocky Mountains. I want the power, sir, and the population. When the population comes they will require that this State shall be divided." Here the proposal was made that a little later, not one, but many States would be created out of California as therein constituted.

Now that the conditions for division prophesied by the distinguished Gwin exist, now that the wealth, resource and population are here, we find that there are those who oppose the fulfillment of the promise of the convention of '49. The cases of both Maine and Tennessee were cited in the convention to prove that new States could be formed when the population was sufficient. The Southern delegates were opposed to the movement for a State Government and favored a territorial one. They were outvoted. The South, however, did not rest at this defeat, but held separate conventions in 1850 and 1851 at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Diego.

Amongst the resolutions passed by the Los Angeles Convention of 1850–51 were these:

*Resolved*, That the diversity of interests between Northern and Southern California is such that they ought not to be united in the same political compact.

*Resolved*, That there is more than sufficient territory for two large States, and the parallel of 36° 30' would be a proper line of division between the two.

Strong protests were forwarded to Congress. This also failed, although Henry Clay, chairman of the Committee on Compromise Measures, said that the coast line of California was

too long for one State. The reason for the Congressional action in this case is stated by the committee to have been a lack of information on the capabilities of the southern part of the State to form a State Government. The ground then taken was probably wise, but it indicates the differences between the sections to be of long standing. From 1854 to 1856 there was an agitation to divide the State. Two division bills were introduced into the Legislature during this time. In 1859 a bill was passed by the Legislature setting off the then counties of San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Bernardino and part of Buena Vista (Kern) for a new State. The bill was approved by Governor Weller; it was submitted to the vote of the people in the counties named and was ratified by a two-thirds vote. Mr. B. A. C. Stephens, who is our best authority on these facts, says that "The certified returns were duly forwarded to Congress and pigeon-holed by some occult force." The excitement of civil war doubtless played a part in this result. After this affair the State still recognized the entity of Southern California by the not over pleasant cognomen of "Cow counties." This is changed now by an insensible growth of common consent to "Southern California."

In 1880, a division convention was agitated in Los Angeles by such men as E. F. Spence, J. P. Widney, J. G. Downey, J. G. Estudillo and many others. A mass-meeting was held in February, '81, at which resolutions approving State Division were passed and a legal committee appointed. This committee consisted of our leading lawyers, including Albert Stephens, George H. Smith, A. Brunson, C. E. Thom, H. T. Hazard and others. This committee recommended that a constitutional convention should be called, and reported that in their opinion the act of 1859 was still in full force and effect, and that it only remains for Congress to admit the new State. A call for a general meeting of Southern California delegates was sent out. The meeting was held in September, '81. The sentiment was for State Division, and it was only that the movement was considered inopportune that no further action was taken. In 1888, another State Division meeting was held and strong resolutions were passed. The signers of the call for this meeting comprised nearly all the leading men of the community. Amongst the signers was the Los Angeles Furniture Company, of which Governor H. H. Markham was then president.

This division question commenced with the old padres, has continued ever since and will continue until the division takes place.

Some Northern Californians say that State Division is a mere political move fostered by politicians for office. The fact is that the leading politicians here deny any such sentiment. They are afraid to say a word about it. Since we have had Waterman, Markham and White, every prominent politician of the South is going to be a supreme judge, a governor or a senator. The bee is in their bonnets—they want State office. For a long time the South held no important State office and had no State institutions. Now the wedge has been put in. We have a normal school, a reform school and an insane asylum, together with the governor, the memory of a governor and a senator. This is nothing on our long back account. The Southern politicians really must have everything in sight for the next ten years at least to even up the old account. The balance for our millions of taxes and long exclusion from office and influence is heavily against the North. It will require a long time to square the account—if we stay in. The Northern politician may consider some things.

For a long time he has been eating turkey, nominally on shares, with his Southern brother. The South furnished the turkey and the North furnished the feeders. Now comes the South rustling and rudely elbowing

things political. The Southern politician with every increase of voting strength is growing bolder. Should he gain the power it would be his duty to square the account. The North then would doubtless be glad to furnish the turkey and smile, while the South gorged to make up for the past. Is it not a better Northern policy to divide now before the settlement is demanded?

To be more serious, the plan of State Governments in the West is not suitable to extended territory or diverse interests. It is inherently weak. The Governor is executive chief more in name than in fact. His cabinet is independent of him. The Attorney General, the Surveyor General, the Secretary of State and all the important officers are elected as well as he, and are usually of different parties or of different factions in the same party. There is as little expectation of unity of action, economy and efficiency under such a system as there is realization of such results. Such a government is incapable in its nature, and with every mile of distance loses the little force it ever had. The State policy to this far away section has been the "How not to do it." For this policy in most cases we are truly thankful. But it may well be surmised that a yearly tax toll greater than that of five important States sent from the South for such a result is unsatisfactory.

Thinkers would do well to consider the contrast between the plan of the Federal Government with only one elective executive officer and our cumbersome muddle in California. Our State Government in contrast may be termed hydra-headed. The fault of the Federal Government is a subordinate staff appointed by no rule of fitness, without examination and with no tenure of merit; appointed, indeed, on grounds entirely foreign to their competence for any office of trust. The holding of technical, routine and clerical office under the U. S. Government is the only career in this country which is not prepared for, and in which steady and conscientious work is not a means of success and promotion. Our State Government has this fault in even worse form than the Federal Government. Here no one is responsible to anyone. The Governor is, indeed, in public sight, but the majority of State officers with their patronage, are not responsible to him, and only come into view through some phenomenal badness. But all this is another story.

Southern California had by the census of 1890 over 200,000 inhabitants. Its area is 60,000 square miles, and its taxable property is about $200,000,000. This is ample for a State Government and in excess of the resources of a considerable number of existing States. A line of division drawn across the State at the north line of Fresno would give the Southern portion between 350,000 and 400,000 people.

When California was admitted to the Union, her population was 92,597, and the taxable property $57,670,689, considerably less in both cases than the present population and property in the County of Los Angeles alone. There can be no doubt that our taxes sent to Sacramento would give us a more satisfactory return here than they do there.

It will be interesting to note here the cost of a few State Governments:

| | Cost per Year. | Population. |
|---|---|---|
| Alabama | $700,000 | 1,500,000 |
| Arkansas | 640,000 | 1,128,000 |
| Delaware | 120,000 | 168,000 |
| Florida | 399,000 | 391,000 |
| Mississippi | 900,000 | 1,290,000 |
| New Hampshire | 488,000 | 376,000 |
| North Carolina | 1,015,000 | 1,617,000 |
| Rhode Island | 937,000 | 345,000 |
| Vermont | 328,000 | 332,000 |
| West Virginia | 1,043,000 | 763,000 |

Our contribution to the State expenses exceeded any of these as far back as 1889. It is absurd to suppose that a reasonably planned State Government could not do large public service for our section on a revenue similar to that required for great States of over a million population, and with

even less State taxation than we now pay. We certainly would not readopt for a new State the present Constitution of California, and there is probably sense enough here to get up a reasonable tax system, leaving out most of the unsatisfactory personal

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property taxes so costly in collection. For one thing we might get rid of the tax on ships, and thus honestly encourage commercial competition and enterprise, instead of choking it to death or driving it to tricks of flag transfer.

The Pacific Coast has only three State Governments with six Senators. The Atlantic Coast has fourteen State Governments and twenty-eight Senators. To these fourteen should be added the great State of Pennsylvania. This State has indeed no coast line, but it does a large maritime business through the Delaware, and should be counted with her Senators with the others, making fifteen States and thirty Senators. Anyone can see what a difference in influence and consideration such a condition must create. Of our Pacific Coast, excluding Alaska, California governs more than half. If we take a straight line running from the Oregon line to San Diego, and compare it with a straight line run south from Eastport, Maine, on the Atlantic, we will find that the California coast line equals that of ten Atlantic States and part of another. California's straight line would extend from Eastport, Maine, to Albemarle Sound in North Carolina. Or taking another comparison, it would extend from New York City to Jacksonville, Florida.

If the territory now comprising California was to-day seeking admission to the Federal Union, there can be little doubt that at least two States would be asked for. A reasonable person free from the old State associations considering this division question from all sides, considering the perhaps wise weakness of our State Governments compared to the Federal organization, considering California's great size, its long coast line, its diversity of interests and the proper influence of the Pacific Coast in the Federal Senate, could only advise division.

There is a State sentiment, a pride and a glory in California as a unit. A sentiment by no means confined to the North, but one in which we of the South share—at least the older settlers who have been here six months or so.

Although convinced that State division is for the best interests of both Northern and Southern California, and for the whole Pacific Coast, I still must confess to a pride in California as a unit, and a sentiment for the name as it stands. I have been over the State from the Oregon line to Tia Juana in Mexico, and know something of its attraction and charms, something of its vast interests, its glorious climate and its splendid scenery. If I were guaranteed to-day an income and congenial occupation suited in each case to the standard of

life in the city, to be chosen and obliged to choose some city in the world for a permanent residence, I would select San Francisco without a moment's hesitation. (This, of course, barring Southern California). While the climate of San Francisco is defective for agricultural products, it is, in my opinion, by far better for humanity than that of any other city of three hundred thousand or more inhabitants, on the globe.

The desire for State Division in the South is not from loving California less, nor even from loving Southern California more. It arises from a conscientious conviction that State Division is demanded by the highest interests of all parties. There can scarcely be a doubt that a re-submission of the question of State Division to the voters of Southern California, would result in a more overwhelming approval than it received in 1859. At that time the proposed new State was deemed securely democratic; now the face of the returns shows it to be republican. If it was a politician's move in 1859, it is not so now. I am a democrat, and as such could expect nothing in the way of influence in a republican State. State Division has no politician backing—the desire for it arises from our real interests. It is a long and tedious journey from any part of Southern California to the State Capital, or from there to us. From most of our country it is a more arduous journey than from New York to Chicago. This is but one of many hardships and inconveniences that our present political union with Northern California entails upon us. So great are these in the aggregate that should California never be multiplied, the approaching voting predominance of the South will surely demand a removal of the State Capital to the neighborhood of Los Angeles, where it used to be.

People unfamiliar with the facts may think this voting predominence of the South a joke or chimera to scare the timid Northern taxpayer. But it is growing into a very real reincarnation of those original California conditions, when Los Angeles did the Salt Lake business over natural grades, held the political capital, and was the social center of the State. We are coming up faster than most in the North are aware of, and in more ways than one. The last Federal census credits San Francisco with nearly 300,000 people, and Los Angeles with 50,000. The last State school-census taken a short time ago, credits the increase of school children to be something over 1,300 for each city, with Los Angeles nearly one hundred ahead. Here is something to reflect on: a city credited with 50,000 having a larger increase of school children than a sister city of near 300,000 people—not, be it understood, a greater relative increase, but a greater absolute increase.

It is not then altogether one-lungers who are sending us along so fast, but it is our prolific climate also. We are great on climate. The returns of the Los Angeles Clearing-house show weekly percentages of increase of ten, twenty, forty and even over ninety per cent. So that the unimportant dollar is increasing like the essentially important American child. I mention these matters in no spirit of vainglory, but merely as a subject for the investigation and thought of the Northern taxpayer or politician. If we get back the balance of power below Tehachipi or Fresno it may be the Northerner's ox that will be gored, and not being used to goring as ours is it may make a difference. It may be the Northern statesman who will be as tired of standing in the cold shadow of political neglect as our politicians till so lately have been. It may be the Northern taxpayer who will be looking longingly after his dollars, going to Los Angeles as we have for so long after ours over the looped Tehachipi to Sacramento.

Thus the question of wise policy arises for the San Franciscan. If he waits till we hold the power now held

in the North, it may well turn out to be he who will struggle for a division. And he cannot but surmise that what he, dominant, will not consider will not be considered in the South, dominant in its turn. No wrong impression concerning the causes of the still inchoate wish of the South for a State Government should be held in the North. It does not grow from the fact that Mr. White is the first Federal Senator resident south of Santa Clara, not from the fact that for so long we have had so little of our personality in the Executive or on the Supreme bench, not from the fact of sending so much money North and getting so little in return, not from the fact that Del Valle's Normal school was our first State institution after so many years of neglect. The wish is due to the real reason of these and many other cumulative causes of complaint. The trouble is that we are too far from the life, and too much separated from the interests centering in San Francisco and Sacramento.

We appreciate the superiorities of the North. We know that Napa makes a claret with which we cannot compete. We know that our grapes are naturally productive of port and sherry types and not of the lighter table wines. We know that in fruits the North excels us in cherries and in other lines, just as we excel in the lime, lemon, guava and orange. We know too that in many products both sections are equally fortunate. Amongst them may be named barley and the grains (except oats) prunes, apricots, peaches, etc.

We in the South are glad of the achievements of the North. But all this appreciation and respect does not reconcile us to look forward to an eternal tutelage and government from a quarter far from us in time and distance, and in which we know from a long and painful experience our conditions are imperfectly understood, and our interests heeded more on compulsion than on intelligent approval.

Southern California must have a complete set of State institutions. Take for instance that unhappy necessity, a penitentiary. At present we are obliged to send our criminals and officers with them to San Quentin or Folsom. This entails upon us a vexatious expense. I cite this illustration because it may possibly strike the Northern statesman that it is no great gain to that section to have all our malefactors colonized on that community. Thus he may more readily recognize that if we are ready to bear our own burdens in this and other things, it cannot be a bad policy to give us the freedom to do it without taxing the North to share the expense.

Very few Northern Californians ever visit Southern California. An examination of our hotel registers show them to be in an infinite minority amongst our tourists. A few come down from San Francisco, hardly any one from any other part of the State. The real fact is that the great mass of people in Northern California do not know Southern California and cannot understand its needs. We are too far off and neither in the line of its business or its travel. Our growth is largely deemed a sort of gas-bag affair with a consumptive playing acrobat on the trapeze. In this the North is as much mistaken as the sport at one of the great Saratoga boat-races. In that event, amongst the dainty and dressy Eastern crews, competed a rough but earnest Western one from Michigan. Their looks and splashy stroke excluded them from sporting consideration. But in the great three-mile race, their energy and endurance vanquished the old favorites.

After the contest the sport, with the deference and respect given to success, went down to the Michigan boat-house, and after many compliments on the crews' splendid performance, admiringly asked the captain what name he gave to this new and conquering stroke. "Wall," said the captain, "I don't know much about the name, but I guess you might call it

the Git-thar stroke." Such of our Northern friends as will do us the honor of a visit, though not finding perhaps our manner or method harmonious to their polished standards and conservative financeering, will be convinced that we too have the "Git-thar stroke."

The idea that Southern California will have more people than Northern California within a few years will not be taken in earnest in the North, and perhaps not in the South just yet. Indeed it may never be, but there is reasonable cause to look for such a result. As everyone in California is proud of the growth, and glad in the good prospects of any part of this progressive community, I will venture to point to some of the reasons for this expectation. Let me say first, however, that I do not believe the readers of THE CALIFORNIAN desire an exhaustive review of our resources. Figures on freight movement and on products, such as walnuts, lemons, oranges, beans, winter vegetables, deciduous fruits, canneries, manufactories, mines, etc., would tire everyone.

The original boom in California was due to the Mission Fathers. These, actuated by high religious motives, considered also material conditions in their methods. Their idea was to build up self-sustaining religious communities amongst the Indians. To this end they selected what they deemed the most productive valleys for their work. The missions extended along the coast to Monterey, but nowhere further inland than San Juan Bautista. The great missions, in numbers of neophytes as in products, were in the South. The mission boom was essentially Southern Californian. Only four missions of any importance were established north of San Luis, and none of these were far from the coast. This life, though so recent in time, seems to have drifted into a far off era, dimly remembered in ruins and romance. This boom died a violent death at the hands of the Mexican revolution.

The next Californian boom was due to the discovery of placer gold at Sutter mill. It too, has left its ruins and its romance. Succeeding this came the boom due to the Comstock bonanzas — those wonderful mountains of precious metals. Nevada made by the bonanzas now reflects in sad shrinkage the indecorous decay of the San Francisco Stock Exchange.

These two booms created fortunes and ruined families. Southern California had little or no part in either of them.

Now comes the fourth boom, the advance heralds of which were mistaken a few years ago for the great coming host who will bring it. This boom is based on climate and on product. Of these the first is a permanent asset, and the second one growing in geometrical ratio. Both of these are veins that working will develop and never exhaust. The strength of our position resides in the fact that we have the only series of large productive valleys opening on the Pacific Coast between Sitka and Cape St. Lucas. This fact, with our Southern situation and our mountain barriers to the east and north, gives us a climate mild in winter and mild in summer. The soil is rich, the sunshine plenty, the water reservoired, the climate temperate. We just naturally have to grow. The Santa Fé really started us. When we obtain our Salt Lake road and our second deep-sea harbor tributary to the railroad center at Los Angeles, we will have commercial conditions in realization that, as far as the overland route is concerned, we have always had by nature's hand.

Few people appreciate the rapid development of Arizona at our door, and fewer still know that the largest body of the richest land in California if not in the Union, still lies unused in Southern California. It must have water, and above it flows in ample volume the Colorado River. One of the most promising regions for production of all the Union still stands

open to our enterprise. Our great deserts are great plains. They hold great possibilities for us. Their economic condition will be *sui generis* and should be dealt with here. It is no wild flight of fancy to prophesy for these deserts a greater population and a greater product than that of Pharoah's land.

State Division is no new thing in America. It is not exact to say that all the lands formerly held in the West by the old States formed an integral part of these. But the lands held, say by Connecticut and Virginia in Ohio were so after a fashion, and were merged into that great State. Besides this, however, we have the formation of Kentucky out of Virginia, Tennessee out of North Carolina, Maine out of Massachusetts, Mississippi and Alabama out of Georgia, Vermont out of New York, and West Virginia out of Virginia. In none of these cases were the conditions more diverse than those of our two great divisions in California. There is no record that any of these regret their new statehood, nor is there an intimation that they desire, or have ever desired to merge again into the old State. The desire for a local self-government in Southern California arises from no jealousies, no antagonisms to Northern California, and least of all to political place-hunting. It is the result of economic and political necessities. We need a State Government of our own. In Federal affairs we have our own separate officers, courts, military department, etc., just as Oregon has; we have our own financial and industrial independence as much as Oregon has, and we have a new population quite as distinct from that of Northern California as is that of the State of Washington.

The interests of Southern California as far as Federal affairs are concerned, are those of California and the whole Pacific Slope. These united interests can best be served by a new State adding to our general strength at the National Capital. Our interests locally are diverse all over the coast. Those of Southern California have from the very first been at odds with those of Northern California. Northern California was never satisfied with the Capital at Los Angeles, nor are we with the Capital at Sacramento, and would not be any more so with the Capital at San José.

Our federal system is a happy combination of a strong union with full provision for local management of local affairs. It is our ambition to secure the full benefit of this condition. Northern and Southern California are brothers—not one person. At present we are united by an abnormal political ligature that prevents the full development and full satisfaction of either. Both should unite to sever the hampering bond. We wish to be a Siamese twin with you no longer; we prefer to remain always your devoted American brother.

# THE DIVISION OF A STATE.

## WHY IT IS IMPOSSIBLE.

BY HON. MORRIS M. ESTEE.

UNTIL the writer was informed that Mr. Abbot Kinney of Los Angeles had prepared an article for this number of the CALIFORNIAN favoring State Division, it was not believed the subject was being generally discussed by our Southern friends; nor is it now believed that the people of Southern California favor it. Since, however, those supporting the movement are seeking the public ear, some of the reasons why State Division is not feasible, are submitted, that the argument in favor of it may not go forth

unchallenged. There are business, political and social reasons why the division of California would be unwise. There are legal reasons why it is impossible. The business objections to division apply with great force to all sections of the State. The annual cost of maintaining the State Government of California is nearly $5,000,000, while the assessed value of all the property of the State for the year 1892 was $1,275,816.22. Of this amount $1,086,399,858 was assessed upon property in Northern and Central California, and $189,416,370 was assessed on property in the counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Orange, San Diego, Ventura, Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, the so-called Southern counties. San Luis Obispo is not in fact a Southern county.

The total *county* indebtedness of the State in 1892 amounted to $6,256,301.77; the total indebtedness of the seven Southern counties above named was $1,548,487.15. The census of 1890 placed the total population of the State at 1,208,132. Of this number 217,424 were in Southern California, and 990,706 in Central and Northern California. It will thus be seen that less than one-fifth of the population of the State is in Southern California, and less than one-sixth of its wealth, while one-fourth of the county indebtedness is chargeable to the South. These statistics show the relative wealth and population of the two sections, and they show also how necessary each section is to the other. It goes without saying that if the State was divided taxation would be largely increased. Two State governments would cost more to maintain than one, and State Division would more than double the expense, for the reason that new State buildings would have to be erected, thus incurring additional expenditures and causing higher taxation. The increase of taxes decreases the net income of property and necessarily lowers its value. State Division would therefore be a serious business experiment to all the people of the State. That it would materially affect the value of property, there can be no question. California is now prosperous. Is it business wisdom to do or attempt to do anything which might unfavorably affect this universal prosperity? An attempt at State Division and failure would be bad; an attempt if successful, would be even worse. And it would be worse, not alone for the business reasons given, but because it would tear down a fabric which has been forty-three years in the course of construction; it would sever the business and social ties which for so long a time have bound us together; it would inspire sectional strife which would greatly retard the growth of both sections and benefit neither. Note the factional struggle, the discord and the corruption which the mere division of a county causes, and then calmly ask, what would be the result in a contest for State Division?

HON. MORRIS M. ESTEE.

Nor do we find any reason for State Division in the argument that one section of the State is a restraint upon the prosperty of the other, because this is not true. The people of California are prosperous. There is no more striking illustration of the financial

condition of California than the amount and character of the deposits in our saving banks. California shows the highest average deposits to each depositor of any State in the Union, namely $750.32. The next highest is Rhode Island, amounting to $485.01 to each depositor. And this condition does not apply to one part of the State of California, but to all of it.

The political questions involved in State Division would be new and experimental. With two States, there would not only be twice the number of public officers, with no more people in both States than are now in one, and no more property to tax to pay the salaries of these officers than we now have, but there would be undivided public property; there would be new boundaries to establish; new laws to pass; a new constitution to adopt; new courts to create and new rights of property to adjust; the financial structure of both sections would be torn asunder, and the continuous and remunerative pursuits of the people would be very largely imperilled—and for what good purpose? Merely to give a few ambitious men a chance, which they would not otherwise have, to hold office. We see no other reason, because State Division would not increase our products, encourage our foreign or improve our domestic markets; nor would it attract to us a better class of immigration, or advance our financial or social condition.

The Southern counties have always had their full share of the public offices; they have been justly treated by the State. That section now has one United States Senator, two Congressmen and the Governor. If divided, under the recent Congressional apportionment, it would only be entitled to one Congressman. It has been justly taxed and taxed exactly as the rest of the State has been taxed; public institutions have been erected there by the State and a fair share of public expenditures has been made there. No marked differences exist between the people of the two localities; substantially the same industries are carried on all over the State; good fellowship prevails; local contentions, strife and political unrest do not exist. Indeed, there is no more reason to-day, for State Division, than there has been at any previous period since the State was admitted into the Union. Southern California may want the State Capital. Other sections of the State want it. But the answer to this desire is, that the majority of the people located the Capital where it now is, and a majority alone can remove it. Do our Southern brethren think a minority of the people can remove the Capital, or even divide the State itself? It must be remembered that in free governments, under the long established theory of the greatest good to the greatest number, the majority rules. It might be added in this connection, that each citizen cannot have a Capital at his own door. Our State is more than 3,000 miles from the Capital of the Nation, and yet we have not on that account seceded from the Union. Nearness to the Capital of a State or Nation is not always an unmixed blessing.

It is contended with peculiar force that California is divided by a natural boundary, and that such natural boundary is the Tehachipi mountains. This is not true, except that the Tehachipi mountains separate a part of Los Angeles County from Kern County, while along all of the northern imaginary line of Southern California so-called, which separates San Bernardino and Inyo Counties, San Bernardino and Kern Counties, and San Luis Obispo from Monterey County, no high elevations or ranges of mountains form or can form a conspicuous boundary. The fact is, however, that California is a mountainous State, and nearly every county, except the few in the great valleys is divided and subdivided by high hills or ranges of mountains. For instance, Inyo, Alpine, Mono, Lassen, Plumas and Modoc are separated from the

rest of the State by the Sierra Nevada range, which reaches to an average altitude of from 9,000 to 10,000 feet. The counties of Del Norte, Humboldt, Mendocino and Lake are separated from the valley portions of the State by what is known as the Coast Range, which has an average altitude of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet; and even the eastern portion of San Bernardino County is separated from the western part of the same county by the San Bernardino range of mountains, whose altitude reaches fully 11,000 feet, while the eastern and northern parts of Los Angeles are separated from the western and southern portions of the same county by the San Gabriel Range, which has an average altitude of from 5,000 to 6,000 feet.

It will thus be seen there is no such thing as great natural boundaries separating distinctive portions of the State of California, unless we admit that all of the hills and mountain ranges in this State are natural boundaries. If they are, California is divided, and so are many of the counties of the State divided, into small divisions — too small to form States.

And further, be it added in this connection, that the argument would be more potential if the Tehachipi Range was inaccessible; but the fact is, the only railroad now uniting Southern and Central California goes over the Tehachipi mountains, while a railroad is being built between Southern and Central California through the coast counties, which will not, at any point, reach an altitude exceeding 2,500 feet, and this road will soon be completed, thus forming two great railroad lines between Central, Northern and Southern California. To those who do not wish to build a wall between Northern, Central and Southern California, none exists. But suppose there were ranges of mountains separating Eastern and Western California, or Northern and Southern California, would that be any reason for State Division, if the different sections were accessible? And if not accessible, then of course they should form a separate nation.

It is also the contention of those who favor State Division that the territorial extent of California is too vast for one State, and they compare California with the States of New England and the smaller and older States of the Union. It need but be said in reply, that one hundred years ago, it consumed more time to travel from Albany to New York or from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, than it now does to go from San Bernardino, California, to Portland, Oregon. The railroad has revolutionized transportation, has brought the remote parts of the country near to the great centers; and thus the question of distance is no longer a vital or material issue. All new States are larger than formerly. For instance, Montana has 146,000 square miles of territory, Nevada has 110,000, Texas has 265,000, Colorado has 103,000 and California 158,000 square miles. California is no larger now than when admitted into the Union. All the Western States are mountainous. The topography of California is peculiar—all mountains and valleys. We have no great plains and rolling lands, as in the Middle and Eastern States. Less of the land on the Pacific slope is arable than on the central or eastern side of the continent; so we have more lands that are pastoral in their character and require more territory, and so it is that the inter-montane and Pacific States are all large. California was the first and is the largest.

The matter of State Division is not left alone to California. It should be noted that the Congress of the United States acts a conspicuous part in the admission of new States; and especially when such new States are formed out of old ones. There must be some overshadowing reason impelling such a movement before any new States will be admitted. The whole country has to be appealed to, and it becomes a national issue. Congress stands at the gateway through

which these new applicants for Statehood must pass. No political question has in the past so disturbed the public mind as the admission of new States into the Union. Three times in the history of the Republic has this subject sounded an alarm which took whole decades of years to silence.

The admission of Missouri, California and Kansas, were disturbing elements in national politics for forty years. At that time the monetary and industrial institutions of our country were less potential than now; but as wealth and population have increased, American politics are more closely interwoven with the business of the nation; and thus, whatever disturbs the one injures the other. Indeed, State Division would now cause political unrest all over the country, and like the threat of war it would affect State and national credit, decrease production, limit employments, lower prices, disturb public confidence, and, in a word, be a political sin for the commission of which there can be no adequate excuse or sufficient punishment.

The legal objections to State Division are found first, in Section 3, Article 4, of the Constitution of the United States, which reads as follows:

"New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union, *but no new States shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State*, nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States or parts of States, without the consent of the Legislature of the States concerned, as well as of the Congress."

This constitutional provision was framed by the founders of our Government, first, because it was then believed that upon the harmony and unity of the States of the Union, would depend the harmony and peace of the nation, and that a change in the relations of any one or two of the States would interfere with the peace and good order of all of them; second, to avoid strife among the people of the different parts of the same State, or among the different States; and third, to maintain a stable, perpetual and equal division of political power among all the States, the object being to avoid the temptation of political majorities to increase, for political purposes, senatorial representation by means of an undue increase of the States of the Union.

Under this section of the Constitution, by the most favorable construction given to it, the State Legislature of California would first have to pass a resolution favoring State Division; second, the Congress of the United States would have to give its consent by a majority vote of both houses, before two new States could be carved out of one old one.

Possibly the most striking illustration of the danger and folly of State Division is found in an article written by Mr. James Sullivan, published in the Massachusetts "Gazette" of December 2d, 1787, and recently republished in Ford's "Essays on the Constitution" (page 42), which article refers to Section 3, Article 4 of the National Constitution above quoted, where the author says:—

"This section can be opposed by none who have the power and happiness of the State at heart, for by this section the designs of those who wish to effect the disunion of the States in order to get themselves established in posts of honor and profit, are entirely defeated."

State Divisionists point to the admission of West Virginia as an instance where the Constitutional rule was not followed. But they are clearly in error. The State of Virginia had seceded from the Union; the Capital of that State had become the Capital of the Southern Confederacy, which was then in open arms and making war against our country. The western part of old Virginia, consisting of forty-eight counties, opposed secession; and on November 26th, 1861, held a convention, and after denounc-

ing the secession of the State of Virginia, petitioned the United States to be admitted into the Union, and by Act of Congress passed December 31st, 1862, West Virginia was so admitted. But this was done in time of war—was a war measure. It was not claimed then, nor is it claimed now, by any student of Constitutional law, that under the Constitution of the United States, two or more States may be carved out of one, and those two States admitted into the Union, unless they follow both the spirit and the letter of the section of the Constitution of the United States above quoted.

The admission of the Republic of Texas is not a precedent. That territory was *annexed* to the Union. It had not previously formed an American territory or any part of a State. When it was admitted into the Union a proviso was made to the effect that four more States might be carved out of it. This was done to avoid the very Constitutional objections referred to; and yet no effort has since been made to make any additional States therefrom. Texas was a vast territory, and the creation of more slave States was then a vital issue—an issue however, which happily, is now forever settled.

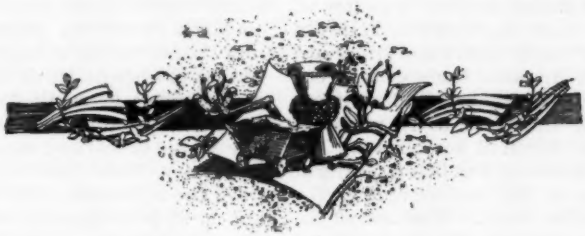
Second. Nor do our friends of Southern California find any legal authority for State Division in the Act of Congress admitting California into the Union. Happily, the law of Congress giving political autonomy to the State did not provide for the dismemberment of the very political organization it created, nor did it indicate any means by which its withdrawal from the Union or the division of the State might safely be accomplished. Congress fixed the boundaries of the State, and the people have no legal power to change those boundaries, except in the manner indicated by the Constitution. Indeed, the admission of California into the American Union formed one of the great political epochs of our country's history. It was the second national contest between freedom and slavery. The first was made upon the admission of Missouri. So conspicuous was the effort made by every leading Californian to get into the Union, that, north and south, the people were practically unanimous for admission, and the greatest men of the nation took part in christening the golden child of the Pacific and assisted in dedicating it to freedom. In all these acts, Northern and Southern men bore a conspicuous and patriotic part.

To the pioneers, State Division would be a bereavement, because the State pride of those who helped to build it, is boundless. They came here when our civilization was in its infancy, our population sparse and widely disseminated, our wealth limited, our industries few in number, our opportunities for communication with the rest of the country slow and uncertain. Their very isolation bound them more closely to the new civilization which they were creating. With commendable pride they have watched the marvelous growth of the State, its progress in every line of a better civilization, the building of its schools, churches and colleges, and the creation of improved social conditions, until they have learned to cherish for this State all the affection which a creator can have for the object of his creation. They are proud of every part of the State. They love it all. No true Californian who participated in the stirring events of its early Statehood could do less, and they will never willingly consent to its division.

In this connection, it must be admitted that those who came here in recent times, whose youth and early manhood were spent elsewhere, do not and cannot appreciate the deep-rooted affection which the pioneers of California have for the State. The newcomer is only attached to the part of the State in which he lives, while the old Californian knows but one California—the whole State.

We need but cast one glance over the great State of California to see what we would lose by State Division,

and the little we would gain by it. Remember that within the last forty years, great cities have grown up in our midst, orchards and vineyards have been planted and now beautify and adorn every landscape, while peace and prosperity and contentment is the lot of our people. We may look in vain for a country favored as ours has been favored, for opportunities as abundant as those we possess, for a climate as balmy, soil as generous, skies as bright or people more kindly and hospitable, more generous and charitable than the people of our great State. Then let us never change or separate while these conditions continue, and they ought to and will continue so long as the teachings of the early Californians, and the experience and practices of their children and children's children shall be felt and enjoyed by the inhabitants of the Pacific Slope.



# ARTEMUS WARD IN NEVADA.

BY DAN DE QUILLE.

IN 1863, the Comstock mines of Nevada were in the full swing of their youthful prosperity. Already Virginia City contained about 12,000 inhabitants when, staging it over the mountains by the old Placerville route, Artemus Ward arrived under an engagement to deliver his famous lecture entitled the "Babes in the Wood"—a lecture in which not the slightest reference was made to the "poor innocents" that wandered in the wood "till death did end their grief."

Artemus had been lecturing in San Francisco, and other places in California, and expectation was on tip-toe when he arrived in Virginia City. He was "hail, fellow, well met" with every one the moment he reached town. All had so often read and laughed over the letters and sketches of the proprietor of the Great Moral Show that when he appeared on the Comstock he was greeted as an old acquaintance.

Ward was then in fine health and spirits. Everything he saw called forth a joke or a quaint saying. His drollery was without effort. His fun like the quality of mercy was not strained. It was natural to him to see the comical side of everything. He teemed with waggery which on the slightest provocation expanded into a surprising flow of facetiousness—into a merry, sportive string of pleasantries. There was nothing malicious in his fun, and he harbored no feeling of

resentment when he himself was the victim. Even when that poor old "chestnut" of "an oat" being in waiting for him at a certain place was played off on him he did not lose his temper. He said it merely made him feel sad, as it detracted from the "high opinion he had formed of the wit and originality of the Comstockers." Said he, "I could weep for the poor man."

Artemus remained in Virginia City about a week, spending much of his leisure time in the editorial rooms of the Enterprise. It devolved upon Mark Twain and myself to show him the silver mines and the wonders of the town; a very agreeable task, as the novelty of many sights and situations aroused in his soul the spirit of the "wax figger" man, and drew from him whole trains of witty remarks. He was as much at home among the miners a thousand feet below the light of day, as on the surface among the people on the street. The talk of the miners amused him and he treasured up all the mining terms and phrases he heard, asking the meaning of them as he jotted them down. "These are the things," he would say, "that give the life touches to a sketch." He made no elaborate notes. I never saw him write to exceed half a dozen words at any one time. "A line," said he, "if you can hit the right thing, will give as good an idea of a place as whole pages."

The serious manner and solemn face assumed by Artemus Ward added not a little to the fun of his impromptu "quaints." A stranger would gaze at the man for a moment in blank amazement. Then the oddity of the thing would prove too much for him and he would be obliged to "let go all holds" and indulge in a regular explosion of laughter—Artemus the while, more solemn than ever, gazing from face to face, as though astonished and somewhat hurt at being interrupted by the sudden outburst of merriment. He worked this trick with telling effect in his lectures. He had wonderful control of his facial muscles, and could make his face absolutely wooden. Nothing could surprise him into a laugh at such times, or even into the slightest approach to a smile.

Artemus had a favorite trick that he loved to indulge in, and out of which he appeared to get a good deal of congenial fun. This was the disbursing of a rigmarole of nonsense in a solemn and impressive manner, as though he was saying something of unusual weight and importance. It was a game of mystification in which he greatly delighted. At a dinner given him by leading Comstockers at the International Hotel, Ward played this trick on Mark Twain, all present being let into the secret beforehand. Artemus was seated beside Mark near the head of the table. Presently something was said about genius. Artemus at once cleared his throat and turning to Mark began in a voice loud enough to attract the attention of all present and put a stop to general conversation, about as follows: "Ah,—speaking of genius, Mr. Clemens, now, genius appears to me to be a sort of luminous quality of the mind, allied to a warm and inflammable constitution, which is inherent in the man, and supersedes in him whatever constitutional tendency he may possess, to permit himself to be influenced by such things as do not coincide with his preconceived notions and established convictions to the contrary. Does not my definition hit the nail squarely on the head, Mr. Clemens?"

"I don't know that I exactly understand you," returned Mark. "Somehow I—I didn't fully grasp your meaning."

"No?" queried Artemus. And then he elevated his eyebrows and gazed at Mark with a countenance expressive of profound astonishment and some shifting shades of pity.

All at the table gave utterance to half-smothered "humphs," snorts and grunts of disgust at Mark's stupidity. "Didn't grasp my meaning?" said Artemus, "why that is very singular.

However," he added, pulling himself together more hopefully, "I will try and express my idea more clearly. Genius, Mr. Clemens, does not appear to me to consist, or rest, merely in sensibility to that degree of beauty which is perceived by all, as there is an inherent illuminating power, the possession of which causes luminous ideas to dart like meteors across the intellectual firmament, and which, I say, checks in the person possessing it a tendency to permit himself to be influenced by preconceived opinions in regard to those beauties in nature, which all objects display to the eye of one of a warm and inflammable temperament, and which is not at all understood by those detractors who are constitutionally incapable of seeing those beauties. The—but I must have already made it plain to you, Mr. Clemens?"

"I am almost ashamed to say it," drawled Mark, "but, to tell you the truth, I was not able to catch your exact meaning. I will admit, however, that what you say appears reasonable enough, and you speak it in a very logical and convincing tone of voice; still I somehow fail to grasp your idea of genius."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Artemus, and for half a minute he gazed at Mark with a face in which a shade of impatience began to mingle with astonishment and compassion. Then heaving a sigh, he said: "Well, perhaps I was not sufficiently explicit. What I wished to say was simply that genius is a sort of illuminating quality of the mind inherent in those of constitutionally inflammable natures and whose conceptions are not of that ambiguous and disputable kind which may be said—"

"Hold on, Artemus," interrupted Mark, "it is useless for you to repeat your definition. The wine, or the brandy, or the whisky or some other thing has gone to my head. Tell it to me some other time; or, better still, write it down for me and I'll study it at my leisure."

"Good!" cried Artemus, his face beaming with pleasure. "I'll give it to you to-morrow in black and white. I have been much misunderstood in this matter and it is important that I should set myself right. You see that to the eye of a person of a warm and inflammable nature and in whose self-luminous mind ideas arise that are by no means confined to the material which conception furnishes, but may be—"

"For God's sake!" cried Mark; "if you go at that again you'll drive me mad!"

The general burst of laughter which followed this feeling and half-angry protest, made it plain to Mark that Artemus had been set to work on him with malice aforethought, and that all present were in the plot and had been amusing themselves at his expense.

Mark was in no amiable mood the remainder of the evening. He said such a thing "might be thought by some to be smart," but he failed to see "where the fun came in."

Artemus Ward gave no thought to money—not enough to take care of it when he had earned it. In the midst of a whirl of speculation on the Comstock and with mines of gold and silver all about him, he envied no one the millions that were being hoisted up to the light of day. He never thought of such a thing as joining in the stock speculations about which all with whom he came in contact were running mad. Had the mines been of copper, iron or coal he would have shown quite as much interest in them. He was wholly interested in the people he found in the mines, and the ordinary miner received as large a share of his attention as did the millionaire owner. Indeed of the two he preferred the miner as being the more picturesque.

At the time Artemus was in Virginia City, he said his peculiar style would soon surfeit the public if he wrote too much. For this reason he said he was going to give the people a rest. "But," he said, "I am taking notes

of the queer words and expressions I hear in different regions. These I shall sometimes use in sketches located in those places where heard." He told me that he had one book filled with notes of queer things he picked up among the boatmen about the wharves of the towns on the great lakes. He also contemplated altering his style as regarded spelling, except in letters in which he appeared as the "wax figger" showman. Had he not died at the early age of thirty-two he would doubtless have worked into stories and sketches much material that he had accumulated.

Although Artemus made no pretension to a knowledge of fine points of art, he frequently made hasty pencil sketches of places and persons that struck his fancy. In a letter he wrote me from Austin, Nevada, he sent me on the back of a programme a sketch of a brush-roofed saloon in which he lectured at Big Creek. That sketch has disappeared, but I still have two small ones made, I think, in New York at the water-front. I am of the opinion that he made most of his rude pencil drawings as hints for artists in making illustrations for his sketches.

As I said above, he did not take extended notes. He wanted only a few words. "Let me get that," he would say, and down went the expression that had struck him, with the name of the place. For the rest he trusted to his memory. In a few words he was able to give the local color of a place. In leaving Aspinwall it is—"Adios, Americanos!"

On the Panama Railroad—"There are huts all along the route, and half-naked savages gaze patronizingly upon us from their doorways."

Central America—"The Central American is lazy. The only exercise he ever takes is to occasionally produce a revolution."

Acapulco—"The pretty peasant girls peddle necklaces made of shells."

Arriving at San Francisco it was—"Ki hi-hi ki! Shoolah!"

Stockton—"A vivacious maniac invites me to ride in a chariot drawn by eight lions and a rhinoceros."

Carson City—"I hain't killed a man for over two weeks! What'll yer poison yourself with?"

Virginia City—"It's splendid streets paved with silver."

Artemus Ward was fond of theatricals and theatrical people. His head was full of scraps of plays, which he constantly quoted in a comical way. While in Virginia City he blackened his face one night and appeared as "end man" in a minstrel show that was performing at Niagara Hall on B street. He happened to be acquainted with some of the leading members of the company and good-naturedly volunteered in order to help them along. Also he probably wished to see what he could do in that line. He made a good deal of fun, and of a kind that was fresh and droll. Though he appeared among them but once, Artemus gave the company many telling jokes and funny little stories.

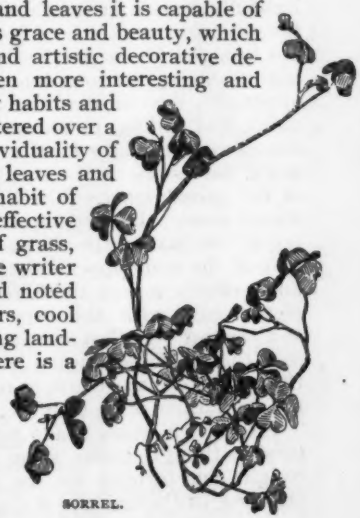
Artemus at times contemplated taking to the stage as a comedian, but feared he was too old. He was of the opinion that he ought to have made a beginning when he was about nineteen or twenty years of age. Yet at the time of his visit to the Comstock he thought quite seriously of writing a play for himself; one that could be performed by a small company and in which he would have appeared in his great character of showman. His play would have introduced "Betsy Jane" and other "Baldinville" folk, also some of the "wax figgers." His show, with the characters he intended using, would undoubtedly have been a success on the stage, as it had been thoroughly advertised throughout the country by his letters and sketches, and would have added new luster to the career of the gifted humorist.

# Among the Wild Grasses

BY GENEVIEVE L. BROWNE.

FOR beauty we turn most readily to those forms of plant life that bear luxurious flowers, of such size and variegated hues that they demand attention and homage. But even as the greatest intellects and souls often conceal themselves beneath the most unassuming exteriors, so amongst the most humble surroundings may be found some of nature's greatest wonders and rarest beauties. If we should go forth in the fields with as keen susceptibilities as little children, but with our maturer discrimination and knowledge, and examine those well-known forms of plant life, whose very familiarity has rendered them worthless in our estimation, we would be rewarded by many surprising discoveries.

On account of the great diversities of climate, altitude, soil, and geological formations there are in our country many varieties of interesting and beautiful grasses, whose artistic value does not seem to be thoroughly appreciated. In plant life we seldom realize or understand beauty save in its concentrated essence. The Japanese have a higher and more artistic conception of floral beauty. They do not value it for the individual attraction of a flower alone, nor for the rarity of a plant, but for its artistic aspects and in its relation to the plant which bears the flower. They thereby get the benefit of a continuous and successive grace and beauty of a higher order than that possessed by the flower alone, for in connection with the stems and leaves it is capable of greater expression. The wild grasses possess this grace and beauty, which render them fit subjects for house decorations and artistic decorative designs. But in their native homes they are even more interesting and attractive, both for their artistic value and their habits and manner of growth. When they are widely scattered over a field or bank they display to advantage the individuality of the plant, the grace and texture of the stems, leaves and flower-stalks, while growing close together, a habit of many of the grasses, they often form masses of effective coloring, which varies according to the kind of grass, and the angle at which the light strikes it. The writer has often watched great fields of tall grasses and noted that they sometimes produce brilliant, at others, cool and restful effects in relation to the surrounding landscape. When a light wind passes over them, there is a gentle undulatory motion as they bend before it, not unlike that of the bosom of the ocean, while during a storm one could almost imagine there were angry waves racing on, and losing themselves beyond the distant limits of the field.

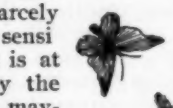


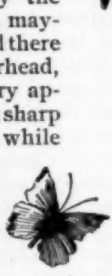
SORREL.

Such a field of grass bending in the breeze,

flashing back the rays of the summer sun, is a world in itself, and as the stalks bow and bend, chameleon like, the entire mass changes tint and hue—shades of green following one another in bewildering confusion over the surface.

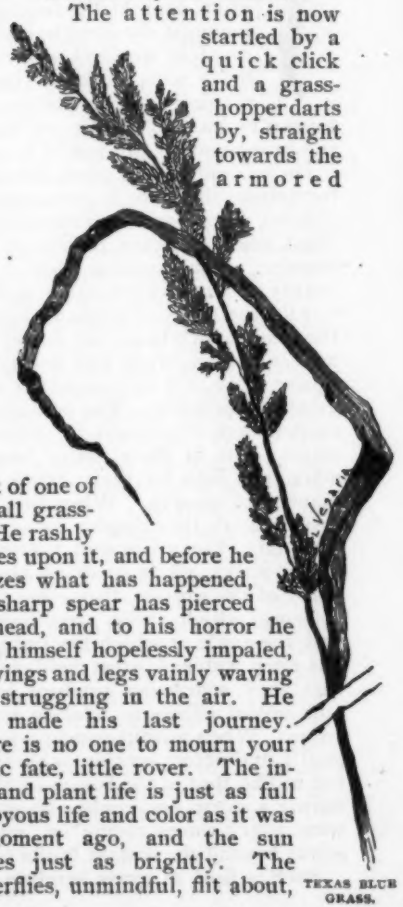
Lying among the grasses, their delicate forms take on a deeper meaning; every blade has its beauties; every leaf is a masterpiece of coloring. The wild oat, rich in yellow, dangles from its delicate stem a fairy bell that jangles music so soft that it is scarcely heard save by the quickened sensibility of the imagination, and it is at intervals rudely interrupted by the more realistic sounds produced, mayhap, by the bees that dash here and there in the Lilliputian forest. Overhead, swing forms of a delicate feathery appearance, others are crowned with sharp spines, each seed armed *cap a pie*, while away against the sky the parachutes of the dandelion sail, wafted from their light beds at the whispering of the mildest breeze, catching an ethereal silver glow from the sunlight, which, as it floods the openings in the grass, discloses wonders yet untold. From where we lie a broad band of light illumines a little vale, and above the grasstops unnumbered insect forms are brought into strong relief, moving in some mysterious dance. They apparently float on the beams of light, rising and falling in unison as if to the measure of the cricket's chirp beneath the leaves, or the shrill clarion of the grasshopper. The very grass makes music, the rustling and clashing of the leaves, the sensuous murmur of the wind appeals to the poetic and æsthetic senses, and here, in complete touch with the very simplest and lowest of God's creatures, one feels that ineffable longing to know all the secrets of nature and to rise above the limitations of human life.



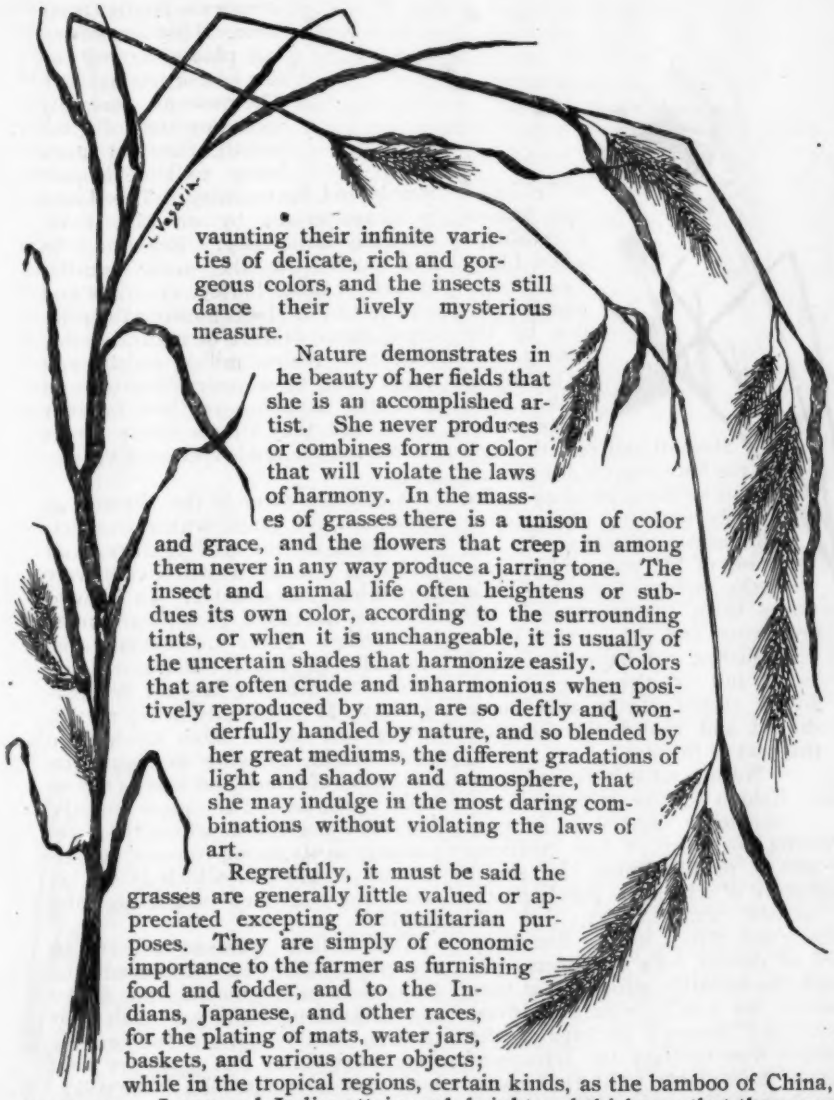


Presently a grass blade is seen to bend as though under some unusual weight, and turning we see a spider standing in the attitude of a gymnast, the rear part of his body and spineret elevated in the air. A tiny silken thread is being industriously spun, which gradually lengthens itself until it extends about a foot above the spider, swaying and curving in the sunshine. Suddenly a breeze catches it, and away it flies, carrying with it the æronaut. This is his vehicle of locomotion. Whether he has a rudder by which to steer his course has not been ascertained, but he finally alights somewhere, his silken threads gathered into a little raft upon which he is comfortably ensconced.

The attention is now startled by a quick click and a grasshopper darts by, straight towards the armored point of one of the tall grasses. He rashly dashes upon it, and before he realizes what has happened, the sharp spear has pierced his head, and to his horror he finds himself hopelessly impaled, his wings and legs vainly waving and struggling in the air. He has made his last journey. There is no one to mourn your tragic fate, little rover. The insect and plant life is just as full of joyous life and color as it was a moment ago, and the sun shines just as brightly. The butterflies, unmindful, flit about,



TEXAS BLUE GRASS.

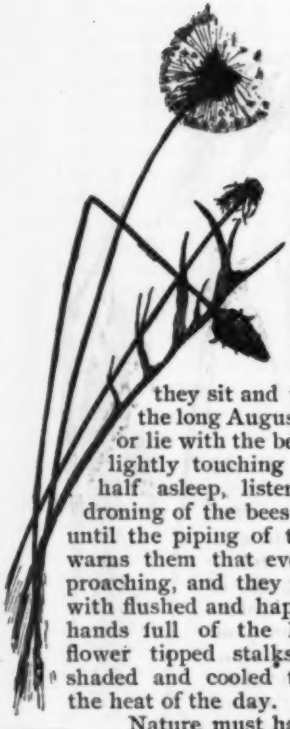


vaunting their infinite varieties of delicate, rich and gorgeous colors, and the insects still dance their lively mysterious measure.

Nature demonstrates in he beauty of her fields that she is an accomplished artist. She never produces or combines form or color that will violate the laws of harmony. In the masses of grasses there is a unison of color and grace, and the flowers that creep in among them never in any way produce a jarring tone. The insect and animal life often heightens or subdues its own color, according to the surrounding tints, or when it is unchangeable, it is usually of the uncertain shades that harmonize easily. Colors that are often crude and inharmonious when positively reproduced by man, are so deftly and wonderfully handled by nature, and so blended by her great mediums, the different gradations of light and shadow and atmosphere, that she may indulge in the most daring combinations without violating the laws of art.

Regretfully, it must be said the grasses are generally little valued or appreciated excepting for utilitarian purposes. They are simply of economic importance to the farmer as furnishing food and fodder, and to the Indians, Japanese, and other races, for the plating of mats, water jars, baskets, and various other objects; while in the tropical regions, certain kinds, as the bamboo of China, Japan and India, attain such height and thickness that they may be used in building houses and masts for vessels. Even the wild birds find little use for the grasses more than the building of their homes, or feeding upon it when the grains are ripe. The children, perhaps, have a greater appreciation of the beauties and virtues of a field of grass, and take more pleasure in it than in the most royal floral display. They may romp in it without fear of destroying its pleasing aspects, and experience

MUHLENBERGIA SYLVATICA.



COMMON DANDELION.

a delight only known to childhood when they are completely hidden by the tall grass stalks, or make little nests where they sit and talk through the long August afternoons, or lie with the bending stalks lightly touching their faces, half asleep, listening to the droning of the bees and locusts, until the piping of the tree frog warns them that evening is approaching, and they return home with flushed and happy faces and hands full of the long slender flower tipped stalks that have shaded and cooled them during the heat of the day.

Nature must have had some hidden scheme which we are unable to understand in constructing so many of her creations on almost parallel lines, the slight divergence of which the purely poetic or artistic temperament, that absorbs great things with a fine disregard of details, fails to discern, but which the scientific mind will at once discover, for it is his nature to investigate and dissect. Perhaps if the scientist were to trace the lineage of some of these plants, so like in appearance, but of distinctly different families, he would be rewarded by some interesting discoveries. There is never anything unreasonable in nature—her laws are invariable, though sometimes incomprehensible.

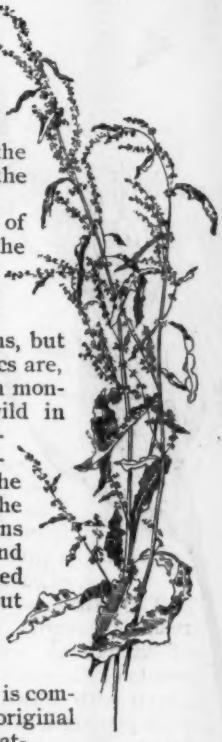
Grasses, scientifically speaking, constitute the family Gramineæ. They are flowering plants, having but one lobe or seminal leaf. The roots are generally spreading and of great length, the root stock being well developed, sturdy and far-reaching. The flower is characterized by an almost invariable uniformity. Belonging to the family are the many familiar cereals, wheat, barley, rye, oats and also the lesser plants forming the principal factor of turf of natural down. The rice, maize, millet, sorgho and sugar cane of warmer climates, and also the bamboo are less familiar types, but they all constitute a part of this indispensable species of vegetation.

A common form is the Elymus or Perennial rye grass, which was first cultivated in the 7th century, and which is now cultivated extensively throughout our country. In its wild state its habits of growth are most interesting. There are several varieties, alike in general construction and habits, but differing in some few particulars. It is generally heavy rooted, strong and coarse, often attaining a great height, growing in clumps on the banks of rivers and creeks or on moist prairies. The plant of the Elymus tricoides differs from the other varieties in its strong runners and its manner of growth, which is not in thick masses, but scattering and singly.

The Lolima perenne or Italian rye grass, which was introduced from Europe is quite graceful, the flower masses growing solitary on each joint of the simple spike. The culms, from two to three feet high, are very leafy, and terminate in a loose spike-like panicle about six inches long. The Poison Darnel is of the same family. On account of its poisonous tendencies it is usually exterminated from fields. It is to be regretted that among species of plants that are supposed to be the embodiment of health-

fulness, poison should exist, and in such a deceptive form, that unless the farmer well knows and understands the plant, he is likely to use it as the other forage products. Perhaps Milton, with his extraordinary, beautiful extravagances, might have accounted for its presence by saying that at the fall in the Garden of Eden, when the animals became savage, antagonistic and treacherous to each other and towards men, the venom of their ire crept subtly into its veins to react upon the source from which the poison came.

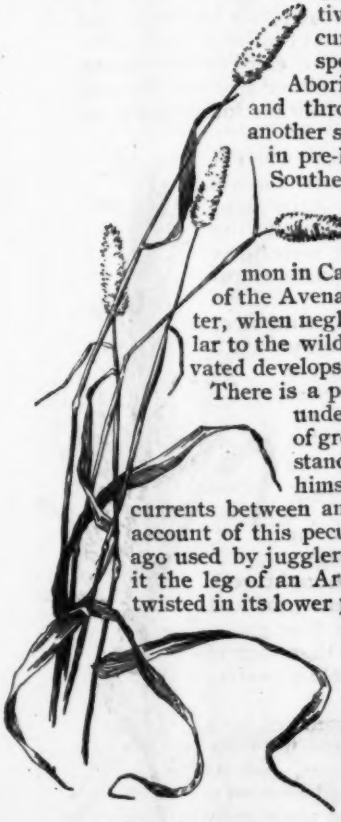
The Triticum or wheat family is the most widely distributed of annual cereal grasses. In structure it is very similar to the Elymus. It is a prevalent opinion among botanists that wheat is nowhere found wild, though M. Frederic Houssay is alleged to have discovered the plant wild in the mountains east of Kurdistan. There are many variations in the cultivated forms, but the principal genus from which they derive their characteristics are, according to Hæckel, their latest monographer, the Triticum monococcum or beardless wheat, which undoubtedly grows wild in Greece and Mesopotamia and is cultivated in other countries, the Triticum sativum, one species of which, the spelta, was first cultivated by the Aboriginal Swiss, the ancient Egyptians and throughout the Roman Empire, and another species, the dicoccum, also cultivated in pre-historic times and now throughout Southern Europe. The origin of the Triticum polonicum, or Polish wheat is not known.



RUMEX ACETOSELLA.

The Avena fatua or wild oat is common in California. It is believed to be the original of the Avena sativa or cultivated oat, as the latter, when neglected, degenerates into a plant similar to the wild oat, and the wild oat when cultivated develops into a plant similar to the Avena sativa.

There is a peculiar motion manifested in some of these plants under certain conditions, apart from their usual manner of growth, which is startling to one who does not understand it, and even when it is explained one cannot rid himself of the idea that there exist responsive electric currents between animal and plant life. The awn of the wild oat, on account of this peculiar phenomena, which it exhibits, was sometime ago used by jugglers to predict events and tell fortunes. They called it the leg of an Arabian Spider, or "enchanted fly." The awn is twisted in its lower portion, and is so susceptible to heat and moisture that when breathed upon, or placed in the palm of the hand, it moves seemingly spontaneously, as if endowed with animal life. This is caused by the size, form and density of the subjacent series of cells, which expand and contract according to the absorption or loss of moisture, producing twisting, curving or contortion in alternate directions. Hooke, one of the early writers on microscopical objects, says of the awn, "Its sensibility to changes in the atmosphere seems to depend on the different



TIMOTHY-GRASS.

WILD OATS.

textures of its parts, for the awn is composed of two kinds of substances, one that is very porous, loose and spongy, into which the watery streams of the air may be very easily forced, which will be thereby swelled and extended in its dimensions; and a second that is more hard and close, into which the water can very little, or not at all penetrate, this, therefore, retaining always very near the same dimensions, and the other stretching and shrinking, according as there is more or less moisture or water in its pores, by reason of the make and shape of the parts the whole body must necessarily unwreath and wreath itself." Hygroscopism is also exhibited in many other forms of plant life.

A species of wild oat grass is the Chrysopozon nutans or wood grass. The stalks grow from four to six feet high, and the graceful drooping flowers are of a warm brownish straw color. The spikelets, of a yellow tint, are at the ends of the slender branches of the loose panicle. It grows rather sparsely, forming a thin bed of grass, and is more beautiful for the individual grace of each plant than when *en masse*.

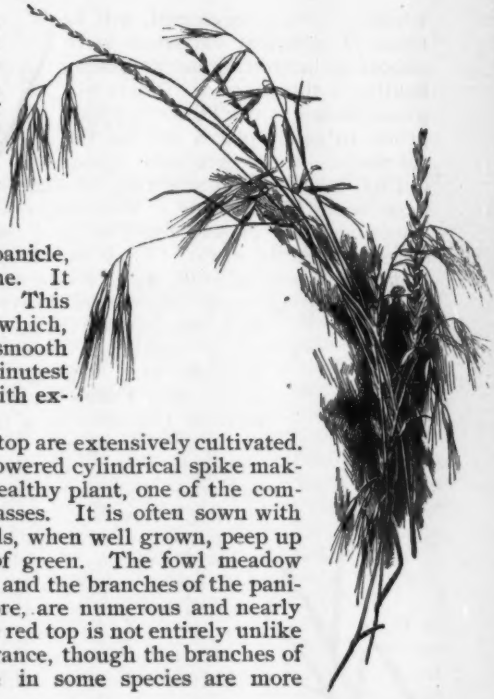
The Hordeum or wild barley is a very coarse plant when it reaches maturity, and is injurious to the flesh, eyes and throats of animals on account of its barbed awns. The sharp rigid points of the seeds enter and bury themselves in the wool of the sheep with which the grass comes in contact, and sometimes even penetrate the skin of the animals by their screwlike movement, often causing death.

A very delicate and artistic grass is that of the wild rice, Zizania aquatica. As the name would indicate it only thrives in marshy grounds or on the wet banks of rivers and lakes. It is allied to the common commercial rice, but, is vastly different in appearance. The leaves are shorter and thicker than those of most grasses. The upper branches are somewhat oppressed, containing the fertile flowers, and the lower ones, spreading delicately outward, contain those that are staminate.

A blue grass of Texas is the Panicum texanum or Texas millet. It grows from two to four feet high, thriving best on rich alluvial soil, though it stands drought well. It has many short broad leaves and numbers of stems are produced from a single root. Another species of the Texas blue grass, Poa arachnifera, is much daintier and more graceful than that of the family Panicum. The leaves are slender, profuse webby hairs growing about the flowers.

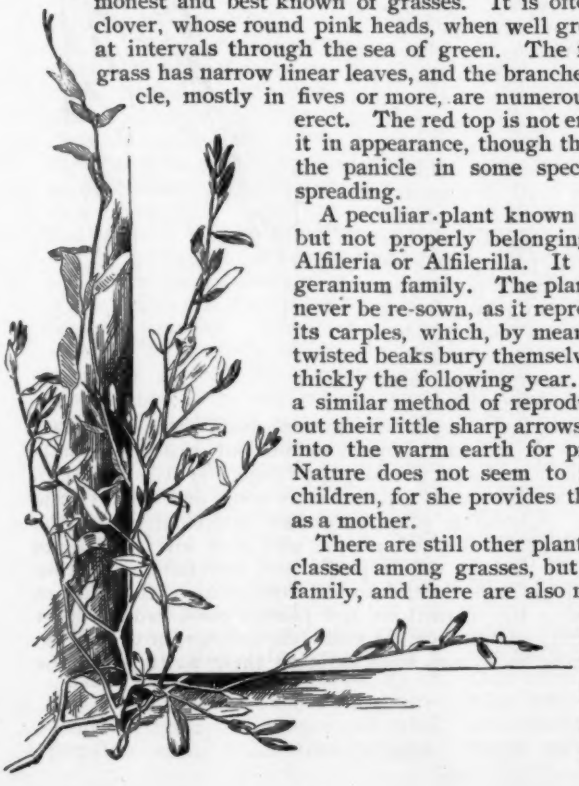
The English blue grass, Poa compressa has sometimes been confounded with the Kentucky blue grass. It differs from the latter however, in its flattened, decumbent, wiry stems, and its leaves of a dark bluish green color, are shorter and narrower. The panicle, is more scanty, and the outer stems of the plant grow diagonally outward from the root.

WILD RICE.



The real Kentucky blue grass, Poa Pratensis, also called June grass, and spear grass, is indigenous to the mountainous regions of this country as well as of Europe, and has been introduced into cultivation in many countries. It grows from one and a half to two feet high with a luxurious profusion of long, soft radical leaves. It is of a rich, soft color, and the panicle, pyramidal, or oblong in outline. It bears but one flower stem a year. This is the grass that produces lawns, which, when closely mown, are like smooth green velvet upon which the minutest shadow is faithfully reproduced with exquisite softness.

Timothy, fowl meadow, and red top are extensively cultivated. The timothy is stiff, its thickly flowered cylindrical spike making it seem top-heavy. It is a healthy plant, one of the commonest and best known of grasses. It is often sown with clover, whose round pink heads, when well grown, peep up at intervals through the sea of green. The fowl meadow grass has narrow linear leaves, and the branches of the panicle, mostly in fives or more, are numerous and nearly erect. The red top is not entirely unlike it in appearance, though the branches of the panicle in some species are more spreading.



A peculiar plant known as pin-clover or pin-grass, but not properly belonging to either family, is the Alfileria or Alfilerilla. It is really a member of the geranium family. The plant is very healthy and need never be re-sown, as it reproduces itself. It throws out its carples, which, by means of the sharp points and twisted beaks bury themselves in the soil, and spring up thickly the following year. Many of the grasses have a similar method of reproducing themselves, throwing out their little sharp arrows, that snuggle down closely into the warm earth for protection and nourishment. Nature does not seem to forget one of her newborn children, for she provides them all with a nurse as well as a mother.

There are still other plants that have been commonly classed among grasses, but which are not of the same family, and there are also many other varieties outside of those that have been named and described, differing infinitely in details of habit and development. Volumes could be filled with descriptions of them in their different phases,

which, if closely examined, will be found of sufficient variation to be almost as interesting as the human family in this respect. There is a grass known as the Tussock, which grows in sandy places and on the sea-shore. It is peculiarly useful during a storm in preventing, to some extent, the sand from being blown about. It grows in clumps which are sometimes set closely together and sometimes stray sparsely over the sands. They have long supple blades with pointed ends, and are very tough and pliant, bending easily before the heavy winds that sweep over them, but not easily breaking. Sometimes it happens that during a heavy storm their blades are so bent as to form two sides of a triangle, the point hanging downward and lightly touching the sands, and when they are stirred by a passing breeze they imprint peculiar marks on the smooth surface. Wandering by chance to some solitary spot on the beach, rarely frequented by human footsteps, one experiences a peculiar sensation upon seeing the lonely footprints of some sea-bird, or the long weary trail of a snail, and these curious marks of the grasses, often resembling ancient hieroglyphics. One is apt to find himself pondering over them, and wondering if they possess some hidden meaning, and a multitude of fantastic imaginings and speculations throng his mind.

AWNED BUNCH-GRASS.

Animals have their means of communication with each other and even with mankind, and it seems but just that plants should be endowed with the same privilege. If it is not so, of what avail are the sweet and sensuous song and odor of the pines, the lightening phosphorescent interchanges of the nasturtium, the double marigold, the red poppy, and also all the infinite variations of form and color and the subtle power and insinuation of other plants and flowers? And perhaps these humble sand-grasses, that do not seem to be well endowed with the attractions and powers possessed by other forms of plant life, are mutely communicating with one another, or even seeking to convey their meaning to human kind through their writings on the sand.

# IN THE CAVERNS OF ULO.

BY VERNER Z. REED.

ONE hot day in September, I journeyed down the sandy valley of the Rio Grande del Norte. I was taking a vacation, seeking rest and such adventure as might be found by wandering in the quaint land of the old Southwest. I had started from an old Indian pueblo on a slow freight train. We saw Oriental-looking Indian women with water jars on their heads, walking from the *acequias* to their queer grout houses; Oriental-looking Mexican villages with their clusters of adobe houses and the inevitable adobe church; and herds of sheep in charge of solitary herdsmen. Away in the distance the blue line of the Sandia mountains rose between us and the horizon, and at sundown the slow train pulled into the town of San Marcial. The conductor said the train would go no farther, as that was the end of the division.

San Marcial is a pleasant town to a leisurely traveler. There is a good railroad hotel there whose attachés take an interest in the strangers within their gates, and whose guests are usually sociable and companionable. There are wide verandas around the hotel, and the streets of the little town are lined with shady trees. At night Mescalero Indians wrap themselves in their blankets and lie down on the ground near the hotel to sleep.

I was sitting on the hotel veranda, smoking a cigar and watching the big yellow moon come up over the mesas, when an old Mescalero, wrapped in a gaudy Navajo blanket, came up to the veranda and looked at me curiously. I gave him a cigar and tried to talk to him. While thus engaged, a well-dressed Mexican of the better class took a seat at my side and said. "*Buenas tardes, Señor!*"

The Mexican was a genial, intelligent man, apparently about thirty-five years of age. He was anxious to be sociable, and like all Mexicans was very polite, but a perpetual sadness seemed to lurk under his smiles. We talked for an hour of Mexico, of the Indians, of the Southwest and of the Garza revolution, until we came to know each other as well as men often do after years of acquaintance. When the hotel guests had retired and we were sitting alone looking out into the moonlit night, he asked me if I would like to hear a strange, true tale of an adventure he had had. Of course I wanted to hear it. Many of the strange tales of the Southwest are true, and many are false and it is hard for one to choose between them; but the story told me by the Mexican is here recorded in the man's own words:

"The Señor has no doubt read something of the history of this country and of the country of Old Mexico, whose history is much the same, or was much the same until the present century. He knows of the traditions of the olden times that tell that the first people of this land came down to earth by way of the mighty mountain that is now called Pike's Peak—the mountain in whose shadow the Señor says he lives. Of course that tale of the people coming to earth in that way is a fable, but it is true that the first tribes, and all succeeding tribes who entered the great valley of Mexico, came from the North. First came fierce tribes who knew but little more than the wild beasts, then wiser tribes who knew somewhat of agriculture and working in metals, then other fierce tribes who fought the other

tribes, and so on until there was almost ceaseless war in the valley that was then known as Anahuac. In time came the Olmecs, those shadowy people whose very history is known only by the dimmest traditions; then the Toltecs, who either faded away or were amalgamated with succeeding races; then came the great empire of the Montezumas, and then the Great Conquest, and the sway of the white-skinned men. The tale I shall tell you is a tale of the present, but it also goes back far before the time of the *Conquistadores*, or even the time of the Aztec supremacy. It is a strange tale, and by many will be called a lie, but I say to you, Señor, that it is a true tale, and it tells almost all of sorrow or of joy that has been in my life.

"As you see, I am a Mexican. Of Mexicans there are many kinds: the Castilians, the *peons*, the pure-blooded Indians. I am a *mestizo*—a creole, you might call it. In my blood are strains of the purest Castilian Spanish and also strains of Indian blood. When the *Conquistadores* came, many of them took wives from the native women. My first male Castilian ancestor did this, taking his wife from a small tribe known as the Ulo, of whom there were not two hundred all told, and of whose descendants I am the only one, except the people of whom I will tell you. In this way the blood of my ancestors became mixed, and it was mixed often after that by marriage. My mother seemed more Indian than Castilian, for while she was a devout Catholic, she practised old Ulo tribal rites in secret. My father was a wise man for the place where he lived; he saw to it that I was started in the way of being educated, and then he died. My mother died soon after my father, and when she lay on her bed of death she sent for me and said to me:

"'My son, you may live to be an honored man among the people of this country, and you should, for there was a time when the Ulos, who are your ancestors, were counted among the rulers of this great valley, and they held sway over tribes far more numerous than their own. The old words that have come down to me from my mother and from my mother's mother and from all the women of my line, tell that in an olden time the tribe of the Ulo came to this valley from the North; came to the valley and conquered it, although the Ulos were but a small tribe. They ruled in the valley until the Toltecs came, that great tribe whose numbers were as the numbers of the birds of the air. The Toltecs were conquerors, and as the Ulos would serve no masters, they gathered together and sought out a new land far to the southwest of this. All did not go, and the ones of the Ulos who remained in the valley have all faded from the earth since the time of the Conquest—all but you and me, and now you will be the only one. The Ulos are the chosen people of Those Above; they were promised that on the earth there should always be a land for them, and that a prophet should always dwell with them to keep them faithful to the true creed of the olden time. The descendants of the tribe that left the valley are upon the earth to-day; I know not where, but upon the earth I know they are, for so it was promised. When I was young, I longed to go forth and seek out the dwelling-place of this tribe of my people, but a woman is but a weak thing; I loved your father, and I abode with him. But because of my longing to dwell with my own people I have always cherished memories of them; I have taught you, my only child, the language of this people, which language is now forgotten in the valley of Anahuac. And upon your arm I have placed the sacred mark of the Ulo, the writing that reads:

*In this body flows the blood of Ulo!*

"'Now, my son, when my body has been again returned to the earth,

go thou and seek the descendants of your forefathers ; seek them and learn truth from them, and by dwelling among them, be numbered among the chosen people of the world.'

"Then my mother died, and I was greatly impressed by what she had told me. It was true that she had taught me the language of the Ulo, and on my arm was tattooing that read as she had said. I was a young man, eager for adventure, and I desired greatly to find the dwelling place of this strange tribe. I went to the schools, to the heads of government departments, to travelers—everywhere inquiring for a tribe known as the Ulo. No one knew anything of such a tribe, but as I believed the tribe existed I traveled to the remote parts of Mexico, seeking it. I did not find anyone, however, who had even heard of the tribe, and in time I almost abandoned hope of ever finding it. My desire to seek out this people was founded only on a desire for adventure and not on account of the belief of my mother ; but for all that I was very loth to give up my hope of discovering them.

"After I had ceased to look for the Ulos, I became engaged as a minor officer upon a small ship that sailed from the port of Mazatlan up and down the west coast of Mexico. On one cruise we passed a barren coast where high rock walls rose up sheer at the water's edge, so steep that it seemed impossible for any living thing to scale them. The place had a charm for me on account of its being a locality destined apparently never to come under the control of man.

"The wall of rocky cliffs ran for several miles along the coast, and it chanced that as we were passing it I had a violent quarrel with my superior officer. In the heat of anger I struck him in the face, knocking him senseless. He was a vindictive man, and I knew that as soon as we reached a port he would have me arrested for mutiny. So I determined to escape, and some of the common sailors, who were friends of mine, assisted me. I took a small boat, rigged it with both sails and oars and provisioned it, taking a few belongings, such as a revolver, photographic camera and a supply of tobacco, and embarked, getting safely put off before the officer could prevent. The ship sailed on down the coast, and before it went out of sight I saw the officer I had struck looking back at me through a glass. No doubt he was pleased, for it must have seemed to him that there were chances that I might never reach a place where I could land.

"I was very well content in my small boat. I always loved adventure and I was happy as I sat in the boat and smoked, and looked out over the blue waves of the calm Pacific Ocean. I felt free from all the cares that beset men in the common walks of life, and it seemed to me that I would be content to drift forever, alone on that beautiful expanse of water that seemed to stretch from the world to eternity.

"As I was near the rock cliffs that had excited my curiosity I determined to sail as close to them as I could. As I was sailing along I noticed an opening in the cliffs, looking like the mouth of a cave. I sailed to this opening and was greatly surprised to find that it was large enough for my boat to enter. I took the oars and rowed directly into the mouth of this opening, and was more surprised to find that it led under a mass of overhanging rock into a perfect little bay, that was completely shut off from sight of the ocean. The bay was very small, containing an area of not more than forty acres, and the rock walls rose sheer from it on every side, extending upward hundreds of feet.

"I moored the little boat to a crag of rock, and prepared to spend the night in the bay. The next day I explored the bay, and discovered the mouth of a cave or passage that led directly into the rock on the side of the bay that was toward the mainland. I took candles with me to give light, and set out walking to explore this

passage. It was a passage wide enough for a carriage to have passed through, and was about ten feet from the floor to the roof. Water dripped from its sides, and stalactites and stalagmites projected from the rocks. The passage was straight for a long distance, when suddenly I left the straight path and plunged into a perfect maze of passages that ran in every direction. It was not long until I was completely lost, and I became greatly frightened. It is not pleasant for one to think he may have to wander alone in tortuous underground passages until he dies from starvation.

"Has the Señor a match? Thank you; I had allowed my cigar to go out."

"I wandered up and down the mazes of the winding tunnels for long hours, probably crossing and recrossing my own path numbers of times. When I was almost exhausted I came to a set of rude stairs made out of rocks piled one above another. The stairway seemed somewhat as though it had been built by human hands, and I wondered if some other man, lost and hopeless like myself, had builded it in order that the work might prevent him from becoming insane. I climbed up the stairs and found that they led to a large platform that lay under a part of the caverns that rose much higher than the roof of the passages I had been in. A soft light came into this cavern from a crevice high above my head, and when my eyes had become accustomed to this light I looked around me, and the sight that met my eyes was so strange that at first I almost feared I had lost my reason. In all parts of the cavern were human figures, some seated, some reclining, some lying flat upon the floor, some standing by rocks. At first I thought they were the figures of living humans, as each was fully dressed and all were in such life-like positions, but I soon discovered that the things before me were the bodies of dead men. I cannot tell you the feeling of horror that ran over me when I found myself in that ghastly company. Every figure seemed perfect, none seemed wasted or decayed, all were clothed, and over the face of each one was a strange white mask that closely fitted the face and showed the nose, the mouth, in fact the contour of all the features. The light that came down through the rift in the rocks gave a weird effect to the picture of silent death that was before me, and the deathly silence that filled the cave was almost unbearable.

"I tried to tear myself away from the grim fascination of the ghastly cavern, but found that it was hard to leave. Then I went close to the bodies and examined some of them. I found them to be clothed in garments made of buckskin, the buckskin having been oiled with some mineral substance that prevented decay. The bodies were mummified, each one being as hard as flint, but every contour and feature was perfectly preserved. I tried to tear the mask from one of the faces, but could not, as the thing seemed made of iron. I did succeed, though, in tearing open a sleeve covering one arm of one of the bodies, and when the naked arm came in view I found tatooed upon it the same words that were tatooed upon my own arm when I was a baby:

*In this body flows the blood of Ulo!*

I looked more closely. There was no mistake. The letters were the old letters of the written language of the Ulo, and the words were the same my mother had traced in ink in my own skin.

"The writing on the arm held me chained with a weird fascination. These mummies, then, were members of the lost tribe of Ulo, members of the same tribe to which my ancestors had belonged so many centuries ago. The words of the prophecy came back to me, ringing in my ears as though spoken by a living voice. 'The Ulos are the chosen people, and a prophet

shall always dwell with them to keep them faithful.' I wondered what they had thought when their prophecy had failed, and they had come to die like reptiles in an underground cavern. I wondered if the tribe of my ancestors had all died in this gruesome cave, and if the dead bodies before me were all that I should ever find. That could not be, though, for the bodies before me were all the bodies of men. I thought I might find the bodies of the women in some other cave, might find them if I did not die too soon. I tore the sleeve on the arm of another of the bodies. There was the same writing as on the first. Then I sat down on a rock in that dim cave—sat down as a man from whom all fear had gone, and I mused for hours upon the Ulos, upon myself, upon the chances of fortune, upon life and death. What, then, is a man? A weak thing speeding swiftly from a mysterious past to a future even more mysterious, a thing of a few days, a thing that reels under the weight of many troubles, a thing that dies and decays and returns to the dust of the earth, and is soon utterly forgotten in all places in the world. The Ulos were once a great people; they ruled tribes whose numbers were multitudes; they were so great that every Ulo was called a chief, and then they went as fugitives to the caves of the mountains; went as fugitives and perished even unto the last man! They were a forgotten race; their places were filled with other races, and in time they also would be forgotten. Such were the thoughts that came to me in the cavern of the dead.

"I sat there for hours, and then, almost exhausted from hunger, I wearily climbed down the stone ladder and began again my hopeless wanderings up and down the winding stone passages. Just as I was ready to give up in despair and lie down and die, a smell of salt water came to my nostrils, a breath of sea breeze blew into my face, and then a few steps brought me out again to the little bay where my boat was moored. I ate of the food I had in the boat, and then lay down on the rocks and slept for many hours.

"When I escaped from the caverns I thanked God for my deliverance, and vowed that no wealth upon the earth could tempt me to again risk my life in the mazy passages. But when I awoke from my long sleep and was refreshed from my hunger and fatigue, the mystery of the place took hold upon me again, and I set about devising a way to safely explore the caverns and learn, if I could, something of the secrets that were hidden in them. In my boat was a great coil of common fish line that I had hastily thrown in while making my hurried preparations to escape from the ship. I unwound this line and found that there was almost two miles of it. I bound one end of the line securely to a rock, and taking the coil in my hands, again entered the underground passage, allowing the line to unwind as I walked. In this way I went on until I came to the end of the line, and I had found nothing. I retraced my steps almost back to the mouth of the cave, and then set out in a different passage from the one I had been in.

"Just as I was coming to the end of the line again, I found that the passage was becoming light. It was merely a glimmer at first, then there came a soft light that showed the walls of the caverns, and then a full, steady light that one might have read by. Soon the passage widened, and then I came to a large cave that was high and light, and that was fitted up as a human habitation. A large couch made of skins and cotton cloths lay against one side of the cave, a stone table and seat were in the center, and various instruments, the uses of which I did not know, were scattered about. I discovered that the light came from the burning of natural gas, that was blazing behind shields made of isinglass. The farther end of this cavern was closed with a stone wall that

showed that it had been made by human hands, and a stone door was in this wall. Upon the walls of the room I was in were carvings, and upon looking closely I found some words written, or carved, in the language of the Ulo. I blessed my mother for teaching me that forgotten language, for now it might chance that it would save my life.

"Weary from my long wandering in the passages I sat down upon the couch to rest. While sitting there the stone door in the wall swung open, and slowly walking toward me came a figure exactly like one of the petrified mummies I had found in the burial cavern. I thought it was a ghost, but I was not frightened, so used was I becoming to terrible things. The figure approached me, the head bent down as though in thought, and I noticed that the step was slow and halting like that of an old man. Presently the man looked up, and I saw upon his face one of the strange white masks I had seen upon the mummies. The mask enveloped the entire head, the part covering the back of the head being smooth, and the part covering the face fitting every feature perfectly. The effect of the mask was something ghastly. There were all the features, the eyes, the mouth, the nose, but all were of that same dead-white color.

"Presently the masked man saw me and stopped. He did not seem frightened, as I thought he would be, but stood and regarded me intently. Then he walked in front of me, made a low bow, and said:

"'My son, from whence came you—from the sun?'"

"I answered that I came from Mexico, and he said that he knew not that the land of endless life was called Mexico. Then I tried to tell him something of the wonderful country of my birth, but for some reason I was slow in making him understand, and I soon saw that he regarded me as a god that had been sent to him from the land of the sun.

"'What came you here to do?' he asked.

"'I came to seek the tribe of the Ulo,' I replied.

"'I am the king of the Ulo,' replied the masked man—'the king and the highest priest of that nation. For many years have I ruled over them, given them laws, instructed them in truth, and have offered up their prayers to the most high gods. For many years have I dwelt alone in this cavern, alone except for the sacred snake of my people. While the other men of my tribe have taken wives and have reared children, I have dwelt in this solitude, praying, meditating and thinking thoughts of wisdom for my people. But the time of my death draws nigh; I feel my blood turn cold within my veins, and it will not be long until I must take my place among the vanished kings in the cavern of the dead. Do you know of the cavern of the dead, my son?'

"I replied that I did, and the king seemed pleased that I knew of it. Then the king brought me food, and a kind of wine made from some plant, and bade me eat and rest before talking further.

"When I had rested and refreshed myself I talked long with the masked king, who did not seem surprised that I spoke the language of the Ulo. I learned from him that the caverns and underground passages opened on one side into the sea, and on the other side into a valley that was surrounded with high stone cliffs. In these cliffs the people of the Ulo had cut out their homes; there they lived, and in the valley they grew maize and melons and cotton, and various things to eat. Beyond this valley, which was called the Valley of Cultivation, opened another called the Valley of the Beasts, and in this valley were deer and other animals hunted for food and skins by the Ulo. The king told me that there were 600 people in the tribe. He told me, also, the secret of the kingship. The people of the Ulo believed that their king was an immortal, and

that it was death to look upon his face. This belief had its rise in the fact that the first king who ruled them in the hidden valleys devised the white masks which made one face look like all other faces. He had told his people that he was an immortal and would live forever, and when his time came to die he sent for a religious youth from among the people, telling the people the youth was to be sacrificed to the sun, but he told the youth he was chosen to rule the people. Then he made a white mask for this youth, and the people knew not the difference, for the youth was masked and dressed exactly like the first king, and besides the king went but little among the people. The youth grew old, his death grew near, he chose another youth to succeed him, made him a white mask, and again the people knew not that a new king was ruling them, but thought that another sacrifice had been made to the sun. In this wise innumerable kings had ruled over the people of Ulo, yet the people thought it was one immortal who had always been their king. And the masked dead bodies in the cavern of death were the bodies of the men who had been kings of Ulo.

"'My son,' said the old king to me, 'the time has almost come for me to lay down my burden of years and take my place among the silent bodies of the kings who have gone before me. The people of Ulo think that but one king has ever ruled them, and it is well that they think that, but you who are to be the king must know the truth. When I was a youth I was devout in the practice of the worship of the gods of my tribe, so devout that the king often spoke to me in commendation. Now the Ulo, when they dwelt in Anahuac, gave human lives in sacrifice, giving the lives of people they had captured in the wars. But in this valley our numbers grew so few, and there were no barbarians to war against, that it was only in long periods that a human life could be spared even in sacrifice to the gods. In times that were long apart, sometimes fifty years, sometimes seventy, a youth was chosen from among the people and sent to the king's palace to be sacrificed. After being sent there the youth was never heard of again, and the king ruled apparently as before, the one called for sacrifice being really the king. In my youth the masked king came to me and told me I was chosen to be offered as a sacrifice. I did not fear, for the sacrificed ones have high places in the land of endless life. Feasts were given, many prayers were said, and then I went to the palace of the king; this same palace where I now hold speech with you. The king instructed me much in the wisdom of our nation, and then he threw off the white mask and showed me he was a man. He told me that his time to die had come, he told me the secret of the kingship, and appointed me to be king when he was dead. He made a white mask to cover my face, he taught me how to embalm the dead, which is done with a mineral liquid that is found in one of these caverns, he showed me the cavern where I should take him when his life was gone, and then he sent me among the people to see if I could pass as king. I went forth among the people and they fell down and worshipped me and called me king. For I was of the size of the old king, and my voice was like his. Then the old king showed me the place where the sacred snake is kept, and then he laid himself down and died, and I was the masked king of the people of Ulo. That was seventy years in the past, and the people know not that I have not lived forever. Now my time has come to die, and I have been meditating upon which youth of the people I shall call to be king after me. But instead of having to choose a man to be king, a man has been sent to me from the sun. I have been a holy man and a wise prophet to my people, and in reward for my wisdom you have been sent to me, that after me you may

become the sacred king of Ulo. Hail, sacred king of the land of Ulo!'

"I found that the old king was honest in the belief that he was a divine instrument, and as I am a true Catholic, I wanted sorely to try to win him to the true faith. But he was an old man, the hand of death was falling upon him, and I resolved to let him die in the happiness of his own faith.

"For many days the old king instructed me in the mysteries and rites of the Ulo worship, for the Ulo ruler was as much priest as king. He instructed me in the history of his people, he taught me the art of embalming, he told me how to choose my successor when my days were done, and he told me of the blood mark that should go upon the arm of every Ulo. He then examined my own arm, and when he found the mark upon it he had no further doubt that I had been sent to him as a miracle. Then he placed a mask upon me and took me to see the sacred snake, telling me that only masked men should stand in the snake's presence.

"The snake was kept in a large cavern, one-half of which was a large pool of salt water that had evidently been carried in jars from the sea, and the other half of which was floored with solid rock. The snake was an immense thing, as spotted as a leopard, its length thirty feet, and its body was as thick as the body of a man. It seemed to be a sea snake, and I noticed that it stayed much of the time in the pool of sea water. Horny substances, denoting extreme age, were about the snake's eyes, and it seemed to move about but very little, although I have seen it when it was as agile as any snake could be. The old king called the snake and it went to him and wound itself around his body. The sight sent chills over me, but the snake seemed to love the man, and did not hurt him. The old king took me to the snake's cavern many times, I being masked each time, and in time the snake would come to me when called the same as it would to the old king. But I always feared that snake, and would fear it if I should see it now, although it once saved my life. The king instructed me in the snake worship, but I need not tell you of that, as my tale is long enough without speaking of all the strange things I learned in the land of Ulo.

"When I had learned all that the old king had to tell, he bade me don a robe like his and go forth, masked, among the people, in order that I might learn as much of them as I could before he died. He gave me many directions, and it was almost impossible that I should let the people learn the secret, or discover that I was not the king who had ruled over them so long. I passed through the stone door in the wall of the cavern, passed through a number of smaller caverns, and then I went down a stone stairway into the valley. I had not seen the light of the sun for many long days, and my blood ran fast as I saw the blue arch of the beautiful sky once more. The valley seemed to have been hidden from the world by nature. It was about one mile wide and about six miles long, and at the farther end was a narrow pass or cañon that opened into the Valley of the Beasts, a place where I never went. As I went down the cliffs I saw the homes of the Ulos that had been cut out of the solid rock of the cliffs. I saw men and women working in the fields, and as I drew near them, walking slowly as the king had told me to do, they ceased from their labors and raised their arms in salute to me.

"'See, the king comes,' said one man to another; 'the king, who has come down into the valley but once since the feast of the harvest of maize.'

"'It may be that he comes to choose a youth to be sacrificed,' answered an old man. 'It is seventy years since a sacrifice has been given, and I doubt not the gods hunger.'

"My voice was much like that of the old king, and I had schooled myself in imitating him, but my knees

trembled when I first spoke to the people.

"'My children,' said I, 'I have not come to choose a sacrifice. The gods of our people are well content; our people are wise and worshipful, and it may please our gods that no human life will ever again be offered as a sacrifice.'

"The people did not answer, but they gazed at me curiously, and I thought I saw a scowl upon the face of the old man who had spoken. He was a barbarian in his worship, and the thought of human sacrifice was dear to his heart.

"I walked entirely through the valley of Ulo, drinking in every new scene, but seeming to notice nothing. When I was returning to the palace in the caverns I met a party of young girls going home from the fields where they had been at work.

"The girls were young, ranging in age from twelve to sixteen years, but they would have seemed much older to any one who lived in a land where women do not develop so rapidly as in that warm clime. They had soft black eyes and raven black hair, and were dressed in kirtles and skirts made of cotton cloth. Upon their heads they bore pottery jars filled with water that they were carrying home from a spring in the mountain side.

"My attention was immediately attracted to one of the girls on account of her wonderful beauty. Her features were as finely chiseled as the features of the most patrician queen, her form had the perfect proportions of a statue, her black eyes were as soft as the eyes of a dove, and her wealth of raven black hair fell in silken masses to her knees. She was not brown, as many Indians are, but was red, as are many of the women of the Pueblo tribes. As soon as I saw her my heart went out to her in love, and I determined to win her if such a thing might be. I did not stop to consider that the laws forbade the masked king to look in love upon any woman, nor to think of the danger and trouble I might bring upon the maid and myself if I sought to win her. The maidens tripped merrily along, and I heard the beautiful one called by the name Lo-Zeenah. That name in the Ulo speech, means Beautiful Star. The maidens saw me, bowed in worship, and I passed on my way to the caverns.

"That same day the old king died. I bathed him in the petrifying fluid, and placed him in the cave of death. Then I was alone in the cavern palace; alone, with no living thing to bear me company, no book to read, no work to do.

"The next day, after I had walked in the valley, there came to the outer rooms of my palace a deputation of the old men of the tribe, asking that I sit in judgment upon a charge preferred by the war chief against the maid Lo-Zeenah. The Ulos had not been in war for centuries, but they held the tribal formation of the olden time, and the war chief was one of the great men of the nation. The present war chief had craved Lo-Zeenah in marriage; her father and mother had given consent, but Lo-Zeenah herself had persistently refused. The refusal was a breach of law; Lo-Zeenah could be punished even unto the taking of her life, and in anger the war chief had brought a trial before the king. If the chief had known that under the austere robes of that masked king there beat a young heart on fire with love for the beautiful Lo-Zeenah, I think he would not have begun the trial.

"I consented to sit in judgment upon the cause of the chief and the maid, and they, and nearly all the people of the tribe, came before me just outside the hall of my palace. The angry chief came with a dark brow, intent upon revenge for the slight put upon him; the people came with sorrow written on their faces, for they all loved the Beautiful Star, and the maiden herself came with a gentle presence that won all hearts to her. But the laws of the Ulo were deemed inexorable, and all expected that the

king would decree that she should wed the chief or lose her life for disobedience. I knew there was danger for even the king to go contrary to the laws, but I would have died before inflicting either punishment upon the beautiful girl that stood before me. The case was stated to me while I sat like a carven statue upon my stone throne of judgment. When all had spoken, I said:

"'People of Ulo, the laws of our nation were named by the fathers of long ago. They are just laws, and they cannot be evaded or revoked. You all know that in this case the maid should wed our war chief, or that her life should be taken in punishment. Even I,' your undying king, could not change this law unless Those Above should bid me. I am not sure of their will, though, for in a dream it has lately been revealed to me that the people of Ulo shall again become a great people of whom every man shall be called chief. They shall again become the rulers over many peoples, and in that dream it was shown to me that a woman of the Ulo shall be chosen by Those Above to be the mother of another king, a king who shall take part of the tribe and go forth in strange places to extend the sway of our nation. Those Above have promised to send me an image of this woman who shall be chosen to become the mother of a king, and until that image comes I shall pass no judgment upon any woman in the land of Ulo. Therefore, this cause shall be held in abeyance, waiting the pleasure of Those Above, whose chosen people the Ulos are. Those Above have said that the image shall be wafted down from the mouth of the entrance to my palace, and shall fall in the valley. Go, then; set men to watch in the valley for the image, and when it has fallen, then will I decide. Until then it is my will that the maid Lo-Zeenah abide in the inner rooms of my palace.'

"The people were greatly excited when I had thus spoken, and all the old men and the chiefs murmured because I had decreed that the maid should remain in my palace. It was against the sacred laws for any woman to be alone with the king, and an old priest, the father of Lo-Zeenah, rose in his place and said his daughter should not go. He said he was a true son of Ulo, a wise, a just and a holy man, in whose eyes rebellion against the king was a wicked thing, but he loved the laws and the wisdom of his fathers even more than he loved the king, and he said he would lose his life in battle with me before the sanctity of the religion should be profaned.

"Much excitement was caused by the speech of the old priest, and the people began taking sides, some with me, some with the old man. The war chief, who desired to wed Lo-Zeenah, was a fierce man with a dark face, and he rose in his place and openly accused me, the king, of being guilty of sin in desiring to have a woman in my palace. I was afraid a rebellion would take place, but I made no sign of fear. I rose in my place, stretched out my hand, commanded silence, and said:

"'Oh thou fools, thou fools who dare question the wisdom of your holy king! Know you not that I can stretch forth my hand and cause you all to die?'

"The women and some of the men cowered in their seats, but the war chief and the old priest laughed and said that although I was the king they knew I could not kill. Again I rose in my seat. 'Go forth,' said I, 'and bring to me a fawn. And while the hunters are gone for the fawn let no man speak nor leave his seat.'

"I knew I was in danger, but I felt so sure of success that I could have sung a song while waiting for the hunters to bring the fawn. The hunters soon returned with the fawn, and I commanded them to leave it at a certain spot about a hundred paces from me. Then rising in my seat I pointed my revolver at it, said 'Die!', fired, and the fawn rolled over dead.

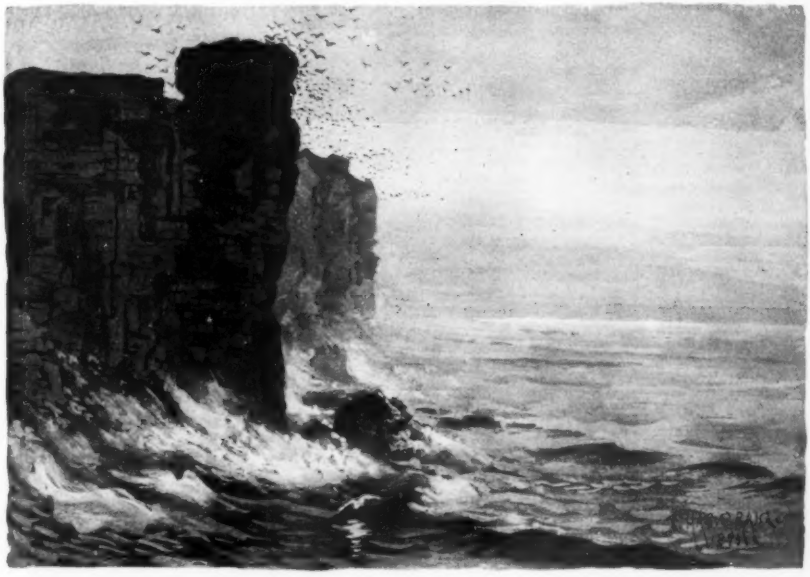
"It was a simple thing, of course,

to you and me who have known firearms all our lives, but to those simple Indians who had been immured for centuries in a lost mountain valley, it was nothing else than a miracle, and the people covered their faces in fear of me who could bring death by stretching forth my hand. They saw the fire leap from the revolver's mouth, and they believed that I could have killed them all with a wave of my hand. I noticed that while the war chief trembled like the others, his face was yet black with hatred, and I commanded him to stand before me. Slowly he took his place before my stone throne, and I said:

"'You, oh war chief, have harbored hatred of your king in your heart. It would be just if I should kill you as I have killed the fawn, but I am a merciful king, and your punishment shall be tempered with mercy. Instead of killing you I will place upon you an everlasting mark that shall warn others never to harbor hatred for the king. From now to the end of your life you shall carry the mark of the avenging fire of my wrath, and if ever again you shall show hatred for me, the fire that now enters your hand shall enter your heart, and you shall die and be accursed! Hold up your right hand!'

"The chief held up his hand, and all the time his face was ashen with the fear of the supernatural punishment. I took aim with the revolver, fired, and the bullet sped through his hand, leaving a hole in the palm. The people hid their faces in fear. Never before had their king shown his wrath in such a terrible way. But when they began to fear me they began to hate me, and I had sown the seeds for the ending of the reign of the masked king of Ulo. Again I spoke to the people and said:

"'Now, oh people of Ulo, return to your homes and your fields. Hunt in the Valley of the Beasts, say your prayers to the sun, but never again



"HIGH ROCK WALLS ROSE UP SHEER AT THE WATER'S EDGE"—

THE OPENING IN THE CLIFFS.

say one word in opposition to your sacred king. And remember that I have willed that Lo-Zeenah, the maid, remains with me.'

The people rose, when I had concluded, and bowing low before me left my presence in fear and trembling. Lo-Zeenah remained behind, gazing at me with her star-bright eyes. When the people were all gone she came before me.

"'Oh, king,' said she, 'you are merciful. The people reviled you and you did not kill them. You are merciful and just, and I, your daughter, revere you more than ever.'

"I took the maid with me, went through the stone door to my private

place, and talked much with her, not telling her that I was not really the Ulo king. She was a beautiful creature as she stood before me, and it was hard for me not to tell her of my love for her. Her mantle only half concealed the fair proportions of the wearer, her hair was loosed and fell in flowing profusion to her knees, and she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. I found her to be a maid of wondrous purity of mind. All her life had been passed in the narrow valley of Ulo, but she was as wise as many people who have roamed to the ends of the earth. I asked her why she had not loved the war chief, and she answered that he was a man who was no better than the brutes who roamed in the Valley of Beasts.

"With my photographic camera I made a picture of the girl and showed it to her.

"'Oh king,' said she, 'and am I then the one chosen to be the mother of a king? I, Lo-Zeenah, a simple maid of my people! Do you think that I may be good enough and pure enough so that this great thing can be? And may I go forth with the new tribe, go forth over the cliffs and the mountains and see the breadth of the beautiful land that was made by the great gods of Shi-pa-pu? Oh king, often have I sat in the valley and watched the birds fly over the cliffs, and I have longed to be free like them to roam at will over the beautiful earth. For the earth must be beautiful, as it was made by the gods. Never has my heart turned in love to a man as have the hearts of the other maids of our people, and sometimes I have feared that my longing for beauty and for a wider life might keep me from loving any man of Ulo, and I might go childless and loveless down to my grave.'

"Such was the speech of Lo-Zeenah. Do you wonder that I loved her more as I knew her more?

"At sundown I took the picture I had made and walked to the precipice that was at the end of my palace. Looking down into the valley through a hole in the rock I saw old men sitting in waiting for the image I had promised them. Standing back so they could not see me I threw the picture, and I looked through the hole in the stones to see it fall. The old men saw it as soon as it fell, and picking it up gazed upon it in wonder. Then they raised their voices and cried out:

"'Oh, people of Ulo, the words of the prophecy have been fulfilled! The sacred image has come from the gods, and Lo-Zeenah, the Beautiful Star of our nation, is chosen to be the mother of the unborn king! Oh, people of Ulo, Lo-Zeenah is the chosen one!'

"Then the people took up the cry, and as the sun went down I could hear them chanting, 'Lo-Zeenah is chosen! Lo-Zeenah, the beautiful, is the chosen one of Those Above!" And then I went back to my palace in the caverns to talk with Lo-Zeenah.

"I was but a youth, then, Señor. The hot blood of my young years was coursing in my veins, and it was hard for me not to clasp that fair girl in my arms and tell her all the tale of my love for her. But I feared the result, and I treated her as an old man might treat a little child. In time she and I came to know each other well. I told her that the religion of the Ulo was about to change, told her by degrees of the one true faith, and in time we came to know each other so well that I told her the blessed story of the Great Redeemer of the world, and I baptised her as a follower of the Nazarene. Then I removed the white mask from my face and stood before her as my true self. She gazed upon me first in fear, then in wonder, and then the soft light of love came into her beautiful eyes. I told her the true tale of how I came there. I told her all the story of my life. I showed her the hall where the dead kings lay. I explained to her the mystery of the revolver and of the picture and then I said:

"'Lo-Zeenah, sweet one, now you know me as I am. I am no god and no king. I am but a wayfaring youth whom fortune has sent to the strange land of your people. I came here seeking adventure; I found you and love, and now my future, my very life is in your hands, for a word from you will cause your people to fall upon me and take my life. But I love you, Lo-Zeenah, more than ever maid was loved.'

"She smiled, her soft arms went round my neck, her sweet lips pressed mine, and I knew that Lo-Zeenah loved me. The memory of that time abides with me to this day as the sweetest and best time that was ever in my life, and it will abide with me and cheer me even unto the time when I shall cross the dark valley of death.

"How we lived from then on I need not tell you. But to me the pearly vales of heaven could not have been a more blissful abode than were those stone caverns by the sea, where my loved one dwelt with me. We were young then, Señor. We had never loved before. Does not that tell you all? And as men may do in barbarian lands, I took her as my wife, intending to have the sacrament performed when we were where a priest could be found. Such marriages are recognized by our church.

"Lo-Zeenah listened in wonder to the tales I told her of the places in the world that lay outside of the lost valley where her life had been lived. She was glad when I told her I would take her to those places, and she entered into plans with me to convert the people of Ulo to Christianity, and then to go to Mexico together to live. In time I told the people something of the new creed, and, while they greatly feared me and my mysterious power, they were so angered that they stoned me. I tried for many days to teach them but their anger grew worse. In time they tried to kill me, and I was compelled to retreat to the inner palace and barricade the passage.

"Then the Ulos, who had a hatred for everyone, even their king, who tried to profane the old religion, sought to come upon us by climbing into the caverns. The war chief succeeded in reaching the passage that led from the palace to the sea. He found my fish line and tore it up, and then he entered the palace. His leer-

"IN ALL PARTS OF THE CAVERN WERE HUMAN FIGURES."

ing face had no sooner come inside the palace than a bullet entered his brain, and he fell dead before us. Then were we prisoners; a savage race on one side, a maze of winding passages on the other. But in spite of our danger we were happy, so great is the power of love to lighten the dark places of life.

"One day we were planning of the life we would lead in far away Mexico, and wondering if we should succeed in finding our way to the sea, when we heard a muffled beating at one of the inner doors of the palace. I had heard the same sound in the old king's lifetime, and knew it was made by the snake, but I feared to admit it as Lo-Zeenah might be afraid. I told her what it was, and she said:

"'My loved one, is not the snake one of God's creatures, the same as you and I? I would not fear anything that God has made. The snake may not be so beautiful as the birds or the fawns or the flowers, but it came from the wisdom of the great father of wisdom, and we should love it and not fear it.'

"I opened the stone door and admitted the snake. I was masked, and it did not know me from the old king who was dead. It wound its slimy folds about me and reared its grisly head high in the air. Then it saw Lo-Zeenah, the first unmasked person it had seen for long years, and a hiss came from its mouth. It quickly unwound itself from me, it reared its horny head high in the air, and before either of us comprehended what it might do, it struck Lo-Zeenah a mighty blow full in the face, struck her and bit her as it struck, and she fell back dying from its poison! I clasped her in my arms—I besought her to live for my sake—I wept tears of the most bitter grief over her—but she was doomed, and I could not save her. She drew my head down to her soft bosom; she pressed sweet kisses to my lips, and then she died in my arms with a sweeter smile on her face than I ever saw on the face of any woman. All the time the ghastly snake reared its ugly head high in the air, coiling and uncoiling the slimy folds of its body, and sending forth shrill hisses that made my blood run cold. All the world had grown dark to me, the caverns of Ulo seemed to me like the caverns of Purgatory; all the brightness had gone from my life, and I prayed that merciful death might come to me there by the side of my dead loved one.

"When my grief had somewhat spent itself, I arose and struck the snake on the head with my hand. I hoped that I might anger it so that it would bite me, but it cowered and slunk in fear. In some older time a masked man had conquered that terrible reptile, and it still feared the power of the mask. I trampled it and struck it with rocks, but the more I beat it the more it cowered in fear. Then I took my revolver and tried to kill it, but the bullets fell harmless against its thick hide.

"I took the body of Lo-Zeenah and embalmed it, and placed it in the chamber of the dead kings. There it lies to this day, the most beautiful thing that is hidden from the sight of the world. Then I strove to make my escape, and I greatly missed the guidance of the line. I wandered for hours in the caverns and passages, and at last, worn out with weariness and despair, I found my way back to the palace, that place where I had known so much joy, and where I had known grief that was blacker than the gloom of the grave. The snake was still in the palace, lying prone on the stone floor, and its tongue hanging out as though from thirst. Its thirst for salt water would have sent it back to its own cave, but the stone door through which it should have gone was closed. My grief was so great that I paid but little heed to the snake, and I was worn out at last, and lay down and slept for hours. When I awoke I saw the snake still lying where it had been.

"I feared that I would never find

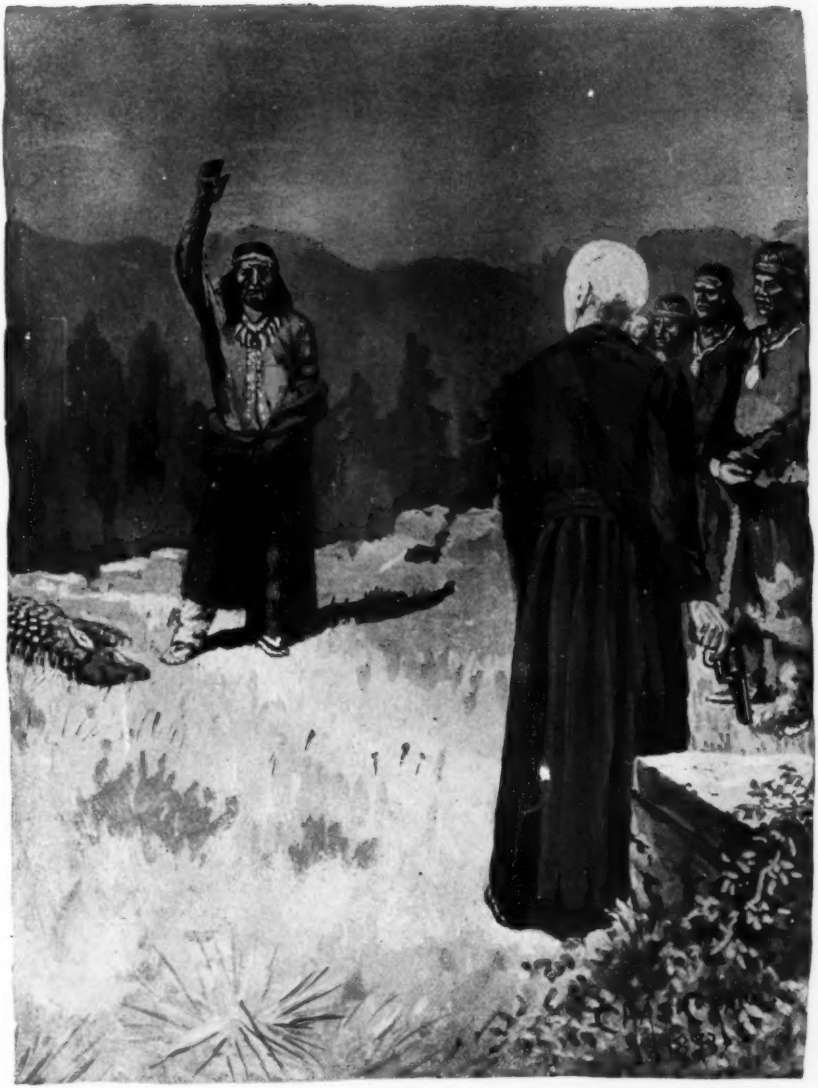
my way out of the caverns, and that I was doomed to die there alone under the earth. Some of the people of Ulo knew the windings of the passages, but I dared not go to them. As I was pondering on my hard fate, I saw the snake raise its head and move it from side to side as though seeking something. A thought struck me, and I believed that the snake might be made to lead me to the sea. I had a jar full of salt water that I had used for bathing, and I took it and held it before the snake's head. The snake seemed almost dead, but the smell of the salt water animated it; it reared its head high, and emitted a sound that was almost like a groan. Again I held the salt water to its head, and then as I moved away it followed me until I set the water down. By carrying the water I led the snake to the mouth of the passage that led to the sea, and then I threw the water as far down the passageway as I could.

"Old memories that had lain dormant for years seemed to be revived in the snake. It reared its head until it struck the top of the cavern, and gave vent to almost human groans; then it dropped its head to the earth, raised its tail as a snake does when it runs, and with a shrill cry started off down the passage. I believed that some old king, long years before, had captured that snake from the sea and brought it through that passageway, and I believed that it would find its way back. I grasped its horny tail in my hands as it crawled, and I followed it through the dark passages that were dripping with water that had soaked through from the mountain tops.

"Slowly the snake crawled along. It paid no heed to me, although I clung to its tail, and constantly gave vent to moans and cries that were almost human. Sometimes it stopped as though puzzled, and then it went on again, winding its way through the mazy tunnels. Once it stopped and remained still for a long time, and I almost despaired, for I thought I should be lost and should die—I and that ghastly thing, hidden deep in the bowels of the mountains. Then the snake went on again, slowly at first, then faster, then haltingly again, until we turned a sharp corner of the passage, and a faint smell of the sea came to my nostrils. The snake smelled it too; it reared its head, a loud cry came from it, and then with the speed of a race horse it sped down the passageway. It had smelled the sea, the scent of its native element had come to it, and its age and weakness seemed to fade away as a mist fades before the sun. It sped onward so rapidly that I was almost thrown from my feet, but I clung to it, and as we ran the smell of the sea water became plainer and plainer. Soon the passage became light, the wind from outside blew in my face, and then with the speed of the wind the snake drew me forth from the caverns and I stood once more by the side of the little bay where my boat was moored. There again was the beautiful sky that I had seen but once in months; there was the blue water of the bay sparkling in the sunlight, and beyond the stone walls of the cliffs I could hear the surf beating upon the rocks. It would have been a glad time to me if it had not been for the sad memories of the beautiful one I had loved and won and lost in the hideous caverns of Ulo.

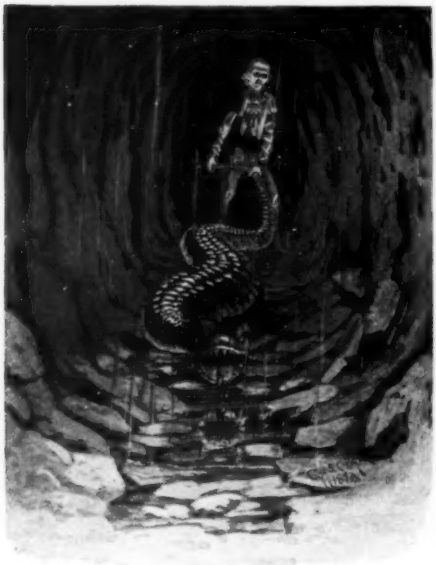
"When we came to the salt water the snake was like a thing demented. It twisted its huge body in hideous coils, it wound itself and then unwound, it reared itself upward until it seemed to stand on its tail, and then with a shrill cry it leaped off the bank and threw itself into the water. It shrieked as it struck the water, it dived and rose again, it laved its body, and then with a long, shrill, almost human cry it raised its head, as a snake does when it swims, and it sped away through the rocky pass to the broad ocean, and I saw it no more.

"I remember that hideous snake almost as though it were human. It



"THE BULLET SPED THROUGH HIS HAND, LEAVING A HOLE IN THE PALM."

both loved and feared the old Ulo king, and it feared and loved me because I seemed like him. It was a prisoner, and a prisoner had been for how long no man can tell. It had been stolen from the ocean, had been imprisoned in the rock caves of Ulo, and it seemed to me that it had held a hatred for all things but the priest,



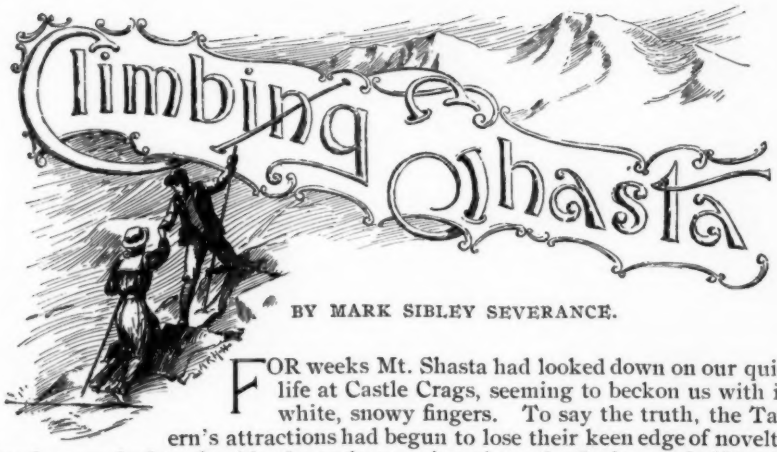
"I GRASPED ITS HORNED TAIL AND FOLLOWED IT."

hated them because it was a prisoner. It had killed Lo-Zeenah, but it would not kill me who courted death from it, and it had saved my life by leading me down the mazy passages to the sea. If it had not been for that snake I might now have Lo-Zeenah for my wife, and if it had not been for it, too, my bones might now be rotting in the caves of Ulo. It was one of God's creatures, and it must have been created for some good use. *Quien sabe?*

"That is about all of my tale, Señor. I found my boat as I had left it; I unmoored it, steered it through the rocky pass, and set sail in the open ocean. Within a day I was sighted by a small sailing vessel that ran between the Isthmus and San Francisco. The ship took me on board; its men jeered at the tale I told them and called me crazy, and the ship landed me in San Francisco. I returned to Mexico, and after a time I went again to strive to find the rockbound bay that leads to the Valley of Ulo. I could not find it, and I do not believe that any man after me will ever find the lost tribe of Ulo. It is well, too, for people like us not to find them, for they are a heathen people who hold a hatred for everything outside of their own lost valley. But they are not a bad people, else how could one so pure and good as my lost Lo-Zeenah have been reared among them? I suppose they found out long ago that the masked king was gone, and I think they may have a new king, for heathen minds can always find something to worship."

The town of San Marcial slept on in the moonlight. The Mescaleros lay motionless under the cottonwood trees, and the kronking of a tree frog was the only sound. The Mexican sat in silence for a while, his face buried in his hands; then he raised his head and said:

"Is not the night beautiful, Señor? There is much trouble and bitterness and sorrow and suffering upon the earth, but God is over all, and the world is very fair if our eyes are not too blinded to see its beauties."




BY MARK SIBLEY SEVERANCE.

FOR weeks Mt. Shasta had looked down on our quiet life at Castle Crags, seeming to beckon us with its white, snowy fingers. To say the truth, the Tavern's attractions had begun to lose their keen edge of novelty. For days we had trudged in the early morning air to the Springs, a half a mile away, for our ante-prandial quantum of soda water. We had climbed the rough sides of Castle Crags, from which the Tavern takes its name, a bold, serrated ridge, standing directly in front of the Tavern and rising some 4,000 feet above it. Then, as we clambered on hands and feet to a safe resting place among the jagged crests of the ridge, and flashed back with a mirror to our friends at the Tavern, there stood Shasta again, towering above us, twenty miles away. We had toiled one long half-day up a blind trail to the summit of Castle View, a scantily wooded ridge rising directly back of the Tavern, about equally high with the Crags, and so named because of the superb, comprehensive view which it affords of the Crags; and again Shasta hung in mid-air, dominating all the landscape to the northward.

We had talked law with the learned Judges from California and Oregon. We had ridden the burros with the babies. We had plunged in the cool pool. We had explored the pine-covered trails on every side. We had swung half asleep in the hammock at "The Cottage," while through the open windows we listened to the sweet-voiced reader within, beguiling the warm afternoons for her coterie of friends, but with the vision of Shasta always before us, we felt a sort of incompleteness in everything. We sighed for other worlds to conquer.

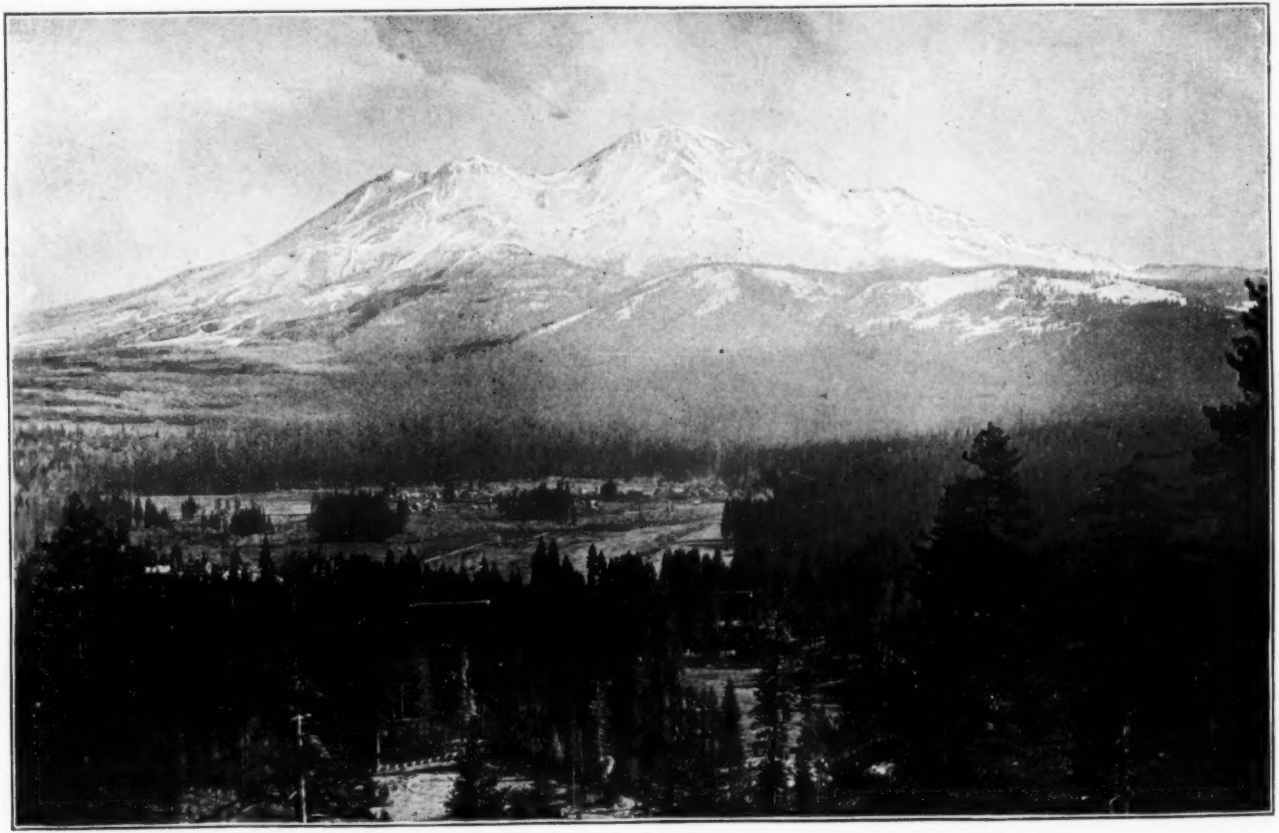
CASTLE CRAGS.

Placid dowagers, rocking themselves industriously on the broad piazzas, lifted their eyebrows at the idea of ladies reaching the top of Shasta. One doubting Scotchman had even questioned their ability to

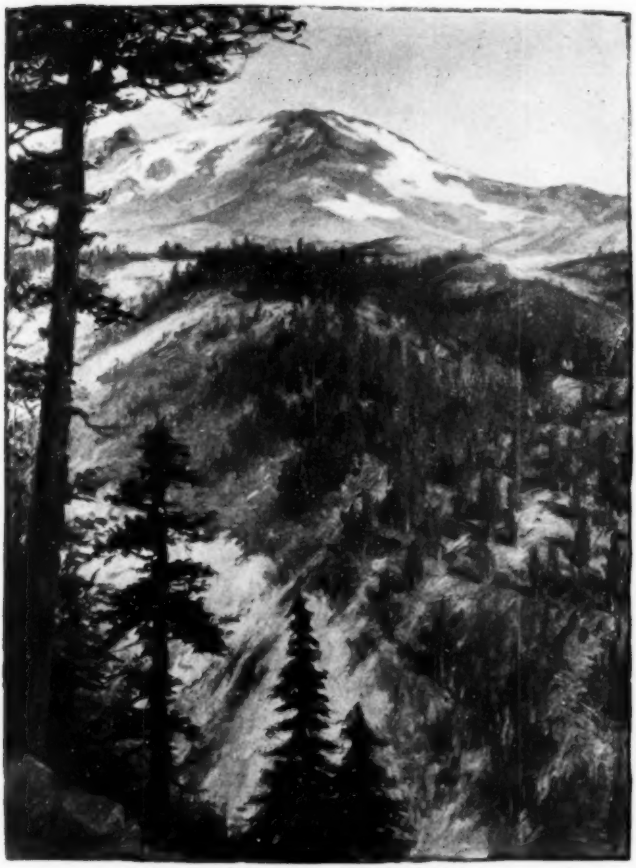
THE TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAGS.

climb the Crags, but had they not accomplished it? Anxious mammas feared for their offspring on such a trip, but when a particularly enthusiastic young girl appeared, fresh from her camp life at Butte Creek, her earlier, breezy sojourn in Colorado, with an occasional spin up Pike's Peak as an appetizer, and began to recount her exploits, the die was cast; enthusiasm was at fever heat, and the next day we started. Our party was six: four gentlemen and two ladies, but we had no side-saddles. Our ages varied from nineteen to forty-eight; our weights from one hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and ninety-seven. We had two guides, and in addition to our eight saddle-animals, we had three pack-animals, laden with camp equipage, blankets and food for man and beast, so that all told we were eight people and eleven animals, probably the largest party that has ever attempted Shasta.

There are but three well known ways of climbing Shasta. An old trail from the northward, by way of the crater, is now abandoned; another, the shortest way and that usually taken by climbers, is almost a direct line from Sisson's to the summit. By this route, the party leaves Sisson's at noon, rides ten or twelve miles to the edge of the timber line to "Timber Camp," spends the night, starts at some early hour next morning, rides another mile up to "Horse Camp," where the horses are tied to rocks, and the ascent on foot is begun. The distance to be walked over rocks, snow and glaciers, is said to be about five miles, and with ordinary luck, a party can reach the summit, return to "Horse Camp," and "Timber Camp," and on to Sisson's by nightfall—the round trip consuming about thirty-six hours. It is by this route that at a proper season of the year, the exhilarating sack-slide is made on the snow. The truth-loving guides decline to state the precise velocity with which the descent of half a mile is made, but we were assured at the Tavern that it is quite rapid enough.



MOUNT SHASTA FROM THE SCOTT MOUNTAINS, SHASTA CO., CAL.



SHASTA FROM MUD CREEK CAÑON.

The third way—that taken by our party—occupies three days for the round trip. You leave Sisson's at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and climb the southern base of the mountains until you are nearly, if not quite one-fourth the way around it. Then you camp 10,000 feet above the sea and at the edge of timber about twenty miles from Sisson's, ride about five miles next day up the steep south-east slope, tie your animal to "Lunch Rock," climb on foot a mythical distance to the summit (said to be a half mile, but by any known lowland measurement probably a mile and a half), return to "Lunch Rock" and your camp by evening, camp another night, and the third day return to Sisson's easily.

This third route is but little known. We could find but one man in the country, Edward Stewart of Sisson's, who had traversed it. For several years he was connected with the United States Goedetic Survey, and has been four or five times up the mountains this way. Previous to our expedition four ladies only had ever tried to reach the summit by this route, and of these

but two succeeded. Mr. Stewart was their guide, and in spite of much exertion, coaxing and mild bullying he could not prevail upon the other two to persevere to the summit. Mr. Stewart had not been up the mountains since 1891, but he appeared to know the way so well and have such confidence in his ability to take us to the top, that we had little hesitation in trusting ourselves to his guidance.

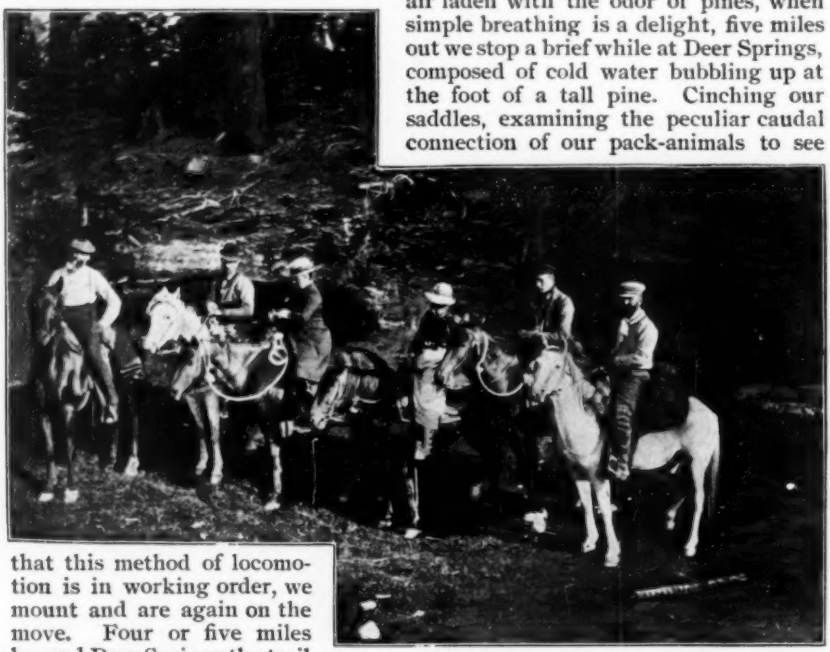
Our other guide was Wickham, another most trustworthy, energetic and capable man. He had been some twenty-five times up the short way, but had never tried the three-days' route, and was glad of the present opportunity. The two made a strong combination—sturdy, vigorous, cheerful, used to climbing in high altitudes, and withal as good woodsmen as ever packed an *aparejo* or threw a leg over a cayuse. If anybody who reads these lines shall ever attempt the ascent of Shasta, Wickham or Stewart will be found in every way satisfactory as guides. They have quiet, unruffled tempers, their only weakness consisting in their inability to estimate a mountain mile correctly when it stands on end.

At nine o'clock, on the morning of September 6th, 1892, followed by a mythical shower of rice and old shoes, we left Sisson's Hotel, under a bright, cloudless, blue sky such as California alone grants to her mountaineers. We had come up from Castle Crags the day before to look after various details, select saddles and hobnail shoes, and otherwise prepare for our brief blanket-life. Passing through the town of Sisson, with our long cavalcade, the three pack-animals tied together by their tails, our ladies with difficulty distinguishable from the men because

CASTLE CRAGS FROM THE RIVER.

of their mode of riding, we were a target for the local small boy's wit, which we endured with an equanimity tempered by the feeling that these urchins' voices were probably the last human sounds, outside of our own party, which we were to hear for three long days.

Immediately on leaving the rough, mountain town, we plunged into a pine forest through which we rode substantially all day. Crossing and recrossing lagging roads for several miles, we at last entered a narrow trail, a common trail for the two routes up Shasta. At every step climbing up, up, through air laden with the odor of pines, when simple breathing is a delight, five miles out we stop a brief while at Deer Springs, composed of cold water bubbling up at the foot of a tall pine. Cinching our saddles, examining the peculiar caudal connection of our pack-animals to see that this method of locomotion is in working order, we mount and are again on the move. Four or five miles beyond Deer Springs the trail is very steep. There is not a dangerous spot, but this distance is largely made up of steep, rocky trails, where the animals, in the continually rarefying air, are unable to make more than a few feet before stopping to blow.



THE CAMP—READY FOR FINAL ASCENT.

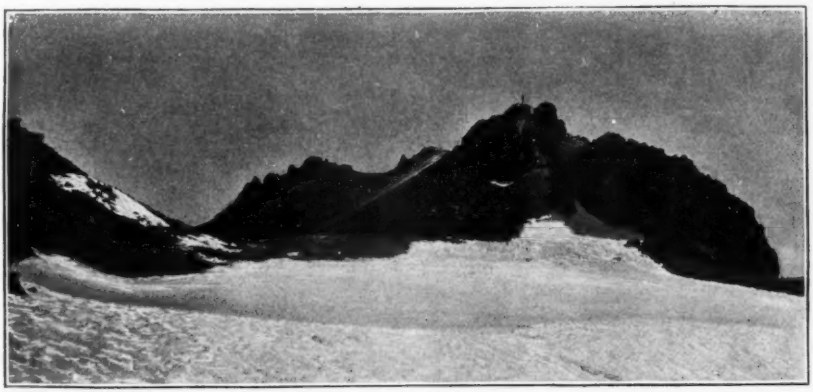
The Devil's Garden is passed—a spot made up as might be imagined of rough, unshapen masses of rocks, twisted lava, gnarled trees and burnt undergrowth, all of which is supposed to be congenial stamping ground for his Satanic Majesty. About five miles from Deer Springs, we come to a broad, comparatively level mesa, strewn with pumice, where we leave the trail. The trail from here continues about due east toward "Timber Camp" and "Horse Camp" above mentioned, while we leave all trails behind us and turn southeast. We are now about 8,000 feet above the sea, Sisson's being 3,555, and Castle Crags 1,943 feet. We have an elevation of 14,442 feet to attain before we reach the summit; can we do it?

For some three miles we ride along the undulating mesa, now in and now out of timber. The horses crop the mountain grass, apparently a species of bunch-grass, which grows profusely in the open spaces in the forest. The

HEAD OF MUD CREEK GLACIER.

caudal linking of the pack-animals render this a difficult operation for them, but they nevertheless attempt it, with many a spasmodic jerk and sudden straightening of tail. We are already high above the Crags, which we had mounted with so much exultation a few days before. The whole rugged body of Shasta, with its torn mantle of snow, lies to our left, in plain view. We seem to be, in fact actually are, sparring to get an opening, swinging around its gigantic base to reach the only ridge up which horses can approach near to its crest. It is a delight to ride light-hearted and joyous through these pine-scented stretches of mesa. Every quality of song bursts from one end to the other of our long cavalcade, ranging from shrill treble to rumbling bass. It is a potpourri of harmony. No wonder the astonished deer flies incontinently as we approach with this wild medley of song. And our dear doctor, traveling at every step farther and farther from his little fractional family at the tavern—how touching, how sad comes every now and then his wild lament, sung in any convenient key, for his *gute kleine frau und Ottolein*. Would he ever see them again?

About thirteen miles from Sisson, with the Grey Butte to our right, we stop for lunch at Panther Creek. It is now two o'clock. The animals charge frantically at the little dashing creek, seeing a beautiful growth of green grass, knee-high. It proves to be wild onions, which they spurn, but which take a sweet revenge by perfuming the whole party with their pungent odor. After resting an hour in this bed of onions, shaded with tall trees, we take up our line of march. A spirit of humanity or convenience possesses our guides—they attempt to



SUMMIT OF SHASTA AND HEAD OF WHITNEY GLACIER.

dispense with the link-tail connection between the pack-animals. Numerous side excursions on the part of "Old Roany," who has never been packed before, and numerous pursuits by the entire body of horsemen, show the impossibility of keeping the packs in line this way, and their tails are again tied affectionately together.

forest, where several deer are again started, and about three miles from Panther Creek strike Squaw Creek, another beautiful, little ice-cold stream, bursting from the hillside but a short distance above us. We all drink copiously of this clear water. It is the last water we will find before reaching our camp, still four miles

PARTY ON THE SUMMIT.

Again up and down steep, rocky trails, passing the Grey Butte, we turn to the left in our circumnavigation, and enter a wild, rocky region, directly under a huge snow-field on the mountain, with scarcely a tree in sight. Huge bowlders and immense fragments of cliff have been thrown down from our right, and lie along our path. The party is here, as usual, in single file. Herr Doctor and I bring up the rear, and catch sight of the long cavalcade winding ahead, the packs and the guides, while the red blouses of the ladies add an Indian coloring to the gray scene.

Through "The Gate," a broad pathway between immense cliffs of barren rock, we plunge once more into the away. We have been nearly eight hours in the saddle.

Until now, there has been literally no danger in our path, no more than would be expected on a fair mountain trail. But I cannot say as much of the last mile or two before reaching our camp on Mud Creek. Here the trail is peculiarly steep and dangerous. I say trail, but there was no trail until our worthy guide, Stewart, had led the way with his fine mountain horse, and our party had followed in his wake. We stop on the brink of a deep cañon and look down. Over there among those last pines between the snow is our camp, our camp that is to be, if we can reach the spot. Can it be that we are to descend into

that deep, precipitous chasm and mount that seemingly insurmountable opposite before we can call a halt? We can almost send a rifle shot across, yet it will take us an hour to make the distance on horseback. There is but one place for miles where the crossing of Mud Creek can be made. Above us towards the mountains is a steep precipice, both sides being nearly perpendicular and with no place for a horse to get footing. Below, it is almost equally bad. Here, just where a little stream of clear water joins the discolored Mud Creek, is the only passable place.

After a careful looking at cinches, and a few laments for the "*gute kleine frau*," we boldly plunge down. It is nearly sundown, a forbidding time to make such a descent. Down a steep bank, in long, diagonal lines, where the animals can hardly stand; over smooth, treacherous rocks partly covered with vines and undergrowth, when the slightest misstep means a broken leg or worse; down into the rough boulders of the stream; across its swirling, muddy current; across its clear little confluent stream; then, the worst climb of the day, up the steep bank, where riding is out of the question, and everybody is on foot. A balky pack-animal pulls backward, at nearly the top of the steep grade, severs the caudal connection with the horse ahead and comes rolling down hill, to the eminent danger of the three of us immediately behind him. Up, up, in the gathering darkness; over logs, along narrow "hog-tracks," until we finally hear, at 7:30 in the evening, the welcome cry of "Camp!" and find ourselves in a little grassy plat by the side of the little clear-water stream, under the shadows of the scattering pines, at the upper edge of timber line. We are said by our guide, Stewart, to be some 10,000 feet above the sea. We have been in the saddle nine and a half hours, not including our stop for lunch. We are supposed to have come about twenty miles. Everyone is in good form.

The camp is an ideal spot. A little grassy plat furnishes grateful green food for our tired horses. The pines shelter us on the east, and a steep bank across the noisy little brook on the west. To the northward the whole bold outline of Shasta rises before us—large snow fields, glaciers, the steep incline up which we are to climb to-morrow, all in plain view, but not the very summit. I have camped in many places—in the backwoods of Maine, on shaggy Lake Umbago, on the beautiful Upper Potomac, for months in the wilds of Utah and Arizona and Montana, and often in more accessible places, but I think I have never before rolled my blanket in a spot more picturesque and imposing, or with a party more cheerful and harmonious. The full moon rises over the pines. The horses are whinnying for their grain as they stand tied to the tree just below, camp-saddles and packs by their side. The crackling camp-fire, piled five feet high with pine logs, lights up the rough mountaineer's dinner which we are presently devouring with a mountaineer's appetite. Shasta, with its white snow fields, takes on a new beauty and an unnatural brightness under the full light of the moon.

Ah! that camp-fire! The delicious languor, as we lay on our blankets after dinner, toasting our toes, telling stories, and looking into the fascinating flames! How we pitied the poor lowlanders at the Tavern, breathing the heavy air of 2,000 feet, while we are drinking the pine champagne of the 10,000 feet upper vintage. Now and then we toss a huge log on the fire and bestow on each other those brevet titles which come so naturally to the free-hearted, amateur mountaineer. With his Tam O'Shanter drawn far down over his ears, thinking of his "*kleine frau*" is the Hungarian Doctor, happy as a freshly liberated bird to be free of his thronged office for a brief while. He has never slept on the ground before, and never before climbed a peak approaching Shasta.

In the Austrian Alps he has had in early youth, considerable experience in mountain climbing, however. And there, next to the Doctor, chaffing him on his picturesque appearance and on his promise to dance his native Hungarian *csardas* for us, if he ever reaches the summit, there is the Chaperon, our female Napoleon, so dubbed from some fancied resemblance to the stout, little corporal, as she sat her horse. She, too, had never sat on the ground before, or sat around a merry camp-fire, poor thing! But in the Swiss Alps, in days before she resembled the stout little corporal, she had climbed the Pitz Languard and other peaks, and later, a stiff peak or two in the Sierra Nevadas—would she with her late attack of inflammatory rheumatism, whose effects had not yet left her, would she ever reach the summit to witness the dancing of the *csardas?* It seemed doubtful to those who did not know her Napoleonic pluck, and it also seemed doubtful if there would be any dancing of the *csardas*.

There is the Young Merchant from one of the largest San Francisco houses, who by a strange coincidence, had also been a climber of the Pitz Languard in earlier days. By another coincidence, his brother had been the first to carry an amateur's Kodak to the summit of Shasta, several years before, with one of the guides who is now with us. It was quite fitting that he should follow his brother's example and again carry to the summit a Kodak, whose results will be found in the illustrations of this article.

There, too, leaning against a huge pine tree and gazing abstractedly into the fire, is The Baby, so called, but stoutest in frame of any of us, and consequently sometimes addressed by us as The Athlete. He, by another coincidence, was on the 7th of September climbing to the peak of Shasta, while his former boxing teacher, Corbett, was on the same day fighting his way to another summit of glory in New Orleans; and so, again, our "Baby" was often addressed with considerable respect as "Corbett Jr." And there, brown as a berry and fresh as a lark after the long day's ride, sits the "Glorious Girl," all unconscious of her own picturesqueness. All day long she sat her horse like a centaur, and now, fresher than any of us, she is enlivening the group with stories of her life at Butte Camp, her long rides over the Colorado plains, and her beloved horses and dogs. She is to teach us a good lesson to-morrow.

There is the "Capitano," so named from some trivial supervision of the details of the trip, who was later by a rising vote in the saddle, promoted to a colonelcy for bravery in the field! The rest of us are old campaigners who have climbed many peaks in both hemispheres, and have many a time fallen asleep with our toes to a slumbering camp fire.

But there is a long day of work before us to-morrow. The "Capitano" counsels blankets, and soon, with the light, night wind rustling through the pines and the little brook making music not twenty feet away, rolled in innumerable blankets, the sky for our tent, we fall into fitful sleep. And the moon is full. Five o'clock in the grey morning, and the guides are rousing us. There is to be no boy's play to-day. At six, we have breakfasted lightly, a heavy meal not being recommended by our guide, and we are in the saddle.

Few of our animals, if any, have ever been in such high altitudes. For a couple of miles we go almost directly towards the summit, with frequent short zigzags. The soil is a light, disintegrated lava. The horses sink six to ten inches at every step. They puff most distressingly.

About two miles from camp, we stop almost on the eastern edge of Mud Creek Cañon, looking hundreds of feet down on Mud Creek glacier. We can hear the water running under the glacier. The glacier extends far up towards the top of the mountain. The

U. S. GOVERNMENT TOWER ON THE SUMMIT.

guides roll boulders down into the cañon and the echo reverberates for a long while among the rocky cliffs. We move on, swinging around again to the eastward. For a couple of miles the ascent is not so steep as before. We ride in long diagonals, gradually creeping upwards. There is actually no danger at all if one is a fair horseman, though some of us begin to feel a little dizzy and light-headed, not liking to look at distant scenery or down the steep inclines along which we are moving.

After a couple of miles we have approached nearly to the Ash Creek glacier. The ascent has become very steep, the horses puff and blow, and we can feel their hearts beating like trip-hammers between our knees. We move now in shorter zigzag courses, holding on to our horses' manes and leaning well forward. With frequent stops, and after much puffing and snorting, we arrive at Lunch Rock, a little before eleven o'clock, having started at six. Some idea of the nature of this climb of perhaps five miles, may be had from the length of time consumed. The "Capitano's" horse proved the worst of the party, puffing and blowing as if he were going to burst. He is largely responsible for the slow time.

Quickly dismounting at Lunch Rock, a huge, yellow sandstone rock, rounded to the semblance of a lunch table, we tie our horses and are ready for the climb on foot. We have not gone far before we find our hearts beating at the rate of one hundred and twenty a minute. It is the only inconvenience we feel. We cannot climb twenty feet without feeling the tremendous heart-beating, which occasions a terrible weakness, not to say alarm.

For a half mile, the climb is at an angle of quite forty-five degrees. Mr. Gilbert, my old confrere on a Government exploring party, is said by the guide Stewart to have taken two mules to the summit by this route. By a unanimous vote, we decide that they must have been a winged species.

After a while the ascent becomes less steep and rocky. We again strike the soft pulverized lava. The feet sink into it, but with careful placing it is easier walking than over the jagged, rocky cliff which we have just passed. An indignation meeting is held, called to order by "Herr Doctor." Present—"Herr Doctor" and "El Capitano." "It is an outrage; it is a burning shame. Old man Sisson stating that we can ride within half a mile of the summit. Here we have been walking for two hours or more. We will publish it. We will blazon it far and wide. It is two miles if it is a step!" Such was the resolution moved by one, seconded by the other, and unanimously carried, as we stood in the lava rock, overlooking Ash Creek glacier.

Meanwhile the great "Napoleon" is moving steadily upwards, aided by the guides. It is fearful climbing with those rheumatic knees. The "Glorious Girl" and the two young men have forged ahead. There is no danger of missing the way. The summit, with its iron beacon, is now in plain sight. We hear a shout above us. It is a party of three, who had left us yesterday at the parting of the trail, ten miles out of Sisson's, and had come up the short way. They have gained the summit, and are waving and shouting to us. Presently another and a shriller shout, and we recognize the "Young Merchant," who has also reached the top and is calling. Soon afterwards the "Glorious Girl" and the "Baby" appear

at the summit. The rest of us, mothers and fathers of families, who should perhaps have known better than to be on such a trip, are toiling laboriously upward.

We skirt the upper edge of Ash Creek Glacier, which tends southeast. We leave Mud Creek Glacier to our left; it extends southward. We walk a hundred feet or more over the upper end of the great Whitney Glacier; it has a general westerly course. This is the only snow walking of our entire trip. We are surrounded by snow-fields, which are permanent, but until striking the Whitney Glacier, we have been clambering over a rocky, lava ridge which runs between Mud Creek and Ash Creek Glaciers. We have consequently had no difficulty from snow-blindness, a common trouble in the shorter route.

The "*gute kleine frau*" seems farther away than ever. Our little "Napoleon" is pushing pluckily upwards between the two guides. Directly over the upper end of the Whitney Glacier stands the summit, rising sheer and forbidding, a couple of hundred feet, surmounted by the iron tower. A cry of "Bring up that lunch! Quick!" comes down to us. But it is a long time before we make the circuit of that precipitous pile, clamber on hands and knees up the last hundred feet of broken rock and sliding, slippery soil and join the others above. A Harvard cheer goes up, for there—encouraging the two young men and bracing them with the fumes of ammonia from a small phial—there is the "Glorious Girl," covered with a capacious "sweater," with the dear old "H" in huge proportions on its front. I wonder how many Harvard cheers have gone up from the top of Shasta? Not many, I conceive.

The summit is a narrow, rocky, jagged ridge, except on the western end, where it broadens somewhat into a shelf, the site of the monument. We throw ourselves, exhausted and famished, on the rocks. The Kodak is unstrapped and several pictures taken. We have packed a mirror all the way from Sisson's, a mirror about ten by six inches in size, in order, if possible, to flash back to the Tavern of Castle Crags. It is strapped to a board, slightly larger than itself, and the whole wrapped in a gunny-sack. We unroll it and try to signal to our friends, some twenty miles away in a direct line. There is a slight haze over the Tavern. It is three o'clock. Our friends, we are afterwards told, have waited patiently for hours on the banks of the Sacramento, above Castle Crags, expecting our signal by one o'clock at the latest. They have given us up, and our signalling avails nothing.

We take a slight lunch of crackers, cheese and cold tea. We have two or three small flasks of whisky but by the advice of our guide we do not use it on account of the high altitude. We register our names in the well-worn book kept in the stout box in the tin-covered cache. The guides are pointing out the distant Lava Beds, where the Modoc war was fought, the winding McCloud, Sisson's, in plain view, Lasser Peak, the only prominent peak in sight because of the light haze on the horizon, and there—but what is this?

A terrific war-whoop is heard. We start, full of apprehension that some one has lost his senses in the upper air. But no; there on the narrow edge of rock, shouting a wild refrain, in as loud a voice as a pulse of 120 will allow — there is our dear Doctor, dancing the Hungarian *csardas*, with his legs and arms in every conceivable position, whirling a bottle in the air, and finally throwing it on the rocks below where it crashes in a thousand pieces! Whatever may be said of the Harvard cheer, I think I am quite safe in my assertion that this is the first time in the memory of man, that the Hungarian *csardas* has been danced on the top of Shasta, 14,442 feet above the level of the sea.

What are our sensations so far up

towards the vault of Heaven? For one thing we are peculiarly light-headed. Several are more or less nauseated, in spite of frugal meals; all, including the guides (who say it is their usual experience) have the most excruciating headaches. It is as though a vise were clamped tight across one's forehead, but it quickly wears away when we descend to lower altitudes.

And now the light is waning. The mountain begins to cast its long, pyramidal shadow to the eastward, and we have a long descent to make to the camp. We are not scientific. We are not topographers. We have no glacial theories to study. We are not especially charmed with the view from the summit—far and wide over a mountainous country, unrelieved with water—a view not to be compared to that of Shasta from the surrounding country, looking upward. So we do not linger long on top. There is no wind. The thermometer shows about 56°. We return by way of the Hot Springs, a most remarkable exhibition of Nature's forces—a boiling spring, hot enough to cook an egg in four minutes, bursting forth in hissing jets, not 200 feet away from the Whitney Glacier, and on a little open mesa slightly lower than the upper end of the glacier. We recross this glacier, the weary "Napoleon" distinguishing herself by falling into a crevasse up to her waist. We fairly fly down as compared with our ascent, and reach Lunch Rock at half after five in the afternoon, having left the summit at four. We find our patient animals tied as we left them.

Down, down, down, without a pause for breath, and our descent is accomplished in three and a half hours. Again the roaring camp-fire and the rough *al fresco* meal. Many of us are too exhausted to eat, and no *Capitano* is needed to counsel early blankets; We curl up in them around the waning fire! Only one uneasy spirit flits back and forth, replenishing the fire, as the rest of us enjoy our slumbers by the edge of the gently waving pines.

Another early call, another light breakfast, another wild scramble up and down the Mud Creek Cañon, another long day in the saddle, and at four o'clock, dusty, grimy and rather scornfully and suspiciously eyed by our friends who have come thus far to greet us, we gallop into Sisson's with a brave show of exuberant spirits but with many a rent in our garments.

"Does it pay?" is the first question asked us by the utilitarians at the Tavern. Probably not for you, pudgy clubman, nodding in your cozy corner, with a convenient bell at your elbow; nor for you, snug note-shaver, who would be lost if you did not feel the old familiar pavement under your feet. Probably, not for our delightful dowagers, rocking away on the Tavern's piazzas, or for any and all of the stout-waisted gentry who stick by the beaten path and would scorn the breezy hilltops.

Certainly it paid our stout-hearted little party, as it will pay anyone whose heart and breathing apparatus are in normal condition, who can sit a horse all day, who is not afraid of dizzy heights and treacherous trails, and above all, who does not expect Delmonico's on the mountain slopes, or a hotel mattress under his blankets.

William Blake.

# WILLIAM BLAKE.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

With a thousand angels upon the wind—

THERE, and so accompanied rode Blake, the mystic, from childhood to the end of his three-score and ten. The poem entitled "Verses," from which this line is taken, opens with couplets that fitly introduce the singer so strange in equipment and method, standing well toward the front among the defiant forces, the insoluble phenomena:—

**With happiness stretched across the hills**
**In a cloud that dewy sweetness distils,**
**With a blue sky spread over with wings,**
**And a mild sun that mounts and sings;**
**With trees and fields full of fairy elves,**
**And little devils who fight for themselves,**
**Remembering the verses that Hayley sung**
**When my heart knocked against the root of my tongue,**
**With angels planted in hawthorn bowers,**
**And God himself in the passing hours;**
**With silver angels across my way,**
**And golden demons that none can stay.**

We are swung at once into midair, and the natural exclamation is, "Madman!" Blake, in his lifetime, was known to many as a madman, but let us not be too hasty in consigning great gifts to the asylum; for Coleridge, De Quincey, Byron, even Wordsworth, have been tracked beyond the bounds of sanity. The spice of madness demanded for the poet, Blake assuredly had, and this is all that concerns us at present. The many make too little of such a mind, while a few make too much of it. Mr. Gilchrist and Swinburne are guilty, I think, on the side of over-appreciation.

But while I find, here and there, applied to Blake adulatory adjectives larger than his erratic genius can well carry, I find him something very different from what he has been found by his detractors. I find a deal of queerness, a medley of Ezekiel, Ossian and an innominable *tertium quid;* I find independence, intolerance, wildness; I find incoherence, vast scattering, rhapsody thinning away into nebula, mysticism slipping into nonsense,—in short, defiance of much that is right in thought, and in method; I find this, but mingled with it strains and whole poems possible only to the poet pure and simple, to the singer by the grace of God. Indeed, Blake, at his best, is, what we should always joy to find, an excellent illustration of the old notion, the true notion of the poet; with imagination, vision, faith, enthusiasm, he has the poet's kind of thought, his straight sight, and his swift method, his fire and his music shining and singing along the native, inevitable lines. As we read the place of his birth, there is something prophetic in the names,—"Broad Street, Golden Square"; of a truth, he was the babe for a spacious, radiant cradle. It is a waste of time to look for system in the work of such a mind; as in the case of Emerson, the light is too white for more than gleams, flashes. Blake is a reporter, a flesh-and-blood conduit for the high might that descends to become, through certain rare organisms, among the most precious possessions of men. We get from him occasional meteor streaks of prophecy; we get scattered blossoms of philosophy; we hear the voice of the teacher, indirect, trembling with passion; we listen to the joyous songs of nature and of "humble livers" from the lips of one the color of whose singing-robe matches the sunset purple of Wordsworth's; we hear the last echo of the days when youth and music ruled the

English world; and having this, we have something harder to find than theories and systems.

The vision is mightier in this poet than the faculty divine. He sees so much that he forgets the blindness of the world; with so much of the poet in himself, he forgets how little of the poet there is in us; he draws the rapid outlines, dashes off the sketch, and our own imagination is left to complete the picture. It should not be forgotten, however, that in many cases the poems are but half the artistic whole; that it was Blake's habit to engrave his poems, illustrating them with colored drawings round the page or on a separate page. To read the poems apart from the designs is like listening to Wagner's operas, blindfold. To be sure, the poems must stand or fall by themselves, still it is only right to bear in mind that we do not realize, as we read them on the plain page, the full action of the author's imagination.

Emerson describes himself as a transparent eyeball, yet his vision is normal; Blake's vision is abnormal. If Emerson sees more than he can tell, Blake pushes on to the point where language is thrown into utter confusion:—

"I assert for myself," he says, "that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action. 'What!' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do you not see a disc of fire, somewhat like a guinea? 'Oh no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not my corporeal eye, any more than I would question a window, concerning a sight. I look through it, and not with it."

The more we look into the matter of art, the more evident it becomes that patience is of the very essence of success in it; but, unluckily, all the patience of the little Blake family was in the heart of faithful black-eyed Catherine. Had it been among the temperamental treasures of the master of the house, what might he not have done, he that in green boyhood can remind us of Shakespeare himself?

And may our duty, Chandos, be our pleasure.—
Now we are alone, Sir John, I will unburden
And breathe my hopes into the burning air,
Where thousand Deaths are posting up and down,
Commissioned to this fatal field of Cressy.
Methinks I see them arm my gallant soldiers,
And gird the sword upon each thigh, and fit
Each shining helm, and string each stubborn bow,
And dance to the neighing of our steeds.
Methinks the shout begins, the battle burns;
Methinks I see them perch on English crests,
And roar the wild flame of fierce war upon
The throngéd enemy! In truth, I am too full;
It is my sin to love the noise of war.

* * * * *

Considerate age, my lord, views motives,
And not acts, when neither warbling voice
Nor trilling pipe is heard, nor pleasure sits
With trembling age, the voice of Conscience then,
Sweeter than music in a summer's eve,
Shall warble round the snowy head, and keep
Sweet symphony to feathered angels, sitting
As guardians round your chair; then shall the pulse
Beat slow, and taste and touch and sight and sound and smell,
That sing and dance round Reason's fine-wrought throne,
Shall flee away, and leave him all forlorn;
Yet not forlorn if Conscience is his friend.

We are a long way from Shakespeare, but to get this near him is no common feat for an unschooled youngster. Further on, we come upon the splendid expression,

Threatening as the red brow of storms.

In passing, the adjective, red, illustrates the indefinable, the inexplicable, poetic force of certain words. We find it again in Beddoes's

The red outline of beginning Adam.

Blake had not the shaping power of imagination for protracted composition, neither was he specially fitted for the favorite effort to unite taste with condensation. The longer pieces

are loose, shapeless; and no less failures are such hyperbolic announcements as,—

A game-cock clipped and armed for fight
Doth the rising sun affright;
* * * * *
The soldier armed with sword and gun
Palsied strikes the summer's sun;
* * * * *
Every tear from every eye
Becomes a babe in eternity.

Blake poised on a thin ridge; on the one side chaos, on the other the depth of the ridiculous; and he made missteps both right and left. True; but the recovery! not only does he balance on the height once more, in the rest of the blessed cloud, but rises on the songbird's wing, and circles and carols at blissful ease in the empyrean.

There is no denying that Blake is prone to go "beating in the void." We must expect it of one that can write after this daring fashion in a quiet letter to a friend:—

"I am more famed in heaven for my works than I could well conceive. In my brain are studies and chambers filled with books and pictures of old, which I wrote and painted in ages of eternity before my mortal life; and these works are the delight and study of archangels. Why then should I be anxious about the riches or fame of mortality? The Lord our Father will do for us and with us according to His divine will, for our good. You, O dear Flaxman, are a sublime archangel—my friend and companion from eternity. In the divine bosom is our dwelling-place. I look back into the regions of reminiscence, and behold our ancient days before this earth appeared in its vegetated mortality to my mortal vegetated eyes. I see our houses of eternity, which can never be separated, though our mortal vehicles should stand at the remotest corners of heaven from each other." The Visionary that can so write has no difficulty in summoning the builder of the pyramids from the shades to sit for his portrait; and the completion of the work is appropriately celebrated by repairing to his garden arbor, there to while away a summer hour with his Catherine, neither of the two farther from nakedness than were the first man and woman of sacred legend ere yet the fig-leaf wear came into fashion.

But it is not always in the void—even this he peoples with wraiths of beauty—; the author of the "Book of Thel" is at home on the ground, as much at ease there as are the "Chimney Sweeper" and the "Little Black Boy," ay, as are the humblest animal and plant.

Names alter, things never alter.
* * * * *
To be good only is to be
A God, or else a pharisee.
* * * * *
Great things are done when men and mountains meet.
* * * * *
He who has suffered you to impose on him knows you.

If, on the one side, is madness, on the other, is good old-fashioned sanity; in fact it is not difficult for Blake to be as worldly-wise as one could wish. Despite his abnormal vision, and incoherent utterance, despite his inequality and his thousand vagaries, Blake was a close critic of life. Mr. Watts is of the opinion that the criticising of life is to be done by the writers of prose. Let him read the "Defiled Sanctuary":—

I saw a chapel all of gold
That none did dare to enter in,
And many weeping stood without,
Weeping, mourning, worshiping.

I saw a serpent rise between
The white pillars of the door,
And he forced and forced and forced
Till he the golden hinges tore:

And along the pavement sweet,
Set with pearls and rubies bright,
All his shining length he drew,—
Till upon the altar white

He vomited his poison out
On the bread and on the wine.
So I turned into a sty,
And laid me down among the swine.

While Blake's vision was abnormally active, the range is round a few elementary principles, a few essentials of life. It is the safe circuit of Epictetus himself; while the favorite themes, love, youth and childhood, indicate not only sanity, but special qualification for the office of poet. Sweet tempered and joyous, barring the few lapses unavoidable with so ardent a temperament, he saw the world as the old prophets saw it, beautiful, good; he trusted it, looked up from it to the maker of all, and sang as he journeyed, angels overhead and lambs at his feet. No man has lived a more thoroughly poetic life, a life realizing closer his happy phrase, a "shining lot."

For an instance of the peculiar manner of this reporter of life, we may take a stanza of the poem "Night," where the favorite angels are at their gentle offices:—

They look in every thoughtless nest
Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm:

If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

This is unlike anything we have heard before. Again, he says of Christ, He

O'erturned the tent of secret sins,
And its golden cords and pins.

And in that intense poem, "Broken Love," we have the stanza,—

A deep winter dark and cold
Within my heart thou dost unfold;
Iron tears and groans of lead
Thou bind'st around my aching head.

His voice sometimes rises to a shriek:—

The God of War is drunk with blood,
The earth doth faint and fail;
The stench of blood makes sick the heavens,
Ghosts glut the throat of hell!

But the secret of genius soon confronts us again, hiding in such lines as those where Delilah lies at the feet of Samson:

He seemed a mountain, his brow among the clouds;
She seemed a silver stream, his feet embracing.

This is more striking than the laureate's picture of Vivien at the feet of Merlin, drawn with four times as many lines save one:—

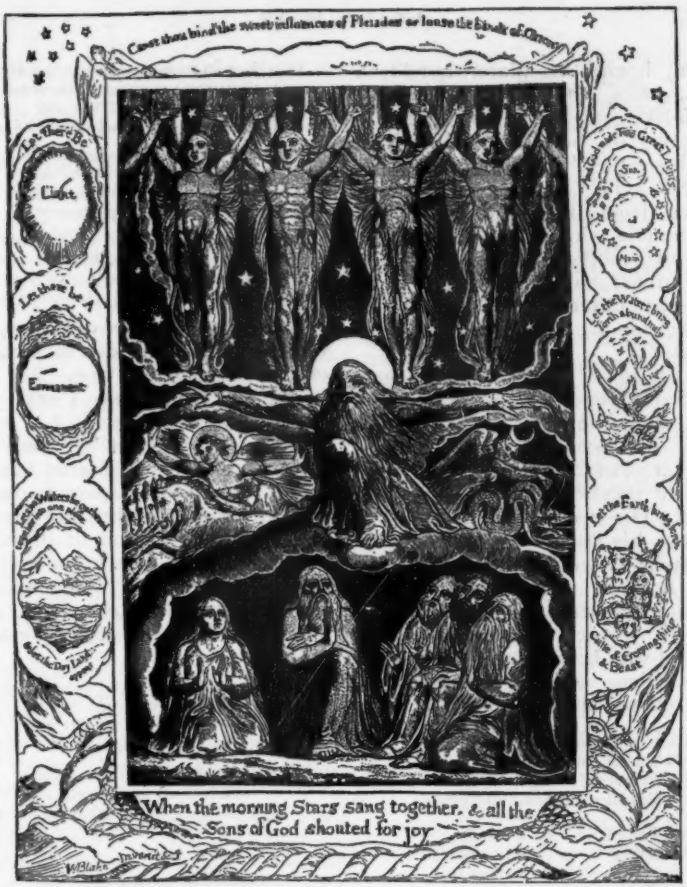
There lay she all her length and kissed his feet,
As if in deepest reverence and in love.
A twist of gold was round her hair; a robe
Of samite without price, that more exprest
Than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs,
In color like the satin-shining palm
On sallows in the windy gleams of March.

I attach little importance to the environment as a means of accounting for Blake's poetry. Swinburne, I think, makes too much of it, as he does of the oracles of the poet's later period. Blake was kin to the Elizabethans, and were he writing to-day he probably would take his inspiration from them as surely as he did in the third quarter of the last century. True, Shakespeare and the whole nest of singing birds were being closely studied when he began writing, but I think he would have found them out any time.

If the Elizabethans were Blake's inspiration, they were by no means Blake. Fuseli's familiar admission concerning his pictures is of special significance in this connection: "Blake is a damned good fellow to steal from." In other words, he was a painter full of original ideas; and so it may be said of him as a poet. I do not remember to have seen it noticed that we find in Blake the first touches that we know as Coleridgean; for instance, the last stanza of "The Little Boy Lost:"—

The night was dark, no father was there,
The child was wet with dew;
The mire was deep, and the child did weep,
And away the vapor flew.

Blake, turn whither he may for inspiration, is an original genius; his method of reporting is his own. The poems bear witness to this, and their




ENGRAVED DESIGN BY WILLIAM BLAKE—FROM "THE BOOK OF JOB."

testimony is both confirmed and supplemented by the kindred but distinct expression from which they should not be divorced. Mr. William Rossetti, the author of the descriptive catalogue of Blake's art works, uses language that we should heed and make such use of as we may in the effort to comprehend the expression of this most daring and startling soul of his time:—

'ELOHIM CREATING ADAM."

"The Creator is an amazingly grand creature, worthy of a primeval imagination or intuition. He is struggling, as it were, above Adam, who lies distended on the ground, a serpent twined around one leg. The color has a terrible power in it; and the entire design is truly a mighty one.

FIRE.

"Blake, the supreme painter of fire, in this, his typical picture of fire, is at his greatest; perhaps it is not in the power of art to transcend this treatment of the subject in its essential features. The water-color is unusually complete in execution. The confla-

gration, horrid in glare, horrid in gloom, fills the background; its javelin-like cones surge up amid conical forms of buildings ('Langham Church steeples,' they may be called, as in No. 151). In front an old man receives from two youths a box and a bundle which they have recovered; two mothers and several children crouch and shudder, overwhelmed; other figures behind are running about, bewildered what to do next."

The design "When the Morning Stars Sang Together," is, in the language of Dante Rosetti, one that "never has been surpassed in the whole range of Christian art."

I have mentioned some of Blake's defects. His weaknesses, his failures, conceded, his fame without the aid of his wondrous work in the sister art stands firm on a few poems; poems now exquisite, now virile, always imaginative, musical and masterly. If ever poet was born, it was the author of these lines, written when he had barely entered the teens:—

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld
Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

The inspiration is so like that of music itself that no name can be given the first eight poems; they are entitled simply "Song." None but a son born of the muses could thus address them:—

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove;
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few!

Such are the verses of a boy, an untrained son of a London hosier, fallen on the evil days of Pope. Let us not spend too much time, I say, prying into the environment.

Nature reaches out her hand in the dry time and in the barren land, and some eternal bloom is sure to respond; she calls amid the din and jar of an indifferent world, and at its hoarsest hour a voice answers in tones so pure, so sweet, that they never leave the hearts of men, but tremble on, echoes out of heaven, from generation to generation.

Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind doth move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.
Ah! She did depart!

Soon after she was gone from me,
A traveller came by,
Silently invisibly:
He took her with a sigh.

Or to go back to the period of boyhood,—

Love and harmony combine,
And around our souls entwine,
While thy branches mix with mine,
And our roots together join.

Joys upon our branches sit,
Chirping loud and singing sweet;
Like gentle streams beneath our feet,
Innocence and virtue meet.

Thou the golden fruit dost bear,
I am clad in flowers fair;
Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,
And the turtle buildeth there.

There she sits and feeds her young,
Sweet I hear her mournful song;
And thy lovely leaves among
There is love; I hear his tongue.

There his charming nest doth lay,
There he sleeps the night away;
There he sports along the day,
And doth among our branches play.

Among the lyrics, rippling the melodies that neither time nor toil can teach, that neither wisdom nor ambition can attain,—here is the haunt of the real Blake. Here is the poet; where one line is worth all his riddles of politics, of metaphysics, of religion, and what not, which serve no purpose but to show into what unavailing vapor, into what damp and devouring shadow the bright child of song may wander. A thousand "Jerusalems" and "Urizens" cannot smother the pure star-flame; it springs triumphant despite such extinguishers as the "Book of Ahania" and the "Song of Los."

Father, O Father! What do we here,
In this land of unbelief and fear?
The land of dreams is better far,
Above the light of the morning star.

While this mood holds, we learn anew the difference between the stocks and stones of prose and the rejoicing stars of song. Atmosphere is confessedly one of the sure tests of the poet, and the secret of Blake's power in this element remains inviolate until the time of Coleridge. Be it sleeping child or prowling beast, the magic accents fall, and we are enveloped by the heavenly innocence or by the horror of the wild:—

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep, in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful light shall break.

* * * * *

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned that fire within thine eyes?
On what wings dared he aspire?
What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

If Cowper first counsels a loving return to nature, Blake seconds him with insight not found again until we come to Wordsworth, and with passion not found again till we come to Burns. The sodden photography of Thomson, the classic handling of Gray and Collins, the smooth, soothing rurality of Goldsmith, the close, hard-lined sketches of Crabbe—none of these exhibit the enthusiasm and affection that in Blake's work and in Cowper's stamp these two blessed madmen as the ancestors of Nature's laureate, the bard of Rydal; and not Wordsworth himself was more at home with the simplest beings and things, the children, the lambs and the blossoms. Does Blake sing of these, the notes of gentle old Ramsay, are not more native and sweet, and none of all I have named excel him in evanescent touches, in airy ignition, mystic flashes, beyond the reach of will and endeavor. And when we remember that this distinguishing charm of the Elizabethans was recalled in the midst of the metallic gloss, the wax-work, and the monotonous, choppy hum of the phrase factory still running with the impetus of the Restoration, Blake stands, unquestioned, the unique genius that he was.

In the light of modern research it is

hardly safe to decide that Blake did not see things invisible to the physical eye. If he was a man when he said he had touched the sky with his stick, he was a child when he saw, on the tree, angels for apples. He had from the first, what we term a sixth sense; and while, at times, he pushed this gift too hard, not always is he to be taken seriously. Many of his narrations, notably the one about the fairy funeral, may have been but a rebuke to prosaic dullness. I can easily imagine a twinkle in his great eyes as he gravely asks a stiff, unimaginative companion, "By the way, did ever you see a fairy funeral?" But fact or fancy, let us be thankful for so pretty stories; few are they that can tell them:—

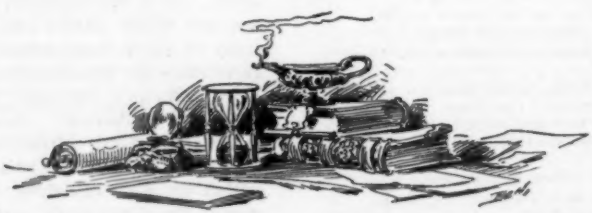
"I was walking alone in my garden; there was great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures, of the size and color of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral."

Had we to lose either the "Culprit Fay," or these three sentences, I should say, "Take the poem, leave the prose." "All things," Blake affirms, "exist in the human imagination." This he meant, this he believed. "It must be right," he says; "I saw it so." Whether or not he hob-nobbed with Moses and Homer is of little importance compared with the fact expressed in his own noble words, "I possess my visions and peace."

Madness of the right sort has its charms for the stablest critic. "There is something in the madness of the man," says Wordsworth of Blake, "that interests one more than the sanity of Byron and Walter Scott."

Ay, would the world were full of so brave, so joyous, so beautiful lunacy! Heaven send many such madmen; for 'tis mainly through them that we learn to scorn the dust and darkness of the ground. Hark! it is the call of this free, soaring son of the morning:—

O Earth, O Earth, return!
  Arise from out the dewy grass!
Night is worn,
And the morn
  Rises from the slumbrous mass.



# THE ROMANCE OF YONO-SAN.*

BY JOHN W. WOOD.

YONDER, across the beautiful valley, Fuji-san raised its head in majestic grandeur. Upon the winding paths and verdured slopes were perched picturesque little houses, and a toy-like bridge spanned the white foaming waters that were fed from the eternal snows that frosted Fuji-san's stately head. The waters sang merrily as they coursed adown the ravines, and irrigated the verdure upon the parched plains below.

The picture was poetic and beautiful, and yet Jack Barnaby sat looking at it gloomily within the sliding screen that formed the side of his room. He wondered why he had come to Omiya, and having come, why he remained. The sweet scent of almond and cherry blossoms that was wafted in to him, the song of the robin and thrush, the chirping of Cicadas, the drone of the honey-bee were alike unnoted; while the hoarse cries of the jinrikisha men, trotting nimbly on their toilsome ways, across the little bridge and up the steep mountain ascents, irritated him more than usual. Jack had often, during the past week, fallen into the same line of reflection, and repeated to himself the same inward query. He had more than once resolved to pack his belongings and get him over to Yokohama or Tokio, where, in the bustling contact with many men, he could the easier forget his trouble and heartache. Yet such is the perversity of mankind, that Jack Barnaby had sought the quiet of this idyllic spot to escape the very thing which he now resolved to seek once more.

In brief retrospect, let us say, that a certain young lady of San Francisco had with deplorable inconsiderateness entangled poor Jack's heart. Reciprocating his affection, the two became engaged. Jack was rich; the young lady adorable, though gay and fickle. Coquetry did not suit Jack's ideas after he became engaged, half so well as before, and as the young lady's natural tendencies made it difficult for her to refrain, he became unreasonably jealous, perhaps, and she unnecessarily resentful. The result was that ere long the dream was over; and Jack, desiring to forget as soon as possible, set out for Japan. In Yokohama he met Milly's cousin, and being thus unpleasantly reminded of San Francisco, he went to Tokio. In Tokio he met her uncle, turned missionary, and in vexation he sought for a retired spot where relatives came not, and so it happened he went to Omiya, where, after having resided for a month, he found himself still uncured. A dull month it had been, watching these adult children, as they seemed to him, making a pleasing job of life, and as this was contrary to his own uncheerful feelings he felt annoyed and irritated.

Presently, as he sat in darksome despondency, there fell upon his hearing the soft tumpety-tum-tum of a *samisen*,

*The illustrations for this story are made from original drawings by T. Aoki, a native Japanese artist.

accompanied by a sweet little voice that drifted through the lattice into his room. At first, scarcely listening, he presently became fully attentive, for the voice was wonderfully sweet and melodious. He arose lazily and looked from his window to the pretty garden below. The words that were wafted up to him were distinct and pure, their burden an invocation to the god of love. This was interesting at all events, and the young man listened in admiration. It is true that as yet Jack knew little of the native tongue, but that little rendered by so sweet a voice was well worth hearing. The garden was neat and trim with its bordered walks and little beds of bright jonquils, hyacinths, and other pretty flowers, and in the center a tiny fountain threw out a stream of sparkling water. In one corner, beneath a blossoming cherry tree, there was an arbor of wisteria, and from this cool refuge issued the sounds that had attracted Jack's attention. As he stood watching and listening, the music continued, now in light and merry cadence, then sinking low and soft, dying away and mingling with the murmuring of the splashing fountain. Eager to miss no note Jack leaned far out of the casement, resting his shoulder so heavily upon the sliding frame that, just at the finish of a fine diminuendo, it shot back and sent a potted oleander spinning to the garden walk below, where it fell with a loud crash.

The music came to an abrupt ending; there was a rustling within the arbor and Jack caught a glimpse of a bright-robed female hurrying up the pathway on the other side. With a quick turn of the head, the young lady cast a startled look upward, then disappeared with a half-smothered laugh amidst the umbrageous oleanders. "Well, she's a beauty," mentally commented Jack, and for the moment he forgot his late doleful humor. As he had no particular object in hurrying away from the place he postponed his packing, put away his valise and sat down by the window to smoke. Perhaps he expected a reappearance of the fair musician, but if he did it was not vouchsafed him that evening, although he sat there long after the sun had sunk below Fuji-san's snowy head. But he would inquire, and he had a plan already arranged, when old Naka-San, the woman who served his meals, came with his evening tea.

"Oh, Naka-San," he said, interrupting the humble prostration which anticipated her departure — "Naka-San, I love music much; I love sweet voices much, and yet you have their very possessor here and you send her not to me. Do you tire of pleasing the stranger, Naka-San?" Jack had intended to be diplomatic.

"Oh, noble Sir," and Naka-San courtesied to the floor, "you would have a *geisha* to sing and dance? Then it must be so, even this very night."

"No, no, Naka; I want no *geisha*. Is it a *geisha* who sings in the garden below of an afternoon?"

"What! a *geisha* sings in the garden there? Impossible, O, Sir!" Ah, she would see about that—no *geisha* could be thus allowed to disturb his excellency.

The little angular eyes snapped, angrily perhaps. Jack surmised that she knew more than she cared to tell, and this piqued his curiosity the more of course. He would await developments.

The next afternoon he was on the watch, but intending to be more discreet. Presently, as he peeped through the closed screen, there was a flutter of a silken robe in the avenue of oleanders beyond, and a young girl came down softly and timorously, as if anticipating an inquisitor upon her retreat. She glanced curiously upward to Jack's closed window, and then, as if satisfied that it hid no ruthless spy, sped into the vine-covered arbor, and soon the thum of the *samisen* and its sweet accompaniment silenced the shrill chatter of the cockatoo that was perched yonder upon the prune tree.

"DO YOU TIRE OF PLEASING THE STRANGER, NAKA-SAN?"

The wisteria vines hung low, yet but partially concealed a trim little figure, its soft flowing robes enhancing its rounding curves of beauty. Jack sat long behind the half drawn *shojio* (screen) listening and watching. After a time the music ceased, and the musician leaned back in her seat as if in contemplation of the clustering flowers above. Then, as if by the hypnotic power of Jack's steady gaze, her eyes were drawn toward the screen where he sat. Half unconsciously he had opened the sash, and as she looked she discovered him with a confusion that sent a thousand blushes across her face. A half coquettish smile broke forth, and then, as if conscious of her imprudence she leaped to her feet and was gone in a twinkling. Jack, impulsively and with grave lack of forethought, leaped through the low sash and quickly dashed after her, for what purpose he scarcely could have explained, then. He only succeeded in getting a final glimpse of her flowing robes as she disappeared behind the *shojio* of a cottage on the other side of the grove. "It must be there she lives," thought Jack, as he returned to his room, considerably ashamed of his impulsive quest. Who could she be? Although he had been sojourning in the house of Naka-San for three weeks, never before had he encountered the maid of the *samisen*, and he determined to discover who she was. At all events he could try the persuasive power of gold upon old Naka. So, when that toothless dame came to serve his tea that evening as usual, he met her with an affable and friendly manner that surprised her.

He asked many questions concerning the neighborhood and neighbors, which Naka answered cheerfully but carefully. She was also diplomatic. Yes, she knew every one thereabouts, but mentioned no young lady that corresponded in description to the one in whom Jack was interested. As she was about to remove the little tray containing the teacup, she discovered a piece of gold therein. Naka started and looked interestedly round about the room; her gaze rested upon the little pot of chrysanthemums, upon the bracket in the wall, upon the little wooden god that posed upon the stand in the corner, and finally settled upon Jack, who had patiently watched the workings of the charm upon the untutored Naka-San. Then lifting the piece of gold from the teacup, Naka, after gazing for some time upon the coin, slowly handed it to Jack. But Jack pushed her hand away.

"It is yours, Naka-San; yours for a keepsake. When I go away you will buy lots of pretty things with it."

Naka's face relaxed into a grim smile, and she made a courtesy to the very floor. "Oh excellency," she broke in, "my memory so bad. Never can I remember some things. Let me think; yes, there is another—there is one more. She arrived day before yesterday; the little Yono-San, I mean. She and her aunt, who is a far off cousin of mine, live there—in the little cottage. She has lived for two years at Tokio. There she went to school and learned everything, everything." Naka-San's tongue was now loosened, and it ran as a mill race. Behold the power of gold!

Jack learned too that Yono-San was descended from an illustrious race; her grandfather was a *daimio* of the province of Yamashiro. She was even distantly connected with a Shogun. No, there was no plebianism in pretty Yono's blood, no indeed! Another gold piece concluded the recital, and Naka even promised to effect a proper introduction to the granddaughter of the *daimio*.

The next day Yono-San failed to appear in the garden, whereat Jack was much cast down, but in the evening he was gratified to learn from Naka-San that the fair Yono's Aunt Shorisha would be pleased to meet the young American stranger.

Two hours later found Jack comfortably seated in the pretty little drawing-room of Aunt Shorisha, a stiff and formal old lady who smiled at stated intervals and sipped tea continuously. But Jack did not mind this; his attention was chiefly devoted to the little Yono. "Yono is demure and beautiful, sweet and charming," thought he, as he noted her pretty dimples and graceful motions. Her eyes glowed with interest as he described his country, its cities and the thousand and one things heretofore considered by him so commonplace. The diffidence with which she at first met him wore off, and the English she had learned at the school at Tokio now proved useful to her. Then she played at his request upon her beloved *samisen*, and sang ever so many pretty little airs of her country in her own native tongue. The soft, spicy breeze that blew gently through the open casements came from tropical gardens like a sensuous caress. The half-lighted interior, with its grotesque bronzes and its old lacquer decorations, the striking, stately figure of Aunt Shorisha, and the pretty little figure that played upon the stringed instrument and sang those wild, quaint songs, seemed to Jack a dream of orientalism, and he thought long about it that night ere he fell asleep. And this was the beginning.

After that Jack came often; and often he and Yono sat in the garden in the cool summer-like afternoons and evenings, listening while Yono sang, or else bringing out his own favorite guitar, and playing thereon the old songs that had been silent to him for many years. And thus passed many weeks; weeks of listless pleasure to Jack, who had by this time ceased to remember the unpleasant past, or merely thought of it as a vexatious episode. He almost forgot San Francisco and every one there, and became imbued to the soul with the soft and dreamy atmosphere of this lotus land, ever redolent with perfume—the land of never-care. And he welcomed its ensnaring sensuousness with eagerness, and delighted in a life that carried with it no trouble, no exertion, no pain. And Yono—who could tell? Jack himself could not analyze the changeful but always charming humors that animated her, as many and as pleasing as the prismatic colors that broke from the sunbeams falling upon the snowy summit of Fuji-San, yonder. At one time playful, bubbling over with merry wilfulness; again, sedate in her studied decorum and conventional stateliness, and then melting into grave and changeful moods. Sometimes her dark

YONO-SAN.

eyes softened into a fascinating intimation of fondness that made Jack's heart beat with keen pleasure, only to change suddenly to pain and anxiety as he studied upon the future.

They took many walks together amidst the magnificent old groves of cryptomeria that abounded. They inspected parks and gardens and drank *saké* from tiny cups served by pretty damsels. They visited Kori shops and drank tea, and sometimes Yono herself officiated in the brewing of it. Jack declared it nectar—although he had ever hated tea before—and drank many cupfuls. They visited the little shops and bazaars that beset his way, and he purchased all manner of pretty and interesting things for Yono.

THE MOUNTAIN OF FUJI-SAN.

On a certain day—the Feast of the Cherry Blossoms—they started with light hearts to a bower at the foot of Fuji, where some of the exercises of the day were to be held. Aunt Shorisha also went, but being fat and elderly elected to travel in a *kuruma*, but Jack and Yono would travel afoot, albeit it was no more than a *ri* distant. The morning was beautiful, the air soft and fragrant, and the birds melodious on the wayside. Yono was as a child on a holiday from school. She chased the great blue and gold butterflies and when she at last caught one, tied it by its struggling wings to Jack's hat. He gathered blossoms and mosses and strung them into garlands which he wound about Yono-San's neck.

Presently Jack espied a gorgeous cluster of a rarely beautiful flower hanging high from a moss-grown cryptomeria's projecting limb. Yono wanted it of course, and of course, too, she must have it, although it was with no little difficulty that Jack climbed the great trunk to the depending blossoms. He was about to pluck the coveted flower when the slender bough upon which he stood, snapped short and he fell heavily to the ground below. The distance was not great, but the shock was sufficient to stun his senses. Yono screamed with true femininity as he fell, and seeing him lying upon the ground, his white face upturned and his eyes closed, went at once into a spasm of wailing, believing him dead or at least fatally injured. Tenderly she drew his head upon her lap and fell to caressing his face with her hands, while tears fell from her pretty eyes. And thus it happened, when Jack's scattered senses presently returned, he found his head reposing softly and comfortably, and Yono's eyes looking into his with a mixture of tenderness and grief. And was he correct in the surmise that he had felt the warm pressure of a kiss upon his forehead? At all events he closed his eyes again, quite unnecessarily, and

felt quite comfortable and contented, albeit he was aware of a sharp pain in his ankle. He almost forgot to rise until Yono inquired with affectionate solicitude whether he was hurt; then he discovered that he was unable to move without pain. Yono aided him to a reclining position against the offending tree, and presently Aunt Shorisha came along and also soon a jinrikisha that was empty. Into this latter Jack was carefully placed with the help of its attendants and they started homeward, Yono-San walking mournfully at the side of the jinrikisha and constantly adjuring the carriers to select the smoothest part of the road.

It might have been a hardship for Jack to be laid up in his room thus disabled, but he found that there was a compensation in being the object of solicitude from the whole household, and particularly that Yono had constituted herself his almost sole nurse and attendant. A native physician felt of the injured member and assured him that only rest, together with frequent applications of a magical lotion he himself prepared, were required for a speedy recovery. And it was Yono's fair hands that deftly applied the medicament and tenderly wound the bandages, and there seemed to be so much hypnotism about her soft hands that Jack was ever asking for repeated treatment! Then she attended his many other wants, filled his pipe and even lit it for him. She sang in her sweet way many songs, and wrote invocations in verse to the gods upon fragile bits of rice paper, asking for his speedy recovery. These she threw from the window from time to time, where they were taken up by the breeze and wafted far away on their missions of mercy. 'Twas thus the season wore on in happy abandonment. Aunt Shorisha came from time to time upon the scene and seemed quite happy at the condition of affairs.

About three weeks after the accident, and when Jack had recovered sufficiently to walk about with the slight assistance of a cane, he sat one afternoon upon the little trellised piazza, looking in content and comfort upon the beautiful scene surrounding him and watching the graceful figure of Yono-San as she flitted about the garden, engaged in the pleasing pursuit of manufacturing a bouquet of japonicas and roses—for himself as he well knew. He had almost forgotten the other world from whence he came, nor indeed did he desire to recall it. Why not take up his permanent abode here, in this quiet paradise? The world would not miss him, neither cared he for it. This part of it was strange in its paradoxes—a kingdom of opposites—but a happy, don't-care life suited his temper now. And then with Yono-San he might be truly content and happy—who could say?

His meditations were interrupted by a footstep. It was the little bare-legged man who ran errands, did chores, and occasionally served as a carrier of letters. This time he came trotting up to the piazza where Jack sat, and suddenly dropping upon all fours before him, dipped so low that his forehead touched the ground, and the little bald spot upon the top of his head came prominently into view. Then he quickly arose and handing Jack a buff envelope, nimbly ran away. Jack knew it was a telegram, and hesitated to open it for he knew its portent could hardly be less than an interruption to his pleasant summer. He looked at Yono coming up the path, waving a great bouquet over her head, then slowly opened the missive. As he feared, it was important, for it announced that a rich aunt in San Francisco was ill and besought his presence, as she feared her days were numbered. Poor Aunt Fanny! Jack had more than ordinary affection for his Aunt Fanny; besides he expected to be the chief heir to her great fortune.

He looked again at Yono-San who was coming to him, her eyes bright and sparkling, her cherry lips parted with a smile that disclosed her pearly

teeth. His heart grew tender, and he wondered what she would say when he told her. But it must be done and at once. As Yono tripped lightly up the steps she noticed the little slip of paper in his hand, and glancing up at his sober face instantly divined trouble.

"What is it, Sir Jack?" she inquired anxiously.

"Bad news, Yono; bad news indeed. I must go home."

Yono grew white and let fall the bouquet.

"You go away? Home—to leave me—us? Oh, you cannot mean it, Jack?"

Leaning heavily upon him poor Yono closed her eyes and sighed deeply, her bosom heaving convulsively in her pain.

Jack hardly knowing what else to do, kissed her tenderly upon her cherry lips. Half opening her eyes she endeavored to stand unaided. "Don't go, Jack," she murmured, "don't leave me."

"But Yono," said Jack, and there was self-reproach within him—"Yono, I will come back. Yes, in the spring, when the cherry trees bloom again I'll be here." And he meant it, too.

This revived Yono-San, and she tried to look happy. Then Jack went on to explain his connection with Aunt Fanny, financially and otherwise.

What Jack meant to do when he "came back" he could just then have hardly explained to himself. He tried to define his future relationship to Yono late that night, as he sat outside his room smoking, as was his habit when a problem was to be solved. The garden below was in obscurity, the remittent lightning of June bugs appearing in that dark space like a rapidly moving constellation. The soft perfume floated dreamily about him with its semi-intoxicating influence, and as he gazed pensively upon the thin crescent moon that hung like a silver scimeter above Fuji-San, he thought that nowhere else could he live so contentedly. Yes, he would return.

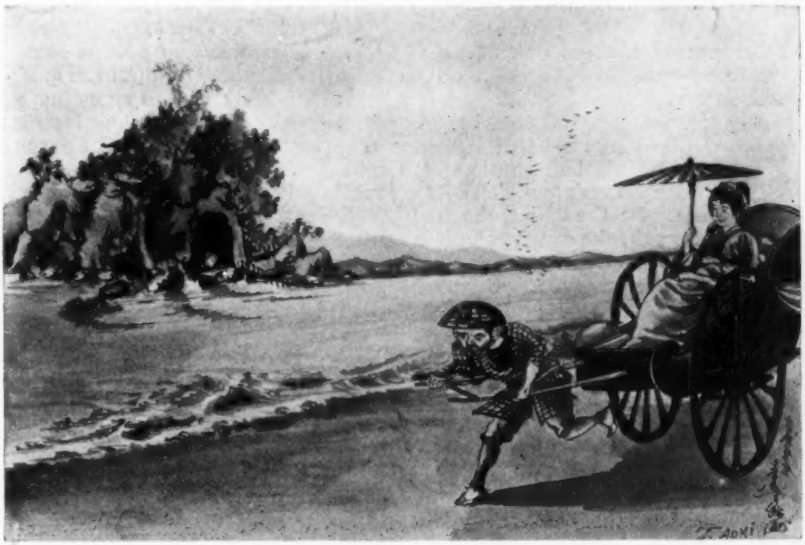
Next day Jack was ready to go. As a keepsake at parting he gave Yono a fine diamond brooch, and fastened it himself at her pretty throat. Then he jumped into the waiting jinrikisha, and with a last kiss and word of promise, was off. Yono stood a long time at the wicket, watching the disappearing vehicle as it sped down the road among the low-boughed plum trees. At the bend of the road, leaning far out of the conveyance, he threw her a farewell kiss, to which she responded by a sad waving of her hand, and, as he was lost to view, she burst into tears, and going within the house consecrated gifts to *Jizo*, the travelers' deity.

Jack was petulant and cheerless during the whole journey. Ere he reached his destination his Aunt Fanny had died, leaving him a handsome legacy, together with an unfinished lawsuit that seemed boundless in its harassing tardiness. Worse than all, it demanded his personal attendance, and what with this and other business necessary in the final adjustment of Aunt Fanny's estate, the whole winter was consumed.

The glitter and blaze of the city, the artificiality of the drawing room, as he designated it, palled upon him. The smirking young men and the frivolous young women made him sigh for the gardens and freedom of Omiya again. And then Milly Benson was married, and although he was glad of it, he felt grieved and injured because she seemed happy and almost forgetful of their past mutual tenderness. At last, there seemed a prospect of getting through with it all, and just when he was congratulating himself upon this prospect, he fell ill of fever, and lay for many long weeks unable to think consecutively upon any subject.

When convalescence came at last, the summer had almost passed. Many hours he had spent dreaming of the flower-land across the Pacific. His

thoughts dwelt with pleasure upon the green fields, the water-falls, the gardens of Omiya, and upon Yono-San. "Poor Yono," thought he, "what would she think of him and his promise now!" More than a year had passed since that day he left her, and he had promised to return in the spring. But at last he was able to travel. The swift speeding steamer was none too fast for his thoughts, that dwelt in the gardens at the foot of Fuji-San.



THE JINRIKISHA.

One afternoon he found himself ascending the road amid the rows of plum trees that ended at Yono-San's dwelling. He had come for a purpose, and Yono-San was a part of that—the whole of it—for he would remain here always. That he had decided at last. He knocked impatiently upon the door, once, twice, ere his knock was answered by a picturesque looking *kato*, a stranger to him, who with abject prostrations desired to know what the honorable stranger wanted. Jack, who expected to be met by old Naka-San, or perhaps by Yono herself, was displeased. The strange servant knew no English, but he understood that Jack was inquiring for Yono. But Jack, in his impatience making no progress with that name (for his inquiries were met with a blank stare) asked for Naka-San. A look of happy intelligence overspread the *kato's* face, who made a low obeisance and hastily departed. Presently the panel slid back and old Naka dropped upon her knees before him, and tapped the polished floor with her head.

"Rise, Nako," said Jack, "I've come back to see Yono-San—to stay here forever! Where is Yono-San, Nako?"

A troubled look overspread old Nako's face.

"Alas, poor Nako, Angel of light," Nako moaned sadly; "Yono gone—Yono dead! Ah these many moons!" The words came to Jack with a rude shock. Dead! he never had dreamed of anything like that! She might

have gone away; she might even have been given in marriage—but to die! Instead of the shy, smiling face of Yono, the old beldame stood there, telling him that Yono was dead, and beating her shrunken breast as if that would appease him. The sun seemed clouded, the sweetly perfumed air grew rank and unpleasant to him as he sat there desolate and shocked at the sudden termination to his dreams of the past months. At last, the exuberance of her grief being exhausted, Nako-San was induced to tell the story.

Long after his excellency had gone, Yono had pined like a wilted flower. Daily she had picked the choicest of Jack's favorite flowers and decorated his old room. In the spring she had brightened much, she sang gaily, and stood often at the wicket by the road looking in the distance. Summer came, and her eyes became more wistful; she grew pale and thin, but she still watched down the road. Then at the end of the summer some dreadful fever came and she lay very ill for a long while, pining slowly, uncomplainingly away. At last she died, clasping in her thin little hands the precious brooch she had worn constantly since Jack had given it her—she even begged that it might be buried with her and her wish was granted.

That was all. It was enough for poor Jack. After a time old Nako sorrowfully led him out through the garden where he had spent so many happy, careless days. Through a long lane running therefrom, and over a little mountain path, within an enclosure of bamboo bushes where the shadow of Fuji-San fell at twilight, they came to a little mound on which loving hands had planted lotus flowers in abundance. Here Jack found the grave of Yono-San.

## DOWN A SUMMER STREAM.

BY JOHN R. EDMONSTON.

WE suspected that our trout stream was born in the high Sierras. Its waters were icy cool, clear as crystal, and its flashes of color, its flecks of snow-white foam were suggestive of great glaciers on the highlands that were fast disappearing under the summer sun. The stream came from a deep-wooded cañon in the main range, bounding into the open like a living thing. Now, it dashed merrily over smooth pebbles, beneath trailing willows, toying with the green leaves and piling in foaming masses over the huge rocks; now it was burdened with masses of verdure—pine cones from the uplands or leaves of the fragrant bay—while ever and anon great limbs and branches of trees came sweeping down to lodge in the boulders and obstruct the plunging waters.

The stream has its moods and fancies—of that we were certain. We first knew it in the deep cañon, where it rushed among big rocks and leaped over moss-covered precipices—a musical, exultant thing. Now it was deep in the gloom of big sycamores, foaming capriciously out into the warm sunshine that there flooded the cañon. For some distance it flowed quickly over gravel beds, hurrying around little islands of stranded brush, but soon cut its way into the rich mesa, where it broadened and developed, and amid green fields and nodding flowers, flowed on to the sea.

For miles the stream, which we followed from the mountain down, ran silently, reflecting myriad flowers and rich grasses: then it darted beneath green cottonwoods and away into a broad laguna, where cat-tails

THE REDWOODS FENCE.

flourished, and the black bird reigned supreme.

We took our first fish among the big trees that covered the range. There deep pools were frequent at the base of big boulders, and creeping gently up to one and glancing through the big ferns that formed a barrier, I saw a trout of heroic proportions dimly outlined against the bottom. A rift of sunlight poured down through the big sycamores and illumined a spot ten or more inches in length, and in this the giant lay, taking a veritable sun bath. The question was, what would he take? I had been using worms and a speckled fly with some success, but it occurred to me that this magnificent fellow would be capricious. His game was different from the fish of the lowlands, where sun-burned grasshoppers missed their objective blades of grass upon the bank, and went sprawling into the stream to be snapped up. The trout of the deep pool and woods depended more upon flies, or the speckled black-and-white tree-toads that crouched upon the rocks of the stream, mimicking them in tone and color.

I had a peacock blue fly (a St. Patrick), and this I managed to land a foot or more in front of the fish—a dainty, delicious object it was, a delight to the eye, and as it rose and attempted to fly away at the bidding of the tip of the split bamboo, there were few trout that would have refused it. This monarch of the pool, however, was not to be tempted. A few inches forward he moved, rising slowly, then sank back, gently vibrating tail and fins, eyeing the fly with evident scorn. The trout must be caught, but how? I used a lighter fly, then a brown speckled beauty, and finally in desperation decided to try a frog, one of the little tree or rock varieties that were jumping about the rocks. One was soon found and sent sprawling into the pool. A blaze of light, a quick, sharp, splashing report told that this was indeed the lure to his taste. The pool was not over ten feet in width, and formed an artificial basin leading by a gentle fall to the stream below. The first rush took the line beneath the ledge, where the fish had evidently lived for seasons undisturbed. Then out he

CASTING FROM THE BRIDGE.

THE FLOWER-BORDERED LAKE.

came, and failing to rid himself of the torturing hook, took a magnificent leap over the falls to the music of the reel. How it sang, and how nobly the great creature tried every manœuver known to the gamey tribe! That the line was not cut a score of times was something of a miracle, but I followed down stream, and finally landed the beauty among the brakes and ferns of the bank—the "bonniest fish," as my Scotch companion said, ever taken from these waters.

Fishing here cannot be compared to like sport in the East. The mountain streams are often hard to follow, and the fisherman must often lower himself from rock to rock; now finding pools six or eight feet deep, and anon walking over rocks that form the stepping-stones of a shallow. How the trout obtain a footing in some of these high

WHERE THE SUNLIGHT POURED IN.

"LOFTY REDWOODS PIERCED THE SKY."

basins is a mystery. In some of the streams they are found in pools that are entirely isolated from the stream so far as fish migration is concerned, and the only explanation is that the trout have forced their way up during floods, when a great mass of water was pouring down, forming a continuous stream.

"These streams," said my companion, "are not always the quiet ones they appear, and what astonishes me is that the fish are not entirely washed out. Some years ago I was making a trip over the mountains in winter, when I was caught in a rain storm, and camped not far from this spot. I thought I would be safe on a boulder, but during the night I was aroused by a terrific roaring sound, and found that the water was rising, and that the entire cañon had been transformed into a wild torrent. Fortunately there grew a big sycamore by the rock, which I reached by some wild-grape vines, gaining an upper limb, and that was my camp for nearly twenty-four hours. By actual measurement the water rose ten feet above the rock."

We fished this mountain stream from end to end, then later found our way into the picturesque county of Marin that reaches from the Golden Gate north along shore for miles, a region suggestive of trout streams and wild game.

The county has Tamalpais as a landmark, a fine, isolated mountain peak whose shadow darkens the waters of the Golden Gate, and from whose sides burst springs and rivulets that make up many trout streams in Marin. We entered this fair trout country up to the north by Cazadero, and worked our way down the summer streams by easy stages, literally, a horseback fishing party, since we made our long stretches by this means, and carrying our blankets and other equipments, while we slept at night beneath the redwoods in the sweetest, purest air under the sun.

Around Cazadero there are many famous trout streams that flow gently along through a most charming country. There are the redwoods in all their glory, magnificent specimens of trees still untouched by the vandal wood-chopper, and among the giants wind one of the best streams for trout in the vicinity. Fastening our horses we took to the stream, where four lofty redwoods pierced the sky, and were soon wading down the stream that forced its way into the very heart of the forest. The water was as clear as crystal, and young trout dashed here and there at every step, while their larger fellows could be seen under the rift, inviting conclusions with the fly. The stream flowed silently along, creeping now and then beneath the low branches of the trees, then coming out into the warm sunlight and flowing over half-exposed pebbles to merge again into the deep gloom of the redwoods. Standing knee-deep in an open spot where the sunlight poured in, I cast my first fly in a gentle riffle down stream. A gleam of silver and gold, a dash and the melody of the reel told of noble game. Away he rushed down a little fall out into the sunlight, shaking golden spray all about in a desperate effort at freedom, falling back to come up stream faster than I could reel in, then, turning, catching a glimpse of me only to dart away again. Far down stream he ran, now hiding beneath the combing banks, then out into the sunlight, fighting hard for life only to finally come in game to the very last.

Wading down the stream, we obtained more than the enjoyment of landing gamey trout. The brook took us into some of the most delightful nooks and corners of California. Winding down through fertile valleys with high mountains on either side, the outer Coast Range to the west formed the ocean barrier over which rifts of fog came, gleaming like patches of molten silver, to be broken or dissipated by the warm air rising from the valley. Here the stream crept

through deep underbrush and suddenly seemed to stop as a giant fallen redwood barred the way, the latter illustrating well the peculiar growth of these trees, as from the trunk numbers of trees were growing forming a literal redwood fence of rare beauty, beneath which many large trout lurked and tempted the angler to inglorious ventures. Not far below, a tree had bridged the brook, at a famous fishing point, and flies were cast from this vantage point with goodly results. Some of the most delightful scenery was found in the shadow of Tamalpais. Here the stream wound its way down a deep cañon or valley from which rose lofty hills clothed with pines and redwoods, so old and tall that even fierce fires that had swept over the country had not affected them. Standing among these giants of the forest, their tops seemed lost in the blue sky above, while their great bases were buried deep in masses of fern and moss, the accumulations of centuries. Wading slowly along, noting the rare beauty of it all, occasionally dropping my fly upon the ripple, I suddenly came to a leafy barrier, and saw beyond an open space into which the sun poured, beautifully illumining a little sandy beach with a flood of light in strong contrast to where I stood. There was absolute silence except the occasional hoarse cry of a blue shrike as it dived down into the green abyss from above, or the love note of the plumed quail that came gently on the breeze. As I stood silent in the very enjoyment of the scene, there came a soft crunch upon the gravel, and out from the brush stepped a black-tailed deer, a noble fellow, with a fine pair of antlers. He stopped a moment, raised his big, lustrous eyes to the hillsides, listened to the tell-tale quail notes, expanding his nostrils, then walked boldly into the stream and drank the clear water, so near me that had it not been for the verdure I could have dropped a fly fairly upon his back. Not a suspicion had he, and after drinking his fill he waded into the brook, spoiling my fishing by cooling his hoofs along the shallows, until the deep underbrush swallowed him up.

LANDING A BEAUTY.

From this trout stream we climbed the range and looked down upon Bolinas with its bay and long stretch of sandy beach—the blue ocean on one hand and the eternal green of the redwood forest on the other. Here a little inn crowned the summit, where good refreshments for man and beast were found, and about which grand scenery delighted the eye. We were almost as high as the summit of Tamalpais, that

THE SUBMERGED FENCE.

looked like a hill to the east. Far beyond rose the snow-capped Sierra Nevadas, while to the north stretched away the country over which we had fished, with its forests, hills, valleys, its streams, its acres of flowers and verdure. A fine carriage road carries one from the summit back to civilization, and one bright morning our horses brought us to Lagunitas—a little lake deep in the woods at the very base of Tamalpais. Here we took a boat and spent the day drifting in the little bays that indent its shores. The trout were small, but gamey, and afforded fine fly fishing. The lake is one of the most picturesque spots in Marin County, an ideal place for the artist as well as the angler. Tamalpais rises abruptly to the south; while to the west a wall of verdure forms a wooded barrier that is reflected in the lake.

The high water had encroached upon the land, and masses of white flowers bordered the lake, affording runways to the small fry that defied the fiery eye of the watchful heron standing silent guard by a submerged fence, under and through which the trout passed. To the artist the beauties of Lagunitas are endless, the vistas of water beneath big madronas or flowering shrubs, the banks of wild flowers reaching up from the lake, the little bays here and there reflecting the sky and tiers of forests, forming conditions that appeal strongly to the artistic sense. It may be suspected that we did not fish for the mere sake of fishing; trout was not the only object, it was the excuse to wander over one of the most delightful regions in California—a land almost within sight of a city of 300,000 inhabitants, yet nearly as wild and untouched by vandal civilization as the heart of the Sierras.

COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE SIX COMPANIES, SAN FRANCISCO.

# THE CHINESE SIX COMPANIES.

BY RICHARD HAY DRAYTON.

WHEN the Act of May, 1892, known as the Geary Act, was passed, the Chinese Societies, commonly called the Six Companies, at once made strenuous efforts to render it inoperative. As is well known they sent their emissaries through the length and breadth of the land proclaiming to the ignorant Chinese laborers that the enactment was in contravention of treaty stipulations, and that they intended to prove its illegality in the Courts of the United States. They raised a large sum of money—$200,000, it is estimated—for that purpose, by calling for pecuniary aid, or rather imposing a forced contribution of one dollar per head upon coolies and laborers, while the merchants and other classes subscribed sums varying from that amount up to twenty dollars. They counseled noncompliance with the law and held out confident promises of immunity in case of failure to register. Such is the power of these Companies that their suggestions or instructions were so well carried out that of the 110,000 Chinese resident in the United States, little over ten per centum took out certificates of registration.

When the Supreme Court of the United States, on May 15th last, declared the Geary Exclusion Act to be constitutional, there was no little excitement in this city among the misguided Chinamen, and as soon as their eyes were opened to the evil counsel which they had followed, their anger was great. But of this we will speak later, preluding remarks on the effect of the disappointment of the Chinese community by a brief history of the Six Companies, with some explanation of the cause of their anxiety to overthrow the Act.

These societies are known by the names of the Sam Yup, the Yeong

Wo, the Yan Wo, the Kong Chow, the Ning Yeong and the Hop Wo Companies. There is also the Shu Hing Company, which, however, is only a branch of the last-named of the Six.

The presidents, named in the same order, are respectively, Chun Ti Chu, Chu Shee Sum, Chan Fau, Lui Kun, Lee Cheang Chun, Yee Ha Chung and Chang Wah Kwan. These officers are elected annually by the votes of the merchant members of the societies in San Francisco, who take care to appoint men of education and ability.

A few words explanatory of the illustration of the meeting hall, where the representatives of these companies assemble, will not be out of place. The members of the different societies take their seats in the massive, heavy, dark-wood chairs arranged along the sides of the wall and at the farther end of the room. Around the center table are seated the directors when in conclave, and the altar-looking construction at the head of the hall represents the presence of the Emperor, who is supposed to preside over the council. A copy of his signature is presented on the white rectangular slab in the center of the pictorial representation of the royal presence.

These Six Companies were developed from six Chinese agencies established originally in the same number of districts in Canton for the purpose of promoting coolie immigration into this country. As early as 1850, Chinese labor was in demand in California, and American agents proceeded to Hong-Kong to procure coolies, which could only be done by the employment of Chinamen as auxiliaries. These latter with the shrewdness of their race, soon perceived that an extensive and profitable business could be built up by the exportation of laborers and workmen to the Pacific Coast. They established headquarters in San Francisco and presently formed themselves into the corporation known as the Six Companies. Since that time they have introduced into the United States every Chinaman that comes under the denomination of working man. The farmhand, the manufacturer's operative, the domestic servant, the washerman, the vegetable gardener and peddler, the placer miner, the shrimp-fisher and the small retail vender are all imported by them and are their serfs. In fact the Six Companies have practically established a system of slavery under the very nose of our Government. Their method of procedure is as follows: Through their agents in China they agree to pay the emigrant's passage and secure employment for him on his arrival here; to provide and care for him when sick; to give him legal advice; and in case of his death abroad to send his remains back to China. On the emigrant's part he binds himself to obey the orders of the Companies, and for the repayment of his passage money mortgages the proceeds of his labor, his earnings being also garnished with an exaction of two and a half per centum during his stay in this country. Few are the Chinamen resident here who get out of the clutches of the Six and become independent of them; the vast majority are their bondsmen. It will readily be seen what immense profits are derived from such a system of taxation.

As a matter of course, they soon began to flood California with Chinese workingmen, and no longer confining their emigration agencies in China to the exportation of out-of-door laborers, introduced into this State a class of workmen of higher intelligence—operatives of the skilled labor order—established factories and instructed the immigrants in manufacturing arts entirely new to them. The faculty of imitation is strongly developed in the Chinaman, while his patience and careful attention under instruction is superlative. He rapidly acquires the practical skill in mechanical work which enables him to turn out manufactured articles of a quality equal to that of the generality of productions

by white labor, and by reason of his extraordinary endurance under a system of long-hour work, cheap living and low pay, has proved himself a most depressive competitor to the white operative in most branches of industry on this coast.

This formidable competition in time reached such proportions and was of such serious detriment to the welfare of our laboring classes that, in 1880, the Government at Washington sought to restrict Chinese immigration into the United States by entering into a new treaty with China. The provisions of it were, however, inadequate to lessen the influx, and in May, 1881, a restriction law was passed, prohibiting the coming of Chinese laborers into this country for ten years and requiring the registration of all future immigrants from China, who for that purpose were to be provided with certificates from the Chinese authorities to the effect that the persons bearing them were not of the laboring class. As is well known the intention of this law was frustrated by the action of the Six Companies, who, by supplying immigrants with forged certificates, enabled them to get registered on their arrival at our ports. Subsequent enactments of 1884 and 1888 proved equally ineffective and thousands of the obnoxious race have fraudulently gained admission into the Pacific Coast States during the last ten years.

The heads of the Six Companies rank in intelligence among the ablest and most astute of their countrymen. Well educated, possessed of administrative and commercial abilities of the highest order, and free from all those scruples of conscience which the Asiatic regards as weaknesses, they are men who can and will take every advantage, fair or foul, that will conduce to their own interests and those of the Companies over whom they preside. Chung Tone, the Secretary of the corporation, is exceptionally gifted with the talents and qualities for which the educated Chinaman is conspicuous. Highly accomplished, rich, and of fine presence, he is a leading spirit among the members of the Six Societies. Though belonging to a class in China which the Emperor would not recognize, his wealth and importance as an individual will insure his cordial reception at court when he chooses to return to his country.

A still more prominent leader in the important question of the day is Chun Ti Chu, the president of the Sam Yup Company. This organization is the most powerful of all Chinese societies. The great Sam Yup family is composed of hundreds of thousands of members, and it is believed that one-half the Chinese in the United States are members or dependents of this company, which has its headquarters at 825 Dupont street, in this city. Chun Ti Chu is the ablest leader in the councils of the Six Companies, and was the foremost mover in the organization of a vigilance committee among the merchants to oppose the highbinder Tongs, who were wont to levy blackmail upon them with impunity. Since the establishment of that committee the fertile fields of plunder have been fenced in against the highbinders and hard times have followed. Their joss-houses were recently destroyed by the police, and the infamous bagnios on which they used to levy tribute have been closed and the inmates driven to out-of-the-way apartments, inconvenient for the practice of their calling; numbers of the highbinders left the city to work in the canneries in the North, or were expelled by the police authorities, and those who remained have found it a difficult matter to gain the means of living. Having reached this fallen state mainly through the instrumentality of Chun Ti Chu they have long regarded him with feelings of hatred which were intensified when it became known that the Geary Act was pronounced constitutional. It was he, in fact, as in the case of the institution of a vigilance committee, who

was the principal mover in the plan adopted to prevent registration—a plan known to have been objected to by several of the other companies as well as by many prominent Chinese merchants.

The hatred of the man by the highbinders displayed itself immediately after the defeat of the Six Companies in the Supreme Court of the United States became generally known, and on May 17th a price was placed on Chun Ti Chu's head. This lawless and murderous class has a wholesome dread, it seems, of their arch enemy and feared to assail him. Detective Cox, than whom no one is better qualified to speak, owing to his long-continued services in Chinatown, thus expresses his opinion of the president of the Sam Yup Company. "Chun Ti Chu is one of the ablest and smartest Chinese here. He can fight as well as talk. He is a fine shot and the highbinders fear him as much as they hate him. He is brave enough to stand off three or four highbinders."

Hoping, however, to reach their enemy by offer of a reward for his assassination, they secretly posted up placards in many of the thoroughfares and alleys of Chinatown, offering $300 to the highbinder who would kill the president of the Sam Yup Company and promising protection and assistance in court if the murderer were caught. In the placards Chun Ti Chu was denounced as an enemy to the Chinese race as having been the cause of Chinamen not procuring their registration certificates within the time prescribed by the new law. He was, moreover, charged with being an enemy to the Tongs and with aiding the police in driving highbinders out of the city. Of course, the circulars were quickly torn down by the police and proper measures taken for the protection of President Chu.

Later in the day, however, they gave vent to their animosity in abuse. Another circular was pasted up of an insulting and offensive nature. "The President of the Sam Yup Company," it stated, "contains twelve stinkpots which are inexplicable. He has no literary talent. He bought his position with money. His father was a reformed thief. His mother's first husband was Fung and her second Chung"—illegitimate in China. "He shields guilty criminals, and tries to free them. He provoked people to anger at a meeting and tried to escape. Therefore, all persons had better close their noses before passing his door." These placards and the venomous feelings which they display show that the path of life for the directors of the Chinese Six Companies is not smooth. These highbinder associations, or Tongs, have long been a thorn in the side to them. Hiding the real object of their organization under the pretense that they are rebels against the Tartar dynasty with the object of restoring a Chinese monarch of pure blood to the throne, they have made themselves liable to execution immediately upon landing on their native soil. To them deportation means decapitation, and they regard with deep resentment the dangerous position in which their obedience to the mandates of the companies has placed them. When the deportation begins these troublesome and lawless Chinamen will be among the first that the authorities will send home.

Shrewd and far-seeing as to their own interests though they are, the leaders of these companies seem to have been influenced in their action with regard to the Geary Act by even shrewder minds. The prospect of big fees induced astute lawyers to hold out promises of breaking down the law, promises so plausible that they doubtless had great weight with the ruling spirits of the Six Companies in their decision to contest the constitutionality of the Act. At least such is the statement of those Chinese merchants who were opposed to the policy adopted. In thus yielding to the advice of the lawyers the companies have overreached themselves, and

placed themselves in a position in which they are liable to incur far greater pecuniary loss than they would have suffered had they withheld their evil counsel. As the matter stands their action has placed in jeopardy a vast annual income which they would have received for many years to come, and it must not be supposed that with such large interests at stake they have given up the struggle.

Unfortunately for the interests of white labor and the white manufacturer, there is reason to fear that the fight will be a long one. Amply provided with funds with which to fee talented counsel, the Chinese companies will take advantage of every loophole that can be discovered in the meshwork of law that surrounds the case, and holes are already being picked in the Act itself. No stone will be left unturned to delay the operation of the enactment. Chinese emissaries are abroad through the land, hard at work among religious people and sentimentalists in endeavoring to excite pity for much-abused John; the consequence is that in many of the Eastern States where he is not understood, and which his presence in the country in no wise affects, a great amount of misdirected sympathy for him is expressed. But this same abused Chinaman, in spite of ill treatment, would, in time, if no impediment were placed in his way, come and possess this land "flowing with milk and honey."

These sentimentalists not only ignore the curse which coolie labor is to the Pacific Coast, where alone its blight is felt at present, and where, for years past, thousands of men, with families to support, have been kept in poverty and want by Chinese cheap labor, but in their self-sufficiency leave out of their mental sight the welfare of our posterity. They may be put on the same platform of intelligence with that Irish member who, in his opposition to a bill before the Parliament involving benefit to future generations, exclaimed: "As for posterity, why should we consider it? What has posterity done for us?"

When the Geary Act was declared constitutional much agitation prevailed throughout the land. The Chinese were bitterly disappointed and angry; the white population of the Pacific Coast States were jubilant and somewhat impatient under the difficulties that stood in the way of carrying it immediately into effect, and in the Eastern States a large amount of sentiment was aroused in favor of the Chinese. The cry, too, was raised that China would retaliate by the expulsion of Americans from her ports, and possibly by the massacre of the missionaries at the inland stations. A war might even be the consequence if the Act were enforced. The short-sighted and narrow-minded authors of these bug-a-boo stories of reprisals were more self-interested than actuated by a sincere conviction that John was being abused and unjustly treated. All the nonsense talked about harsh and brutal treatment of him is disgusting. If he wanted to stay in this country why did he not register? The American citizen has to register before he can poll his vote, and as he has to comply with the requirements of the laws, why should not aliens? The Six Companies doubtless are to blame for the failure on the part of most of the Chinese to register, but if the latter—be they here by right or fraud—are under more obligation to follow the dictates of the former than to obey the laws of this country, Hong Kong or San Quentin is a good destination for them, and the sooner they reach one place or the other the better for ourselves. The inimical and defiant attitude assumed by the Six Companies ought to entail punishment, which can be inflicted upon them by depriving them of the slaves from whose labor they make their wealth.

It has been alleged that the Six Companies, understanding as they do the situation of the Chinaman in

America much better than the diplomatic agents of the Emperor of China, more directly represent him than his representative and minister at Washington. This belief—rightly grounded or not—has led to the conjecture that the Six Companies, in their open and aggressive disposition in resisting the Geary Act, are acting under directions from the Government at Peking. In view of the manner in which previous Acts passed by Congress for the restriction of Chinese immigration were received by that Government, this view is untenable. The arrival in this city of Chew Shu Sum, a mandarin of high degree, and the document of which he was the bearer entirely overthrows this theory.

He arrived on June 18th last to fill the office of President of the Yeong Wo Company, and also to act ex-officio as a member of the board of consulting directors attached to the Imperial Chinese Consulate. On June 21st, a copy of the document was posted in Chinatown. It was to this effect: "By order of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of China." After a long preamble by way of greeting from the Emperor to his people in America, he assures his subjects that the existing relations between the two countries are of a nature most satisfactory, and he commands his people here to do nothing that can in any way prejudice this desirable state of affairs. He commands his people to obey the laws of this country, and to let their actions be such that the American people will be proud to recognize them and let them enjoy the same rights and privileges as are accorded to the subjects of other powers. Above all he enjoins patience, and assures them that it is by the exercise of this excellent virtue that their demands will finally be acceded to. He then deplores the fact that certain classes of the Chinese have persisted in maintaining organizations the object of which is to carry on a system of blackmail, and he calls upon law abiding Chinese to unite in an effort to root out these societies, as it is through the unlawful acts of these highbinders that so much discredit has been brought to the Chinese people. The circular closes with an admonition to the Chinese in the United States to obey the laws, refrain from any overt acts, and to join in an endeavor to erase from the minds of the American people, by honest and upright living, the prevailing feeling of antagonism toward the Chinese people. The Emperor pledges his unfailing support and unflagging love to his people in America.

Although in this official circular no mention of the Geary Act is made, its publication at the time of the excitement aroused by that enactment is significant, and tends to show the feelings of the Chinese Government on the subject, and the pacific line of policy that it will pursue. It remains to be seen whether the Six Companies will now continue to defy the provisions of the law and thereby aggravate the difficulties of the Chinese who have been so blind and ignorant as to follow their evil counsel.

THE EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS.

IT may be said that a session of Congress called by the President has been a rare event. In time of peace, the regular sessions have generally been deemed sufficient to provide for the wants of the country. Extraordinary sessions have usually been called when war was imminent or a state of war actually existed. The last of such sessions commenced on the 4th of July, 1861, which was made necessary by rebellion against the Government. The country was carried through that gigantic struggle and the difficulties of reconstruction without an extra session, and financial and economic legislation made necessary by the change from war to peace, was enacted by Congress in regular sessions. Every President has been loth to call Congress together, and none has done so except in a great emergency.

Does the condition at this time require that Congress should be convened at a date not more than ninety days distant from the session appointed by law? There is no war nor prospect of war, and no such business depression prevails as to demand immediate action. The revenues of the Government are sufficient to meet current expenses, and payment to no public creditor is withheld. There is, however, a monetary stringency which has existed for several years and which has grown more and more serious as population, production and trade have increased. There is no pretense that the extra session which is to commence in September, is called to enact laws that will relieve from the monetary stringency, nor is there anything in the professions of the party in power which furnishes ground for expectation that any such legislation will be enacted unless it be the pledge of the Chicago Convention to repeal the internal revenue tax upon State bank circulation. This would probably result ultimately in an enlargement of the paper money volume, but State bank notes cannot be made legal tender, and they will be a circulating medium devoid of uniformity and indifferently secured at best to the bill holders. It will bring a return of the annoyances and losses from which the people suffered before all classes of our money became national and circulable without discrimination in every part of the country.

The ostensible objection calling the extra session is to repeal the Sherman law, which requires the Government to purchase 54,000,000 ounces of silver per annum, on which certificates shall be issued, and which enter into circulation as money. This does enlarge the volume of the circulating mediums and tends to remove the stringency which is the direct result of an insufficiency of money to accommodate the business of the country. No measure is proposed by the administration as a substitute for the Sherman law, and its simple repeal will have the effect to still further contract the currency where there should be a liberal and continued expansion. The complaint against the law is that through redemption of the certificates, the gold reserve in the Treasury is being drawn upon. As construed by the Secretary of the Treasury, the law produces that result, but is his construction a correct one? The Act expressly says that they may be redeemed in gold or silver coin. They are made legal tender and are receivable for all dues to the

Government, and may be used by the national banks as the reserve required by law. To assure a sufficiency of silver coin to redeem these certificates the Act requires that 2,000,000 ounces shall be coined monthly until July, 1891, and thereafter as much as shall be necessary to enable the Secretary to redeem the certificates. It would seem, therefore, that Congress intended that the certificates shall be redeemed in silver, especially if the use of gold for that purpose would embarrass the Treasury. There is a provision which makes it incumbent on the Secretary to preserve the parity between gold and silver. This is construed to mean that the parity shall be preserved treating gold coin as money, and silver coin as a commodity, when our coinage laws declare the relative value of the two metals, when coined, by saying that 412½ grains of silver ten per cent alloy shall be equal to 25.8 grains of gold. The coinage laws nowhere deal with either of these metals as a commodity. The construction given to the Sherman Act by the Treasury department is a forced one and is in the interest of the gold-holding class. If the Secretary had exercised his discretion in the interest of silver, there would be no draft upon the Treasury gold, and hundreds of millions of dollars would not now lie idle in the vaults of the Treasury, nor would the possessors of gold have advantages over the masses of the people.

Conceding for the sake of argument that the Secretary of the Treasury correctly construes the Sherman law, and that he is bound to redeem the certificates issued thereunder with gold, it does not prove that the law occasions the shipment of gold to Europe. The gold reserve is not drawn upon for domestic use, but to ship abroad. This is not done for the sake of producing financial mischief; to say that it is done for such a purpose would be alleging that the operators or shippers are idiots or unpatriotic rascals. From the 1st of July, 1876, to the 1st of July, 1892, there were but two years during which gold was sent abroad to pay balances of trade. The aggregate in those years was but $30,000,000, and in the whole period between the dates stated the balances of trade in our favor aggregated $1,762,000,000. The fact is gold is drawn from the Treasury on silver certificates and sent abroad to pay balances of trade. This not only depletes our stock of gold, but adds to the money stringency; it is so much taken from the volume of our circulating medium.

What has caused this change from favorable to adverse balances of trade? It is not that there have been short crops, or that the producing power of the country has been reduced by natural causes, nor that consumption has been greater beyond what results from an increase of population. Certainly the people have not lived more profusely or expended more recklessly than during the preceding sixteen years.

Production of domestic manufactures have fallen below the demand for domestic consumption. That is what has made us a debtor instead of a creditor in international commerce. The cause of this change lies in the prospective, and if solemn promises are to be relied on, inevitable change of policy affecting our industrial interests. During the period when balances were so largely in our favor the protective principle in tariff legislation was recognized. So long as it appeared certain that it would be preserved, industries thrived and home productions increased. The protective principle is combatted by the Democratic party, and in the late Chicago convention it was pronounced unconstitutional. And in the campaign of 1892 it was denounced in savage terms. The McKinley law had been in force less than eighteen months, when the Presidential election of that year took place. The discussions during the campaign were bewildering to those who contemplated embarking in industrial enterprises. As soon as the result of the election became known, radical changes in the tariff laws were anticipated, which deterred the investment of additional capital, and caused those already engaged in manufacturing to curtail production and reduce stocks that they might escape ruination when the flood gates of foreign importations should be thrown open. The repeal of the Sherman law will not restrict the exportation of gold; it can only be accomplished by the retention of a policy that tends to enlarge domestic productions and to lessen importations. Our domestic commerce is more than ten times

greater than our foreign, and it is far better to legislate with reference to the former than to develop the importation side of the latter.

As soon as the result of the last November election became known, the leaders of the successful party began pressing upon the President-elect the project of calling an extra session of Congress, and it is well understood that before the inauguration such a step was determined on. The object was to make radical changes in the revenue laws; the subject of finances was not considered, but the single standard theory has by circumstances been brought to a severe test. The money stringency is now put forward as the reason why an extra session is necessary, when the real object evidently is to overhaul the revenue laws on the line of Democratic theory. The session has been postponed until an indefensible execution of the Sherman law should bring embarrassment to the business of the country that may be charged upon the tariff legislation of a Republican Congress, and constitute the justification for a revision that will suit the views of the importers and those opposed to giving protection to American labor. The expense and confusion that will be caused by the extra session are to be imposed on the country in order that there may be plenty of time to prepare for the election in 1896. The first Congress after a Presidential election is always devoted more or less to preparing for the next Presidential election. This Congress will probably have been in session twelve months or more when its term expires. The Democrats are in full power, and if they act in concert they can do what they please, and therefore will be solely responsible for what is done.

Among thinking and impartial men there is regret that the McKinley law will not be thoroughly tested, and that economic legislation is made the foot-ball of party politics. Changes in it disturb values and create uncertainty. Fluctuations in business injure all concerned; those that result from natural causes can be provided against better than those that are arbitrarily produced by law. The Republicans being in power successively for many years, and during the previous term of Mr. Cleveland having control of the Senate, the reduction of duties were gradual, and a reasonable degree of stability was preserved. In 1873, through the failure of a banking house having ramified connections, and gold gambling in Wall street, a considerable disturbance was created in business, but there was no distress in the entire period of Republican domination directly traceable to changes in economic legislation; generally the country was prosperous, and wealth was developed more rapidly than during any other period of our history. It is unfortunate that we are probably on the eve of a change that will be radical and untried in this country for more than thirty years. Theoretically the change proposed cannot work well, and the principle that is to be introduced did not produce good results when it was in operation from 1846 to 1861. Unless something is done to stop the outflow of gold, and to enlarge the volume of the circulating medium, monetary stringency will become greater and times harder than for many years. The Hon. Boorke Cochran, in the June number of the North American Review, says that a free silver coinage bill cannot become a law so long as Mr. Cleveland is President. Hence it may be considered settled that an enlargement of the money volume will not come from that source, and a revision of the tariff in accordance with Mr. Cleveland's ideas will have the effect to increase the outflow of gold. What good will come from the extra session, indeed from any session of the present Congress, it is difficult if not impossible to conceive. The best thing that the President can do is to assure the country that the protective principle in tariff legislation shall be preserved, so far as he can control, and that the money volume shall be increased through free coinage of silver, or in some way other than that of flooding the country with State bank issues.

"—when the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something."—*Browning.*

THE World's Fair presents an extensive and variegated array of literature from every civilized nation, the result of centuries of historical investigation, scientific research, philosophical evolutions and artistic experiments and developments.

Among these products of ages California, though still very young, claims a place for the work of her sons and daughters of the genius of literature. A room which bears the impress of the artistic taste of Edmund Russell, the well-known disciple of Delsarte, is devoted to an exhibit of California literature. It is enclosed by a beautifully carved redwood screen six feet high, designed by Mr. Russell; and along the top is run a cornice of bronzed magnolia leaves and flowers. The color and form of all the articles in the room are in harmonious relation, producing a subdued, artistic and restful effect. Inviting divans are arranged in the corners of the room, upholstered with the decorative California leather, concerning which an article appeared in the Columbian edition of the CALIFORNIAN.

There are portraits of notable musicians of California, albums of their compositions, and Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiian and Indian musical instruments. On one side are sets of shelves holding painted China, pottery, brass and iron work by California artists. There are also portraits by women of the Golden State, of California celebrities, notable among which are fire etchings of Ina D. Coolbrith, Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte, and an excellent portrait of Joseph LeConte. The book cases contain the different products of California literature, and on an old-fashioned book stand are the most prominent of these works by Mark Twain, Chas. Warren Stoddard, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Ina D. Coolbrith and others, bound with dull plushes, velvet, cloth and leather, and attached to the stand by chains. All these treasures are guarded by a gorgeous golden gate at the entrance of the room, on which are wrought most artistically fruit, foliage, branches and tree trunks in various tints of gold quartz. It is a fitting emblem, not only of the mineral wealth of the State, but of the intellectual riches and future prospects and possibilities of a community that has so early demonstrated its intellectual powers and literary genius.

Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins has reviewed California writers and literature in a volume entitled *The Story of the Files*. Mrs. Cummins has carefully searched the files of the Californian papers and magazines from the earliest days of California to the present time, and has spared no effort to collect reliable data concerning the work and lives of native writers of promise and prominence. Her task was not an easy one, and she is deserving of much credit for the energy and exhaustiveness with which she has prosecuted it. A perusal of the book will completely establish the fact that California has a distinctive and original literature which commands national recognition. Among the names recorded are many of the country's foremost writers, whose work enjoys a widespread reputation.

The book is issued under the auspices of the "World's Fair Commission of California," and is in every way worthy of the suc-

cess with which it is certain to meet. Mrs. Cummins is a clever writer of marked ability, and may be classed with pride among Californian authors.

*Life's Sunbeams and Shadows* is an attractive volume of poems and prose, which is offered the public by John Cotter Pelton, and his friends who have materially aided him in issuing it. It is an inviting and interesting book, containing poems by Mr. Pelton, interspersed with some by Joaquin Miller, Charles Edward Markham, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, John Vance Cheney, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Rose Hartwick Thorpe and others. Mr. Pelton is well known, respected and loved in educational circles, having founded the first free public school in San Francisco, and having been identified with educational movements many years afterwards. He has been a hard worker, and has undergone great adversities and vicissitudes with undaunted courage and unflagging energy. He is now advanced in years, and the victim of unfortunate financial circumstances, and is deserving of all the help his friends and admirers will be sure to bestow upon him. This volume of poems is, to a great extent, autobiographical, and records the inner reflections of the man, who through all the gloom of his misfortunes, looked to the future with faith and sweetness.

He says—

"'Tis now the deepening twilight hour,
Lo! in the Eastern sky afar,
In smiling beam and twinkling bar,
Up glides my hope, my guiding star!"

*Youth*,[1] a series of French essays by Charles Wagner has been translated into English by Ernest Redwood. They are well written, and contain some apposite truths and valuable suggestions. Attention is called to the evil influences upon the young of the artificialness of social life and of its lax morals, that destroy self-valuation and respect, of the deadly effects of treating these conditions as subjects of witticisms—"the deadly mirth that consumes in its fire all that should be sacred—" and of the evils that may be brought upon children by heredity. Our world is progressing, our conditions improving, he says, and "We must produce men who can govern themselves, and become masters of the new world in order to acquire the good there is in it. We can reach this end by a return to normal thinking, which is the application of the inductive method to all human facts, and, above all, to the forgotten realities of the spiritual world, by a return to a normal way of living,—to reverence, to a feeling of responsibility, to work and to simplicity."

An author whose works have endeared her to all young people, Margaret Sidney, has written of "*Whittier and the Children*,"[2] in a way that reveals her comprehension of the poet's love for and sympathy with the little ones. The spirit of wholesome warmth, sweetness and purity that pervades Whittier's poetry, seems to have entered into the pages of the book, and rendered it a fitting tribute to his memory. There has probably not been another poet who so thoroughly understood child nature, and who was so able to meet it upon its own grounds with its own directness and simplicity. His soul to the day of his death was so pure and beautiful that he was not obliged to look back over the usual vista of sin and sorrow to the happy valley of childhood, but he chose a path wrapt in God's own sunshine, that held him through life in sympathy with the first glad days of youth, when he lived in close communion with nature; when he

"—was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy."

A series of addresses on *The Drama*[3] by Henry Irving, with a frontispiece by Whittier, should be of general interest to the reading public, especially to those who have not been accustomed to concede the drama a place among the fine arts, but have relegated it to an inferior artistic and moral plane. Irving says, in the essay on "The Stage as it is," that the productions on the stage are merely the reflex of public taste, and that "if the good people continue to come to the theater in increasing crowds, the stage, without losing any of its brightness, will soon be good enough, if it is not as yet, to satisfy the best of them." The book also contains two essays on the art of acting, in which he reveals its nobility and importance, and a short sketch on the four great actors from Shakespeare's time to the time of Byron. Burbage, the first of the four, was one of the first interpreters of Shakespeare, then came Betterton, Garrick and Edmund Kean, each one's originality adding something to the art of his predecessor and to the important adjustment and relation of stage settings to the art.

Henry Irving will probably visit the Coast during autumn, and a perusal of his

[1] Dodd Mead & Co., New York.

[2] D. Lathrop Co., Boston, Mass.

[3] Tait Sons & Co., 31 Union Square, North N. Y.

book on the drama will probably lend new interest for those who intend witnessing his performances.

*Mortal Man*[1], by A. Easton, is a philosophical essay of five chapters in verse. It is of such substance that rhyme and rhythm seem rather to interfere with than aid in its interpretation, though the philosophy itself is, in many respects, good.

*Ethianism, or the Wise Men Reviewed*,[2] by F. J. Ripley, is a well written treatise upon the different religions, philosophies and sciences that attempt to solve the mysteries of the eternity of the past and future. The author rather ridicules these efforts in a way that is original and interesting, saying that no conclusions can be drawn concerning it, and that one can but project the unknown past and future by his deductions from the limited concatenation subject to his immediate inspection. But he also deprecates the ignorance and arrogance of those who declare there can be nothing more in the universe than that which they are able to see and comprehend. The author has attempted to give a comprehensive criticism of the theories formulated by philosophy, religion and science from a purely unbiased standpoint. "The book," says the author, "takes the position that truth is truth wherever found, and that truth never conflicts with itself. Only error conflicts; therefore, that if you expurged error from science, philosophy and religion, leaving only truth, as it is in them, there is and could be no antagonism." He has endeavored to harmonize philosophy, religion and science by eradicating their errors. As his theories are not orthodox to any of them, they necessarily conflict with them as to these errors, but his effort has been to select and accept the truth from each.

He says: "If you know better than God how the world ought to have been created, then it is a great pity you were not by to advise. To affix a tail and prefix horns to God, smearing him with Mason's blacking, as some artists do, because, forsooth, the God has not seen cause to attend exclusively to man's interests in the matter of creation is simply monstrous." "Man is not born to solve the mystery of existence, but he must nevertheless attempt it in order that he may learn to keep within the limits of the knowable," are Goethe's words.

A fascinating study of the human soul may be found in a book entitled *Reincarnation*[3], by Jerome A. Anderson, M. D. F. G. S. He quotes the words of Aristotle, who says, concerning the existence of the soul, "It is decisive of the question whether the soul exists, if among the activities and emotional states of our being are to be found such as do not belong to our bodies."

The author sets forth his views concerning reincarnation, uniting the most beautiful ethics with logical argument. He explains naturally the phenomena of hypnotism, mesmerism and the still greater subjects of animal and spiritual magnetism, carrying his readers far into the world of occultism.

He says, "But once admit the fact of reincarnation, and observe how the apparent chaos of injustice changes into the most beautiful harmony. Apparently discordant and irreconcilable phenomena are marshaled into orderly array. Confusion and injustice disappear and life assumes a deeper and more significant meaning. The terrible inequalities of birth, utterly inexplicable by the single birth, and still more so by the materialistic hypothesis, are shown to be the result of causes set in operation by the soul itself in former incarnations and not the careless or stupid incapacity of some personal god playing at creation and making a sad mess of it."

Shelly, whose beautiful countenance has been described by Chas. Edwin Markham, the poet, as a "wrapt seraphic face," displays in his work a tender strength and aspiration to grasp those truths and flashes of mental revelation that so often elude, yet he has a sensitiveness that is almost a misfortune to him. Wrapt in etherealness, his spirit was easily hurt coming in contact with the vigor and roughness of the world. While he and Byron were in Italy, the stronger spirit of Byron dominated and absorbed him. He was unable to write at the time, while Byron composed some of his most exquisite and delicate productions. Shelly's constant aspiration is expressed in his exquisite melodious burst of song "To a Skylark."

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

* * * * * *

"Teach me half the gladness
That my brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now."

G. L. B

[1] Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 175 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
[2] Constitution Publishing Company, Atlanta, Georgia.
[3] The Lotus Publishing Co., 1504 Market Street San Francisco, Cal.

# THE OLD MAN SINGS.

BY E. M. STOREY.

There's a wabble in the jingle and a stumble in the meter,
And the accent might be clearer and the volume be completer,
And there might be much improvement in the stress and intonation,
And a polish might be added to the crude pronunciation;
But there's music like a harper played before the ancient kings,
When the old man plays the fiddle and goes feeling for the strings;
There is laughter chocked with tear drops when the old man sings.

And we form a ring around him, and we place him in the middle,
And he hugs up to his withered cheek the poor old broken fiddle,
And a smile comes on his features as he hears the strings' vibration,
And he sings the songs of long ago with fathering intonation;
And a phantom from the distant past his distant music brings,
And trooping from their dusty graves come long-forgotten things,
When he tunes the ancient fiddle and the old man sings.

We let the broken man play upon the broken fiddle,
And we press around to hear him as he sits there in the middle;
The sound of many wedding bells in all the music surges—
Then we hear their clamor smothered by the sound of funeral dirges.
'Tis the story of his lifetime that in the music rings—
And every life's a blind man's tune that's played on broken strings;
And so we sit in silence while the old man sings.

HENRY IRVING AS BECKET.

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